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S. H. 1825

THE

MOOR.

BY

Mary Herbert, LORD PORCHESTER.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR CHARLES KNIGHT,
PALL MALL EAST.
MDCCCXXV.

546.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

THE MOOR.

Oh that the space of unrecorded time,
Which has crept slowly, withering hope and life,
Could be annihilate; and days, long sunk
In its devouring gulph, rise fresh and fair!

The Wierd Wanderer of Jutland.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

PREFACE.

In submitting this Poem to the public, the Author has intended, however imperfectly, to illustrate the manners that prevailed in Spain towards the close of the fifteenth century. The contest for dominion, that had been carried on with alternate success for more than seven hundred years, was drawing to its termination; and the excitement produced by the close of such a struggle, combining with the chivalrous state of manners, gave the events of that period a marked and peculiar character. In no portion of their history does the Spanish character appear to greater advantage. The rights of the Commons had not yet been invaded; the nobles were no longer formidable, but were not subservient to the Crown. They were re-

garded by their countrymen as their natural leaders; and, in the eyes of government, they acquired consideration from their influence, their independent spirit, and their large territorial possessions. The Inquisition, recently introduced into Spain, had exercised no injurious influence on society; while the benefits arising from the cessation of internal wars, the establishment of a central government at once directing and following the bent of public opinion, were sensibly felt. The Spaniards, united under an efficient head, guided by the ablest minister of the age, had now, for the first time, leisure and inclination to devote their energies to the acquisition of the last remaining province in Spain that was subject to the yoke of the Mahometans. The recovery of the Spanish territory had been the constant and avowed object of the Christian Princes: to extend their frontiers and preserve their conquests, required continual activity of body and mind, produced a succession of enterprising monarchs, and reared a hardy people, who combined the more useful virtues with

the heroic qualities that distinguished their opponents. Temperate in his habits, indifferent to hardships, submitting without a murmur to the strictest discipline, the Spaniard possessed all the qualifications of a good soldier. His religion had not yet degenerated into bigotry; his morality was rigid; his feelings were independent; his manners proud and stately, but tempered by the courtesy of the times. The Moors, on the contrary, with all the generosity that distinguished them to the last moment of their political existence, showed many of the vices that belong to a declining state of society. Their laws were relaxed; the introduction of European manners had violated the most important observances of their faith, and abated the religious zeal that had rendered their arms irresistible. Still, amid domestic disorders and foreign reverses, the high civilization of manners, the love of arts, the splendour of society, the devotion to sex that was never equalled in the most chivalrous days of any Christian state, and their brilliant courage in action, remained,

and concealed, under a delusive glare, the progress of their decline.

From the middle of the eighth century, when the last Prince of the Ommiades was proclaimed Caliph of the West and King of Cordova, the Spanish provinces, under the dominion of the Moors, gradually rose to such a degree of splendour and prosperity, as they had never attained under the Romans, and which forms a melancholy contrast to their present depression. The memory of the Abderrahmans is still cherished, and the epoch in which they flourished may be regarded as the Augustan æra of Mahometan government. During that fortunate period, not only military talent was rewarded, but all the arts of social life were promoted; agriculture was carried to the last degree of perfection, manufactures were established, commerce was encouraged, taxation was light, but the public revenues constantly augmented with the rapid increase of private wealth. Within two hundred years of the conquest, eighty cities and three hundred

towns existed within the Caliph's dominions. Cordova, the metropolis, is stated to have contained within its walls two hundred thousand houses, nine hundred public baths, six hundred mosques; and no less than twelve thousand villages are said to have been erected along the banks of the Guadalquivir. After a fair deduction of numbers, in consideration of that tendency to exaggerate, that always increases as the time is distant and the records few, it is, nevertheless, evident from the assent of contemporary historians, and the many vestiges scattered over the face of the country, that a numerous and intelligent population was diffused over provinces that are now almost deserted. They conferred many solid and lasting benefits on Spain: they imported from Africa, and naturalized many plants and vegetables, till then unknown in Europe; and introduced the system of irrigation, that in their days rendered the south of Spain almost unequalled in fertility and variety of produce. The acknowledged excellence of the Spanish flocks was owing to their judicious mixture

of the Spanish and African blood. Spain is also indebted to their importation of the best Arabian breed, for the formation of that Andalusian race of horses which, for many years, was unrivalled in Europe, and still retains much of its original character. The wool of Murcia was manufactured and sold in the Greek ports; and, at a later period, the silks and stuffs of Granada were disposed of at an immense profit in Constantinople and the great marts of the Levant. They exported silk, oil, and coral, in large quantities, to the East, where they found a ready market: at home, their gold, silver, and iron mines were assiduously worked, and became an additional source of revenue.

Besides the general statement, that the taxes, exclusive of imports paid in kind, amounted to six millions of sterling money—a sum supposed to have exceeded the united revenues of the European world,—the wealth that must have flowed into the royal coffers may be conceived from the simple relation of the establishment personally attached to the So-

vereign. His guard, alone, mustered twelve thousand strong; the number of favourites, slaves, and attendants in his seraglio, were estimated at upwards of six thousand; and all the royal household was placed on a footing of equal magnificence. In addition to these heavy domestic expenses, when we remember that equally in peace or war they were compelled to maintain efficient armies on the frontiers, to keep up a navy to protect the coast and facilitate their intercourse with Africa, and at the same period were erecting those beautiful creations of art, that still astonish and delight the traveller, we are at a loss to conceive from what sources such wealth could have been derived, till we have investigated the habits of a people who devoted themselves to every branch of industry, combined with the enlightened policy of Sovereigns who, in an age when political economy was imperfectly understood, had yet the justice and good sense to respect the persons and properties of individuals, and promote every plan that had for its object public or private improvement.

At the same brilliant epoch of their government, schools for geometry, chemistry, and medicine, were established at Cordova; and poetry became the favourite passion of the people. The primitive simplicity of law that prevailed at this period forms a beautiful contrast to the refinement of society:—had we not positive testimony to the contrary, it would seem incompatible with the complicated interests of a state become so wealthy and populous as Cordova in the time of the Abderrahmans. Their civil law was regulated by their religious code; the *lex talionis* was the great principle of their criminal jurisprudence; and, following the patriarchal manners of the East, an authority, almost unbounded, was vested in fathers over their children, and in husbands over their wives. Decisions were pronounced by their Cadis, or Judges, without delay, and execution immediately followed the sentence. Public opinion was so powerful, that, although the Caliph, as Chief Judge, might expound, he could not infringe the law, or protect a criminal from its just resentment.

Such was the happy order of things that prevailed for more than two centuries at Cordova. The prosperity of the Moorish Empire began with the accession of the Ommiades, and was extinguished with the last Princes of that line. Received in Spain, under circumstances of the most romantic interest, they repaid the devotion of their people by an unceasing attention to their welfare. While Cordova was governed by a succession of active and enlightened Sovereigns, at once respected abroad, and beloved at home, the inherent defects of the system were scarcely perceptible: after the fall of the Caliphat, in the eleventh century, they rapidly developed themselves. The Moorish Empire was parcelled out into little independent states; no barrier was left against the increasing power of the Spaniards, whose internal dissensions alone delayed the entire re-conquest of the Peninsula. It is, however, worthy of observation, that, from this period to the fall of Cordova, during two centuries of revolution and massacre, such as, perhaps, no other history can

parallel, many great and generous actions were performed, that would have dignified the best days of the Moorish government:—men of eminent attainments arose; their academies were still frequented, and the literature of the Greeks introduced.

Many circumstances favoured the establishment of the Mahometan faith in Spain. On the one hand, the enthusiasm inspired by a religion arrayed in the most attractive colours, full of promise, and in all the vigour of youth; on the other side, the fatal indifference, as to choice of masters or form of government, that pervaded for centuries the most opulent provinces of Europe, rendered the conquest of the Peninsula easy and effectual. The policy of the conquerors, who allowed the natives to retain undisturbed possession of their properties, with the free exercise of their religion and laws, the equality of taxation which they established, and the encouragement they held out to intermarriages, by weakening national antipathies, and identifying the interests of the two people,

not only prevented the dangers of reaction, but stifled those dissensions that would have infallibly broken out in a population of so mixed a character, under a less conciliating government. The separation of Spain from the empire of the Eastern Caliphs, by raising it from the state of a province, subordinate to their interests, and dependant on the will of distant rulers, to the rank of a free and united monarchy, gave a great additional impulse to its growing resources. The encouragement given to industry in every branch of trade, the regard in which the law was held by the noblest as by the poorest class, their respect for private property,—all concurred to raise the monarchy to that height of glory and prosperity which it attained in the days of the Abderrahmans. The most obvious cause of their decline was the absence of all fixed order of succession to the throne,—an evil that, for centuries, afflicted the different states of Europe with civil war; but was most injurious at Cordova, where the laws that regulated the succession were peculiarly

undefined. Whenever a vacancy occurred, the capital became a scene of confusion and frequently of bloodshed; various pretenders sprung up; the different towns of the Empire took part with the different competitors, who waged war with the central government, intrigued with the Christians, and facilitated their entrance into the country. But the most operative, though least obvious, cause of their decline, was the policy they pursued towards the Christians; for though the Mahometans treated this conquered people with a lenity that was ill repaid, they were not sufficiently versed in the real principles of good government to feel that the most liberal partition of immunities was the only practicable method of entirely assimilating the two people. While they remained powerful and united, their moderation towards the Christians prevented the insurrections that would have been generated by oppression; but when they became weak and divided, the Spaniards began to feel their own importance, and became desirous of obtaining the distinctions and employments from

which they were excluded; on the other hand, as they had been permitted to retain their laws and customs, they were united by religion and habit, and disposed and prepared to act whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. That an error of this nature should have existed in the system pursued by the Caliphs, can hardly excite our astonishment;—it is only surprising to trace, through their general conduct, so much judgment united with so much humanity, at a time when the rest of Europe was sunk in bigotry and intolerance. After the lapse of so many centuries, when liberal ideas have become so widely diffused, it may, indeed, be humiliating to perceive the most enlightened people of Christian Europe persevere in a similar policy, and keep up restrictions, in the nineteenth century, that were unjust, and proved ruinous, in the ninth. God grant that the temporizing policy between concession and restriction, that undermined the Moorish government, may not prove equally fatal to the stability of the British Empire!

After the fall of Cordova, Granada became the seat of government; and during the two following centuries, the glory of the Moorish name was revived. It is true, they were now circumscribed within a small sphere of action, but they possessed an active and industrious population; every acre was assiduously cultivated; the arts rose to their former eminence; the Alhambra was built, whose last vestiges will excite surprise and interest; and society became more splendid and refined than during the period of their solid prosperity: but the simplicity of ancient manners had disappeared; the frame of civil government had undergone a gradual but total change; and ages of revolution and misrule had destroyed their former respect for law. The powerful tribes or clans that inhabited Cordova, and were scattered over the face of the provinces, were compelled, by the continual encroachments of the Spaniards, to collect together at Granada, and made these narrow limits the scene of their haughty pretensions and hereditary feuds. The assemblage of this powerful aristocracy

virtually changed the government from a monarchy absolute in theory, but tempered by public opinion, to the domination of an oligarchy, who raised, controlled, and overturned the crown as their different parties prevailed. A constitution so ill balanced and undefined, gave rise to the most violent domestic dissensions, but had some counterbalancing merits. It fostered that exalted spirit of chivalry, which rendered the court of Granada the most celebrated in Europe, and for many years retarded its final subjection. Great momentary success was frequently obtained, but few permanent advantages secured by this brilliant emulation; their military exertions were paralysed by the inefficiency of their government, that, continually changing, was unable to pursue any uniform system, and was sometimes arming against new competitors to the throne at moments when public affairs were most critical, and required their undivided strength. This state of things could not endure; it was evident that the sustained valour and policy of the Spaniards, who steadily directed their

efforts to the attainment of one great object, would finally triumph over the most splendid acts of irregular courage. It is a striking, perhaps an affecting instance of the peculiar genius of this people, that there never existed a period, when tournaments were so frequent or so gallant, when the courtesy of manners was so distinguished, or the strains through their beloved Alhambra so lively and enthusiastic, as at the moment when the enemy were actually at their gates; when that Alhambra was to be silent for ever more; when the inheritance of eight hundred years was passing away; when the last light of Eastern chivalry was to be extinguished, and the Moorish name blotted out of the map of Europe. It was stipulated by the capitulation, that they should retain the free exercise of their religion and their laws, and that the existing state of property should be respected; it was stipulated—but every manly mind will recoil with indignation from the miserable tissue of promises solemnly made and deliberately broken, which the subsequent history of their residence in

Spain presents; suffice it to say, that neither the conduct of Spain to her native Indians, France to her Huguenot, or England to her Irish subjects, can surpass the enormities that were committed on the unoffending remains of a gallant and unfortunate people, in the name of that God who sent his Son to preach peace upon earth. From the period when they were driven out of Spain, oppressed by the tyrants of Morocco, they have relapsed into their former barbarism: still they look back to Granada with affection and regret; they believe that they shall be restored to that land of their fathers; their continual prayer is, that such an event may fall in their time, and at their death they solemnly bequeath to their children the charts of their former possessions.

The scene of the following Poem is laid in the south of Spain during the last years of the Mahometan government; and in the reign of Abdallah, last King of the Moors. This people united the pride of the Spanish character with all the fire of their Eastern origin; they were good soldiers, but devoted to luxury and

magnificence at home. Their women mixed freely with the men, presided at the bull feasts, distributed rewards at the tournaments, gave the colour to opinions, and became the idols of those turbulent chiefs. This intermixture of the two sexes in general society is peculiar to the Spanish Moors, and to this particular period of their history; it was not derived from Asia or from Africa, and has been utterly unknown to any Mahometan country either before or since that time. It probably arose from their connexion with the Christians, and was favoured by the prevailing spirit of chivalry; but being in direct opposition to all their religious prejudices, it ceased when that connexion was at an end and that chivalry extinct. Among the Spaniards the Duenna system was not yet in force; their women mingled in public, but their manners were more retired, and the expression of their sentiments less passionate.

I have interwoven some of the great historical events of that time with the fictitious fortunes of a young Moor, whom I have sup-

posed to be Chief of the Almoradi, a tribe that predominated at Granada, and claimed their descent from the Kings of Morocco. With the exception of the first Canto, the time occupied by the action includes a few months before, and a few days after the battle of Lucena, where the Moorish King was made prisoner, and his army destroyed. Abdallah is represented in history as a feeble and ferocious despot; Muca, his brother, is described as frequently mediating between the King and an exasperated nobility. Of the Marquis of Cadiz, whose name, for the sake of convenience, I have altered to Kedith, and of the Count of Cabra we hear little, except that they commanded the Spanish armies, and enjoyed the confidence of the Spanish court. The characters of Zaira, Blanche, and Hassan, are not historical, nor are the private events of my poem founded on Spanish legend. The same observation will apply to Gomez Marco and his band; but the persons from whom these characters are drawn may be still found among the mountains of Catalonia. I have

devoted the greatest part of a Canto to the representation of the Mountain Guerillas, whose manners have undergone little or no change during the last three centuries.

This induces me to say a few words on the present state of Spain. Travelling through Catalonia during the commencement of the civil war, and passing through a defile in a part of the country which was then disputed by the conflicting parties, I was detained for some hours by a band of armed mountaineers under very critical circumstances. This time, spent in the company of men labouring under the greatest irritation, at a moment when the events that were passing around them, and the imminent danger of their situation, had displaced the reserve peculiar to the Spanish character, gave me a considerable insight into the feelings and opinions of the peasantry. In the representation which I have attempted of Guerilla manners, I have adhered with fidelity to what actually passed under my own observation, and wishing to present a faithful picture of that day's adventure, have rejected

many alterations that suggested themselves to my mind, and which might have improved the general effect of the story. The introduction of a band of Catalans among the mountains of Andalusia, may suggest itself to my readers as a palpable inconsistency: it arose on the one hand from the obvious necessity of fixing upon the South of Spain as the scene of Hassan's expedition to the convent, and the reluctance I felt to make any change that would have so far altered the character of the band by whom I was detained, as to have converted them into a group of Andalusians, a race of men the most opposed in habits and opinions to the Catalans. This apparent solecism is, however, reconcileable to the habits of the Guerillas, who, possessing an intimate knowledge of the mountain passes, have been known to traverse whole districts with little opposition. A striking instance of this kind presented itself during the late revolution, when Bessières marched from the hills of Saragossa to the gates of Madrid; and during the war, local Guerillas preceded the French armies over the greatest

part of Spain. I was detained at Montserrat, though I have been compelled to fix upon the mountains near Loja, in Andalusia, as the scene of Hassan's adventure. In this part of my Poem, the situation of the Mahometan Chief has become unavoidably identified with my own. Let me request my readers not to carry the identity further.

However imperfectly I may have described the Guerilla, I have represented them according to no preconceived opinions: they were exaggerated in their ideas, but brave, enthusiastic, devoted to their sovereign, and to a cause which they conceived to be intimately connected with their religion. Had success attended their arms, they would probably have re-established that worst of evils,—absolute government, which, indeed, they effected sixteen months later, in conjunction with the French armies. Still I have little doubt that had they been subjected to more delicate management, had their prejudices been treated more leniently, and national and provincial feeling more respected, all the zeal and perseverance which they displayed in sup-

porting the cause of arbitrary power, would have been devoted to the defence of the constitutional monarchy. Unfortunately a series of hasty and impolitic acts on the part of the Cortes exasperated public feeling, and paved the way for the entrance of the French armies. The melancholy close of the late revolution has impressed many persons with a belief that society is too abject in Spain, and the national character too degraded to permit the successful establishment of liberal institutions: this opinion, founded on recent events, and most unfavourable to the advancement of freedom and civilization, as it excludes the possibility of future improvement, or defers it to a very distant period, can only be removed by a knowledge of the circumstances of the country, the prejudices of the people, and the policy pursued by the Cortes with reference to national feeling. The hostility manifested by a large party towards the new institutions, and the failure of every attempt to excite public enthusiasm in their favour, arose more from the disgust occasioned by particular measures,

than from any inherent want of patriotism in the Spanish people. The principles of election under which the Cortes were convened, brought together an assembly, in which the opinions of a numerous class of the great towns predominated, but in which the landed proprietors, the clergy, a party in the cities, and an immense numerical majority in the provinces, were rather nominally than practically represented. This discrepancy between a representation founded on principles of democracy and a state of property held under tenures of the most aristocratic character, produced a fatal conflict of interests. Had a second chamber existed, it would have checked that headlong attack on old interests, which, to persons acquainted with the Spanish nation, will satisfactorily explain the failure of the revolution; but, on the other hand, it would have concurred with the Cortes in reducing the overgrown establishments that were supposed to depress the agriculture of the kingdom, and in breaking down those territorial accumulations which had become too extensive for single super-

intendance, and rendered an opulent class of subjects discontented and dangerous, by preventing them from vesting their capital in land and acquiring a substantial interest in the welfare of the state. That a spirit of this kind prevailed among the aristocracy, is shown by the petitions which they presented to the Cortes, praying for the repeal of the laws touching entails: the entire repeal of those acts must have eventually proved fatal to the influence of the nobility, but in many instances, private and personal feelings prevailed over their interests as a body; the power of making larger settlements for younger children, the unlimited disposal of their properties during life, and, with a few, the desire of exonerating their remaining estates from heavy charges, induced many individuals to advocate the repeal of those laws, whose interests, as forming part of a privileged class, were most opposed to the measure in its unqualified state. Had a second chamber existed, the necessary modifications would have been made in the laws that regulated the disposition of property,

but political feeling would have operated more forcibly among the nobles, nor would those alterations have been carried to an extent incompatible with the permanent existence of an influential aristocracy. The establishment of a second chamber at the commencement of the revolution, might have conferred the greatest blessings upon Spain; such an assembly would have mediated between the spirit of reform that existed in the popular branch of the legislature, and the great interests affected by its resolutions; that spirit of reformation would have led to beneficial results, had it been controlled by the operation of another power, and rendered, in some degree, subservient to particular circumstances and national feeling. Many principles were established by the Cortes, just in the abstract, but most unjust when indiscriminately applied to the correction of abuses, which had grown out of ages of political misconception, and had become interwoven with the interests of large classes of the community. A second chamber, while it felt the necessity of concurring in those

changes which the increasing knowledge and altered circumstances of the country required, would have looked with a jealous eye upon acts that unsettled property, and would not have sanctioned the principle of confiscation without indemnity.

With respect to the difficulties of establishing an Upper House, it is often urged that it must naturally be composed of a selection from the higher orders, who are said to be incapable in this country of taking any part in the legislation, from their previous habits and general want of information. In the second place, that it would become the passive instrument of the Court, impede the march of necessary reform, and possibly conspire against the infant liberties of the state. If, as Mr. Quin justly observes in his able work upon Spain, the Cortes were bound by the words of the law, which themselves had enacted, to present to the King three lists, nominating twelve grandees, twelve ecclesiastics, and ninety-six individuals, "men of known virtue, intelligence, and information," who were generally selected from the

higher classes, how can it be maintained, that the elements requisite for the formation of an Upper House do not exist in Spain? With respect to the second objection, it may be satisfactorily answered by referring to the debates that took place in the Cortes at a time, when they were certainly not disposed to give any undue popularity to an order of men, whose influence and wealth they had begun to undermine: in those debates it was distinctly stated, by the President and the principal Deputies, that no agitators existed among the nobility, who were publicly praised for the zeal and patriotism with which they had supported the new institutions.* If such was the feeling shown by the leaders of the aristocracy towards a constitution which threatened their possessions, deprived them of political importance, annihilated their privileges as a body, and virtually excluded them from sharing in the legislature; † is it too theoretical to infer, that

* Debates on the Seignorial Rights, June 1821.

† Persons belonging to the King's household could not sit in the Cortes—a regulation that virtually excluded the leading nobles, who were generally attached to the palace.

they would have preserved the same independent spirit under a system that protected their possessions, and secured to them a just ascendancy in the state? There was no evil more galling to the individuals upon whom it pressed, than the perpetual tutelage in which men of high rank were held by the Spanish Court; and there existed no class that would have beheld the establishment of rational liberty with more satisfaction, than a large portion of the Spanish nobility. I am far from thinking that many persons would not have regretted a change from servitude to a state of freedom: under the wisest provisions some interests would be unavoidably compromised, many prejudices would interfere, and there exists, at all times, a tendency in human nature to regret past institutions however defective they may have been; but such a party would have scarcely existed in the Cortes, nor would it have been numerous or efficient in the Chamber of Peers. In the course of a few years juster principles of government would have prevailed, the rising generation would have been trained to public

affairs, and education and liberal habits would have improved the character of the nobility; while the names of the great leading families, with the proud historical recollections attached to them, would have lent weight and dignity to the measures of Government.

The Spanish Constitution attempted to combine the form of monarchy with institutions essentially republican;—an anomalous mixture by no means easy to maintain. The Crown, without the power of nominating its advisers, was scarcely able to exercise the few prerogatives it retained; the suspensive veto did not diminish the embarrassments resulting from this situation, as it only served to exasperate, by an appearance of delay, without operating as an effective restraint; nor would the interposition of the Crown with the most unqualified privilege, have supplied the want of a second chamber, which seems the only effectual barrier between the conflicting opinions of the King and the people. An absolute veto is rather a

nominal, than real prerogative of the British Crown, as the mediation of a third power happily averts such collisions; and most unfortunate, indeed, is any constitution of Government, that compels the King, from the want of efficient institutions, to recur frequently to a positive, or even a modified exercise of this power: the Crown should be known to its subjects by concessions and acts of grace, and no policy can be more injurious than to place it in manifest opposition to the declared will of the national representatives. From such and other causes which would occupy too much space to enumerate at present, the general harmony which should result from the provident distribution of constitutional powers did not exist, and the only recognized authorities were placed in a state of mutual hostility, which generated personal hatred and political insincerity. The Crown saw itself stripped of every valuable prerogative, and exerted itself in secret to obtain an unconstitutional influence, with the design of over-

turning the existing system; while the legislature, for the purpose of counteracting those designs, found itself under the necessity of interfering with the exercise of prerogatives that were solely vested in the executive, and could not be appropriated by any other power in the state, without a manifest infraction of the Constitution.*

The imbecility that had characterized the measures of Government during the six years that preceded the revolution, and the energy communicated by a sudden transition from

* A striking instance of an undue but indirect assumption of power by the Cortes, occurred in the last year of the Constitutional Government. The King dismissed the existing Ministry on the 19th of February, 1823: in consequence of the popular tumult that ensued they were restored to office on the same night, but again retired on the 1st of March. It was provided by the 82d article of the Constitution, that Ministers should read an account of the actual state of public affairs, each communicating the details that belonged to his particular department. The Cortes, who distrusted the intentions of the Court, were opposed to the dismissal of that administration; in consequence, they postponed the reading of these memorials, and by such a step indirectly compelled the King to retain Ministers with whom he was at variance.

servitude to freedom, had given the legislature a decided ascendancy over the Crown; but had the Crown, thus limited, been enabled to maintain itself against the democracy of such an assembly, it might ultimately have acquired as great facilities of attributing to itself powers not conceded by law. This state of things resulted partly from the absence of an intermediate body; and, in a great degree, from the constitution of the Cortes. Though many of the individuals, who composed that assembly, were taken from the most enlightened class in Spain, they were, generally speaking, men of little or no property; the greatest number subsisted entirely on their salaries as deputies: whenever the enthusiasm excited by the establishment of free institutions had, in some degree, subsided, it cannot be doubted, that a body of men, whose private comforts depended on their public appointments, would have been peculiarly exposed to the temptations which would have assailed them in every shape from the Court. Those temptations would

have had more weight from the existence of a clause that precluded the actual deputies from being re-elected to the ensuing parliament, and consequently deprived them of their salaries after a given period,—an enactment prejudicial to good legislation in any country, as it compels men who have attained a practical knowledge of public affairs, to resign the reins of government into the hands of less experienced persons; but most injurious in Spain, where little political wisdom exists, and that little is confined to few individuals. The dangers arising from the ascendancy of the popular party at one moment, and from the encroachments of the Crown at another, and fluctuating according to the temper and circumstances of the time, could only be obviated by the establishment of a chamber of nobility, whose hereditary wealth might prove some guarantee against the facility of corruption, or at least of an assembly to which a greater character of permanency was given, and in which property was the basis of election.

Although the events that occurred early in the revolution, by disuniting the interests of the different orders of the state, and carrying conflicting opinions to an extreme point, destroyed that union from which alone a modified Government can arise, I still believe that there exists no country in Europe, excepting our own, where the elements of a mixed monarchy exist to so great an extent as in Spain. There may be found a richly endowed clergy, an opulent nobility, and an enlightened commons; under such a system, the nobility might lose some invidious privileges, and a modification of the law of entail would reduce their overgrown territorial possessions; but, in return, they would obtain their due share of political importance, and by taking a part in the legislation of their country, would acquire that respect and influence which they do not at present enjoy. The inordinate power which the clergy still possesses, would decline with the facilities afforded to every species of improvement, and under the operation of an unfettered press.

The church establishment might be reduced, and such a measure would not create serious disaffection, if a fair compensation were given to individuals for the surrender of their existing rights.

I believe I do not mistake when I say, that, at the dawn of the revolution in 1820, the leading nobles, the enlightened members of the clergy, and the middling classes of the great towns, were, for the most part, favourably disposed towards the new order of things. The enthusiasm, which in 1814 enabled the king to overthrow the Cortes and re-establish himself on the throne of his ancestors, without granting any concessions to popular feeling, had been effectually damped by the incapacity of each successive administration. How then, it may well be asked, could an attempt to establish a Government upon free principles fail of success, when the rank, the influence, and the talent of the country were disposed in its favour? It failed, because the personal views and passions of the Cortes unfitted them for the delicate task of

reforming abuses, which had become too powerful to be at once overthrown, but which might have been gradually removed; because, in the pursuit of abstract truths, they infringed existing rights; because they separated themselves from the feelings of the country, and by acts of inconsiderate legislation, offended the most confirmed prejudices of the people. The Constitution existed without popular prepossession, and fell without a struggle, because they took no effective measures to render the interests of any class of the community dependant on the success or failure of the revolution, while they converted into implacable enemies a powerful party, whom careful management would have warmly disposed in their favour; and lastly, they paralyzed the exertions of their most decided supporters, by adopting a policy inconsistent with their interests.

The nobles, as a body, were extremely wealthy; a large portion of the land of Spain was in their possession; whole districts belong-

ed to a few noble individuals, and descended in strict perpetuity of entail. The favourite practice of creating *mayorazgos* or perpetual entails, become common not only among the nobility, but among all classes of landed proprietors, was a principal cause of the extreme depression under which the agricultural interest laboured: these overgrown estates, seldom or never seen by their possessors, were committed to the charge of careless agents; little attention was devoted to the improvement of the soil, that in a few years under better management would have repaid them tenfold, but remittances hastily collected were sent to the capital to maintain an useless system of little real magnificence, but immense profusion. Among a large class of the nobility the greater portion of their incomes arose from the possession of feudal or seignorial rights, that varied according to different tenures. In some villages the people were obliged to compound with the Seigneur for the permission to erect a mill to grind their corn; a similar tax was

levied on the olive mill; and the local sale of merchandize was not unfrequently submitted to an imposition more or less heavy. The Crown, when it ennobled an individual, sometimes granted to him and his descendants the power of levying specific duties on a particular town or village, for the purpose of creating funds to maintain his rank. It may easily be conceived, that rights of this nature weighed heavily on the industry of the country; their existence was a grievance, their abolition without indemnity was an act of extreme injustice. The Cortes decreed, that such rights should be considered null and void, except in cases where the claimant was enabled to bring indisputable proof that they were of the highest antiquity, were granted without collusion, and given on good consideration: as it was scarcely possible to produce sufficient proofs, especially when submitted for judgment, not to the common tribunals, but to the Cortes, the seignorial rights were virtually abolished. In consequence of this act, the fortunes of the more opulent nobles suffered

considerably, while the less wealthy class of proprietors were reduced to absolute poverty. The law was also carried to an extreme length, and rights of a very different and less offensive character, such as exclusive fisheries, and other monopolies of that nature, were included in the sweeping proscription. The Marquis de Los Velez was said to have lost an annual income of 500,000 francs, by the loss of his rights of fishery at Motril. Rights of judicature possessed by the proprietors of the soil, such as the appointment of local judges, arbitrators, &c. were of course annulled at the same time.

Soon afterwards the Cortes imposed upon the country a general land tax, that pressed most heavily on the nobles as the principal land-holders. This tax was raised by Government commissioners, who rated the estates at their nominal value, without making any deduction for the debts, family charges, &c. with which they were encumbered: this imposition was severely felt by the nobility, who were already impoverished by the loss of their

seignorial rights, and by the extraordinary contributions they were at times required to make. I have heard of a noble who was at this period in the annual receipt of £1200 sterling money: the family charges on his estate amounted annually to more than half that sum; yet with this diminished income he was assessed by the commission according to his rent-roll, and scarcely possessing a clear £500, was compelled to pay the tax in the proportion of £1200 per annum.

These acts were followed by another that confirmed the discontent of the nobles. Many of the nobility held their estates in virtue of grants from the Crown, some of which dated from very remote periods. In those days when a powerful aristocracy controuled the King, some of the Barons had extended their jurisdiction and properties beyond the limits assigned to them by the royal grants. The weakness of the regal prerogative, the power of the feudal lords, the absence of an intermediate class sufficiently powerful to oppose a barrier to their encroachments, and the tur-

bulence of the times, protected them in these manifest usurpations. Time sanctioned what were originally acts of spoliation, and gave the force of prescriptive right. To call into question estates so long enjoyed, on the ground that their tenures were imperfect, had a tendency to shake the security of all property; but had the Cortes restricted the operation of the act which they passed, to estates which could be proved to have been extended beyond the limits originally assigned to them, a resumption so modified would have been plausible in theory, though it might have been harsh in practice; but they shifted the *onus probandi* from themselves, required the grantees of the Crown to show the charters upon which their rights of possession were founded, and decreed that those estates should be confiscated whose titles could not be produced, or were pronounced invalid. This resolution was taken, although it was generally known that many, I believe most of the documents were lost, from which the title to properties was derived, the legality of whose tenures

had never been doubted. That such charters should have disappeared cannot excite our surprise, when we consider the number of years that had elapsed since they were bestowed, the numerous conflagrations, and the foreign and domestic wars with which Spain has been afflicted. The Council of Castille was justly alarmed, and remonstrated warmly against a measure that confiscated the revenues and annihilated the influence of the nobility. Unable to resist the torrent, they suggested as an amendment, that only those grantees should be required to produce their title-deeds, whose domains had grown into importance during the particular period when such usurpations were common. The Cortes were, however, determined to preserve the original project entire, and in defiance of the remonstrances of the Council and the opposition of the King, who three times refused his sanction to this act of plunder, it passed into a law; a harsh and ungenerous return for the zeal with which the nobles had embraced the cause of their countrymen. I believe this measure was never

carried into complete effect, as the counter-revolution intervened, and saved the aristocracy from total ruin.

But if the policy pursued towards the nobles prevented the consolidation of the system, that which was directed against the clergy threatened its actual existence. The importance of conciliating this body of men was more urgent, and the advantages more direct. The cordial union of the nobility with the Constitutionalists, would have given a weight to Government in their external relations, which could not be attained while the leading families of rank and property were notoriously disaffected; still, in Spain, their influence was in a great measure limited to the fashionable circles of Madrid; the management of their estates devolved on their agents; they were known only by name to their peasantry, and possessed little or no territorial influence. That influence had passed almost exclusively into the hands of the clergy; idolized, as the ministers of God, scattered over a country where properties are in few hands, and the proprietors for the most part absent, they

performed many of the duties, and acquired all the weight, of a resident gentry. They obtained not only the spiritual direction of the people, but the management of their temporal concerns; they became the confidants of their family secrets, and the arbitrators of their domestic differences: the peasantry, forming a large and by no means an ineffective majority, as among this class must be included all the warlike Guerillas in possession of the mountain passes, looked to the priesthood for consolation in their adversities and resolution in their doubts; from them they received their opinions on passing events; by them they were stimulated to good or evil; in a word, in their hands was lodged the direction of the whole physical force of the country. In a state where society is so constituted, it is evident that their approval or hostility must materially influence the success or failure of any system that may be introduced. Their co-operation, or at least acquiescence in the new order of things would have been obtained, had the substantial principles of justice been observed, had more delicacy

been shown towards the rights of existing individuals, and had the legislature avoided that unwise precipitation in carrying into effect, in the space of a few months, those limitations of the church establishment, which should have been the process of years.

The regulation that rendered the receipt of a fixed income, arising from private property, indispensable to the office of parish priest, excluded candidates for the secular clergy from the lower ranks of society, and preserved it in the hands of the better classes. The members of religious houses, on the contrary, for whose ordination the consent of the bishop and a certain routine of education was alone necessary, except in a few celebrated monasteries, were seldom men of high, frequently of low origin. Ordination was, however, a sovereign remedy for any inherent defect of this nature; and the monk frequently received the highest honours at the captain general's table, while his father was scarcely tolerated in the kitchen—a striking instance to what an extent religious prejudice had taken root

among a people proverbially tenacious of ancient descent. There existed in Spain two species of monastic establishments of a very different nature, which experienced a very different fate at the revolution. First, and by far the most important class, was that which was supported by revenues arising from land, their own property, and held in mortmain. The second, and least influential, was that of the Mendicant Monks, who possessed no regular funds, but subsisted entirely on the daily charity of the pious. The first was generally suppressed at the revolution; some, it is true, were suffered to exist, but shorn of all their splendour, the land attached to them being universally confiscated for national purposes. In the discussion that arose in the Cortes on the 23d of July 1820, on the propriety of confiscating the property of the convents, it was urged, that the large tracts of land which they had acquired at different periods, and had kept out of circulation, had materially contributed to the decline of the agricultural prosperity of the kingdom, and that the nation, represented in

Cortes, had a right to appropriate them. That such a power resides in the legislature, if it effectively represents the different interests of the country, may be true; but, in the present case, I am much inclined to doubt the truth of the first part of their allegation. There is no question, that upon general principles, great territorial accumulations in the hands of corporations, lay or religious, are prejudicial to the country in which land is so vested; in Spain, from the tenures under which estates were held, from the system of agency, and from the habits which have grown out of that disposition of property, I do not believe that the absorption of land by the convents has been generally injurious. In many instances, perpetuity of entail would have restricted land, that before the revolution was attached to religious establishments, had it always remained in the possession of individuals. In such cases, it would have been equally excluded from the market; and every man who has passed through Spain must have

observed the difference that exists between the practical administration of estates held by religious corporations or by individuals under the system of perpetual entail. The traveller cannot fail to observe that the roads are kept in better order on the estates of the clergy, the bridges repaired with more care, and greater attention paid to the improvement of their properties than to other parts of the country: he will perceive that many of the monasteries are situated in the neighbourhood of badly managed, and frequently uncultivated estates; from which it may justly be inferred, that in the absence of such establishments, the land now attached to them would have shared the fate of the surrounding properties, have been equally ill managed, or remained altogether without cultivation.

Notwithstanding the little actual evil that had resulted from the immense appropriation of land by the convents, it cannot be denied that large properties held in mortmain would be prejudicial to the improvement of agricul-

ture, whenever the system of entail should be modified, a fresh impulse given to capital, a better system of husbandry introduced, and good communications established. The Cortes had already rescinded entails; they had, in many respects, altered the laws affecting property, and, perhaps, a revision of the ecclesiastical estates had become advisable; but when we reflect on the delicacy of interfering with rights that have been for ages considered sacred, when we remember the jealous feeling with which such rights have been always regarded in Spain, we cannot but feel deeply that no interests upon which the Cortes were called to legislate, required such calm and dispassionate consideration, and unfortunately there were none upon which so much passion and party prevailed. When the estates of the monasteries were confiscated, a stipend was assigned to the monks, inadequate, when compared to their former revenues, and sometimes irregularly paid. This measure was unjust and impolitic: unjust, because ample compensation was not made to individuals for the loss of those vested rights, which public

opinion held sacred, and which were guaranteed to them by the existing law, when they became members of such communities; and, as such, partakers of all their benefits and privileges. Their best years had been spent in that routine of education, and those habits which were necessary to their vocation, but which totally disqualified them from resorting to occupations of a more active nature. They had suffered directly and indirectly by the change of system. Their expectations of preferment were blighted, their respectability was lowered, their influence was lessened, and must have continued to decrease: surely they were entitled to a full compensation in a pecuniary point of view.

The measure was impolitic—because it could not fail to exasperate a class, whose opposition was highly formidable, from the facility with which they could identify the cause of God with the interests of the church. The Cortes were aware that they were regarded with a jealous eye by the despotic Governments; they should have seen the importance

of betraying no weak point round which their enemies might intrigue and rally the disaffected of all classes; they should have felt the necessity of avoiding any pretext for foreign interference by the semblance of unanimity, and by clothing all their proceedings in the garb of the strictest justice.

Had these communities been required to contribute each in proportion to its ability, and the admission of novices been forbidden, in the course of a few years the number of members would have been very limited, the remaining individuals might then have been provided for by competent salaries, and the estates of the establishment sold for the benefit of the nation. I have heard it urged, that while such communities were suffered to exist, the intriguing spirit of the monks would have continually laboured to alienate the people from the Constitutional system. Some local disorders might have occurred, but a little reflection will show the improbability that serious disturbances should have grown out of this policy; persons, who have observed the progress of the revolu-

tion, will remember, that a long period had elapsed after the enactment of those laws, which ruined their fortunes, destroyed their influence, and humbled their pride, before the opposition of the clergy assumed an alarming character: in Spain, although the nature of the country offers great facilities for a harassing species of war, the extent of surface and the absence of communications render the spontaneous movements necessary to successful insurrection difficult to be produced, and seldom effective when they take place. Of these dangers and difficulties the priesthood were aware, they knew, that however the cause might ultimately succeed, the first insurgents are generally the first victims; and had they been left as individuals in the possession of solid advantages, they would not have entered into a dangerous and unequal contest with the legislature for the purpose of perpetuating a particular system.

Had the Cortes effected this moderate compromise with the Church, the convents would have been gradually extinguished; in the mean

time, Government would have derived a regular income from their estates, which would have lapsed to the nation at a period when the Representative system had become firmly established, when Spanish capitalists had begun to vest their capital in land, and an increasing confidence in the new order of things had raised its price infinitely beyond what it could attain under the most favourable circumstances, at the present time. Besides these distant prospects, they would have secured immediate advantages equally certain, though more indirect in their nature. In Spain, where ancient usages have always governed the mass of the population, while law has been feeble and inoperative, even in the best days of the Monarchy, the revenue was raised rather by influence than by positive exertion of authority; the magic of the King's name, seconded by an active and devoted priesthood, filled the treasury to a degree that no fiscal severity, unassisted by such powerful auxiliaries, could have effected. If the legislature had adopted a more conciliatory policy

towards the clergy, they would have received their continued support; but when the priesthood were passive, or secretly exerting their influence against Government—when the reverential attachment to the Crown was no longer operative, from its known aversion to the actual system, it becomes easy to account for the difficulty, nay impossibility, that prevailed in many districts, of raising any fair proportion of the existing taxes. The clergy no longer possessed the inclination to grant or the means of levying those sums, by which they had formerly relieved the embarrassments of the Monarchical government; while the abolition of the seignorial rights, the confiscation of Church property, and other acts of this nature, had so far shaken public confidence by the extreme discontent they had produced, that Government was unable to procure, upon any terms, an adequate loan from their own capitalists, although that class was universally favourable to the Constitution; a striking instance, that in an age when credit is strength, no per-

manent advantages can be secured by acts of spoliation and injustice.

On what resources did the Cortes rely for the extinction of the national debt, and for the restoration of an exhausted treasury, without which no government, however popular, can long continue to exist? In the first place, they depended on the profits arising from the sale of ecclesiastical property; secondly, they calculated that the remission of one half of the tithes would enable the peasant to pay the remainder, and his other taxes with greater cheerfulness. With respect to the sale of the Church lands, did the Cortes forget, in their high estimation of the probable receipts, that the fear of those reverses which have since taken place, the consequent insecurity of tenure, the resentment of a peasantry who imagined the sale and purchase of such property as little less than sacrilege, would greatly diminish its value?—that the policy of throwing at once upon the market such an extent of property as the confiscated estates of the convents, would tend to depreciate them? Did they

forget that the laws, which they had recently repealed, touching entails, would increase the surfeit and depress the price of land infinitely below its intrinsic value? Was it probable, that capitalists would vest large sums in the acquisition of property liable to be reclaimed, and which the stormy and unsettled character of the times rendered every day more precarious in its tenure? These causes developed themselves gradually: those estates hung heavy on their hands; in some parts the land fell out of cultivation, from the want of sufficient superintendence; the purchase proceeded slowly, and the scanty profits derived were, in great part, consumed by the surveyors sent to estimate their value, and the commissioners appointed to conduct the sale. It is only necessary to compare these melancholy facts with the success that attended the sale of Church lands in the reign of Charles the Fourth, to feel with what impolicy the Cortes must have acted, to produce such different results: at that period, when it was known that such a measure had been freely

adopted by the King in Council, and sanctioned by the head of the Church; that a full compensation would be given to the existing clergy, and that no individual of that order would suffer by the change; a very different spirit prevailed, and the estates of the convents were sold at the same rate as patrimonial property. In the opinion of a numerous portion of the Spanish people, the authority of the Pope could alone give credit and validity to such a measure: his permission had been granted to the sale of Church lands at the period to which I have alluded; and there is little doubt that it would have been accorded a second time, had the proceedings of the Cortes been tempered with the same justice and moderation. With respect to the tithes, one half had been abolished; and, as they weighed principally upon the labourer, it was naturally supposed that such a remission could not fail of proving a direct and sensible relief to the most numerous class of the nation. It was not so much from the actual amount of produce received by the tithe officers, as from the

mode in which it was disposed of, that the enormous revenues of the Spanish clergy were derived. The tithe of corn, oil, and agricultural produce of a permanent nature, was conveyed to the principal town of each district, deposited in magazines, and afterwards sold by auction or contract, as particular circumstances or the actual state of the market might render most advantageous. The possession of capital to a large amount gave them every facility in choosing the particular moment that appeared most favourable for the disposal of their goods; enabled them to speculate deeply, and to retain their corn in store, sometimes for years, till an unfortunate season, the failure of crops in any particular district, or general or local circumstances, had raised the price: the warehouses were then opened, and their goods disposed of—always with profit, and sometimes to considerable advantage. In other countries, tithes are considered a heavy and vexatious tax upon industry, seldom collected without murmurs, and always with reluctance; but in

Spain, the peasant religiously laid aside the best of his produce, marked what he considered to be of superior quality, received the tithe-collector with pleasure, and pressed more than his due proportion of payment on that officer of the Church: but when the labouring classes were assured that the tithes were not of Divine right, that in consequence the law had undergone extensive modifications, and that one half had been conceded in their favour, in some parts of the country they began to entertain doubts as to the necessity of paying the remaining portion, although, generally speaking, they were shocked at a measure which they conceived to be impious. Had the system continued, the expectations of the Cortes would probably have been disappointed; the remission of tithes must have finally produced a corresponding increase of rent, and chiefly benefited the great landholders, whom the Cortes wished to depress, but would not have improved the condition of the peasant. The priests had suffered severely from the diminution of tithes,

which occasioned a proportionate reduction in the incomes of the bishoprics, canonries, and benefices. In addition, the Cortes imposed an annual tax of twenty millions of reals a-year on the secular clergy, which completed their distress.

By these, and acts of a similar nature, the Cortes had completely alienated the clergy and the nobles; they now relied for support upon two bodies, very differently constituted and possessing very different pretensions—the merchants and the military, who had unequivocally pronounced themselves in their favour from the earliest days of the revolution. The same ill-judged attempt to carry into effect, without any regard for the feelings of individuals or bodies affected, reforms which might have been advisable under judicious limitations, disgusted these most strenuous allies. The pay of the troops was curtailed, the pensions of officers diminished, and regiments remodelled without any attention to the wishes or prejudices of the persons who composed them. The famous insurrection that took

place at Madrid on the 7th of July, was chiefly owing to an ill-timed attempt, on the part of the Cortes, to rectify the imperfect organization of the Royal Guards.* With delicate

* Notwithstanding the strong party spirit that prevailed, the native generosity of the Spanish character was shown in the conduct which the Constitutionalists observed towards the remnant of the unfortunate Guards. A Spanish noble, who was at Madrid and beheld that sanguinary conflict, assured me that, when the struggle was over, the wounded of both parties were equally carried to the hospitals; that the distinctions between victor and vanquished, between Royalist and Constitutionalist, were, for a moment, forgotten in a generous feeling of compassion that formed a striking contrast to the ferocity with which they carried on the civil war in the Provinces. This insurrection was fatal to Spain, as it extinguished the last hopes that were entertained from the virtue and abilities of Martinez de la Rosa, who resigned after these tumults. Had Spain been guided by such a Minister from the commencement of the revolution, she would probably have this day enjoyed the blessings of Representative government. Although he had suffered an unjust imprisonment of six years, he was actuated by no desire of vengeance, at a time when he might have safely indulged such feelings: towards the close of his administration, he was not popular with the Court or the people; because, at a time when opinions were extreme, he flattered the prejudices of neither party, but pursued a manly, moderate, and disinterested course. Some of the Constitutionalists behaved with generosity towards their former enemies, but few, like Martinez de la Rosa, carried

management, this measure might have been rendered less offensive to the feelings of those haughty troops, who esteemed themselves, with reason, the flower of the Spanish army; but this rude attack on privileges, perhaps objectionable, but long established, wounded their sense of military honour, and for some days actually endangered the safety of the state. The Cortes should have proceeded with more caution in any attempt to remodel the army: it is true, the Spanish soldiery had in the first instance proclaimed, and afterwards supported, the Constitution; but it should have been remembered, that under a despotic government all distinctions centre in the military; in a representative state, the army is little influential and becomes subordinate to the civil power; and although in a country like our own, where the blessings of constitutional government have been long enjoyed, the rights and feelings of

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that moderation into their public conduct. There was a party in the Cortes, though it was but feeble, that really understood the principles of good government; these persons looked up to him as to a man who possessed sound practical talents, and was guided by the purest motives.

the soldier and the citizen are in a great measure blended, very different sentiments might be expected to prevail among a body of men, that till then had formed a distinct class, in a state where such blessings had not yet been felt, and where political rights were still in their infancy.

With the intention of promoting the establishment of home manufactures, and improving such as were already established, the Cortes imposed heavy duties on many articles of foreign merchandize upon which the nation had depended for its principal supply.* But even if capital could have been turned at once into these channels, it would scarcely have been possible, in a country where great difficulty exists in the conveyance of articles used in the manufactories from the want of canals and good roads, where population is scanty, provisions dear, and the rate of wages high, to compete

* I speak of the commercial regulations as they existed when I was in Spain. I believe their rigour was abated in 1823.

with goods manufactured in countries where the population is overflowing and the price of labour cheap. In America, where speculation is as bold as it is languid in Spain, the same cause—the great expense of manual labour—has prevented the establishment of manufactories to any extent. Manufactures cannot be forced into existence—they must be fostered by circumstances favourable to their growth; and Spain was not so circumstanced, nor could she have been for many years to come. The Cortes had observed the spirit of those laws that have long fettered the trade of Great Britain, and supposed that her commercial wealth had grown into its present importance, not in spite of their operation, but in consequence of that system of restriction; and, while they quoted and followed her example, they did not perceive that she had already recognised the mistaken policy of former times, that she was slowly reverting to the principles of free trade, and was gradually disencumbering herself of that artificial and complicated system which they were labouring *de*

novo to create. But whatever might have been the remote effects of the restrictive system on the manufactures of Spain, its immediate consequences were ruinous indeed: it transferred, as might be expected, a great part of the foreign trade from the merchant to the smuggler; the mercantile interest was disgusted; the revenue suffered materially from the loss of the customs, at a moment when such loss was irreparable; while a host of freebooters, carrying on their illegal traffic with impunity, oppressed the people, added another scourge to the miseries of civil war, and completed the distractions of that unfortunate time.

At the commencement of the revolution, a portion of the middling class was attached rather to the ancient mode of administration, than to the existing Government, whose capricious policy had fatigued the most decided supporters of arbitrary power: but principally among this class was also to be found the virtue, intelligence, and effective force, that were enlisted on the side of the revolution. The agricultural class, by far the most nume-

rous, and constituting the physical force of the country, in the first instance rather passive than averse, beheld in silence the change that was operated in the Government: it was evident that their future dispositions would be determined by the measures pursued by the Constitutionalists; had a character of compromise and conciliation actuated their councils, a very different spirit would have pervaded the peasantry, when the frontiers were menaced with invasion and they were again invited to rally round the national standard. The abolition of the convents, and the treatment of the priesthood, changed their early indifference into active hostility: besides the religious indignation that was excited by the unceremonious suppression of establishments long considered sacred, that measure was productive of extensive misery. A considerable number of the poorer classes (I have heard it estimated at upwards of 90,000) depended almost exclusively on the charity of the monks for their daily subsistence, and besieged the gates of the monasteries at stated hours: their suppression,

by suddenly depriving these persons of their accustomed means of subsistence, let loose upon society a host of discontented and dangerous characters; reduced to absolute want, they took up arms against Government, and resorted to the mountains, where they found ready partisans in the peasantry, and able counsellors and devoted leaders in an exasperated clergy.

These acts were followed by a measure offensive in the last degree to the entire peasantry; a measure uncalled for by any political expediency, that has been little known out of Spain, and whose practical ill effects have been still less understood. The abolition of the provincial privileges, and more especially the geographical subdivision of Spain, may at first sight appear of trivial interest; but whoever has resided in the provinces, and observed the public mind, will form very different conclusions, and be surprised that a Spanish legislature should betray such ignorance of Spanish feeling.

It was determined by the Cortes that Spain

should be divided into smaller provinces or departments, better calculated for the purposes of local administration. The ancient provinces were superseded, and their very names erased from the map of Spain. A complete uniformity of political institutions may be desirable, but is by no means necessary to the establishment of civil freedom. In England and in Scotland different systems of law prevail, but the two people have not co-operated less warmly; the unity of action has not been impeded, nor has the cause of liberty suffered, although some local inconveniences may have arisen from their different jurisprudence: but when the Constitution was established in 1820, few substantial rights were still existing in the Spanish provinces; and, with some exceptions, the shadow of their privileges, rather than the actual privileges, remained: but a large portion of the nation clung to these remains, which might have been safely conceded by the Cortes; such a mark of respect would have flattered provincial pride, would have disarmed their antagonists of one of

their keenest weapons, and have gone far in attaching the people to their cause. At all events, the ancient names of the provinces should have been carefully, even ostentatiously, preserved; names, and usages, and limits, dear to the peasant, associated with the traditions of his fathers, connected with the memorials of his childhood, and inseparably blended with the haughtiest recollections of Spanish glory and independence. In Madrid, and some of the great towns, this measure was regarded with comparative indifference; but throughout the country the intelligence was received with sorrow and indignation. The reasons alleged for the subdivision of the provinces were grounded on the inconvenience arising from their unequal distribution; but probably the secret motive of that determination arose from a belief, that by confounding ancient limits, and breaking down former attachments, they would more rapidly obliterate the memory of the old regime, and create new interests more immediately connected with the Representative system. The names of the principal squares

or streets of every town or village throughout Spain underwent alterations, and Constitutional titles were affixed in the place of their patron saints. These proceedings, apparently immaterial, acting upon a bigotted peasantry, produced serious irritation; in these changes, they beheld the Constitution not only opposed, but preferred to their religion; the clergy availed themselves of this error, and the feelings of the peasantry became more embittered, and their hatred to the new institutions more intense, from causes so trivial and absurd. Unfortunately, in the prosecution of these, as of other measures, the Cortes followed the example of republican France, without perceiving that the different state of society in that country, and the dissimilarity of national character, required a different policy: among the French, there existed little attachment to old institutions; in Spain it is the ruling passion of the people. Paris was the main-spring that regulated the movements of the French revolution, and gave the impulse to the remotest corners of the kingdom. The strength

of the Spanish revolution resided in Madrid; but its population was more divided in opinion, and the moral influence of the capital scarcely extended beyond its gates. Among the peasantry in France, except in a few provinces, little resistance was offered to the republicans: in Spain, the rustic population was for the most part animated with the same passions and attachments as the people of La Vendée; and the memory of that eventful struggle should have shown the Cortes the danger of offending local feeling, or of interfering with names and limits endeared to the people by past recollections. They proceeded on a mistaken principle: they should have firmly but cautiously directed the progress of free institutions; they should not have continually reminded the peasant of a revolution, whose merits he could not appreciate, and which his previous habits and mode of thinking would naturally induce him to regard with dislike: he should have discovered that he was a freeman in the midst of a free population, by the improvement of his own

condition, and of all who were connected with him. They should have written the Constitution, not on the squares of the city, but in the hearts of the citizens: they should have cherished these local attachments as the guardian spirit of Spain; attachments that were pure in their origin, and noble in their results. During the late Spanish war, the French had no greater difficulty to contend with than this provincial spirit. The panic that attends upon victory, frequently stupefies a whole country, and subjects it to the conqueror; but, in Spain, the ideal limits that separated their provinces presented a real and efficient barrier: the submission of one province formed no precedent for its neighbour, but stimulated it to acts of greater heroism, to prove its decided superiority; in a country where this jealous and independent spirit in some degree compensated for the deficiency of good discipline, great victories became comparatively useless, and the enemy were compelled to vanquish town after town, and district after district, before they could gain the mastery of public

opinion, or triumph over the obstinate emulation of the rival provinces.

The elevation of the old Spanish character is still to be found in the peasant; without the enjoyment of civil freedom, he has retained an upright independence that fits him for its reception. It was not easy or desirable to eradicate feelings which had been the growth of centuries: the Cortes could not remodel the Spanish character by an ideal standard of French perfection; they had the richest materials to work upon, and a just view of mankind would have led them to adapt their measures to the temper of the people; they might lead, they could not force, society to the level of their institutions: they should have combined the principles of liberty with the ancient forms of the monarchy, and they would have wound themselves into the hearts of the people, and have given character and permanency to the new institutions.

I have attempted to sketch the causes that alienated the leading interests of Spain from the government of the Cortes: in some

instances the failure of their reforms resulted from defective principle; but more frequently from the injudicious moment selected for carrying them into effect, the unjust and clumsy means by which they were effected, and the contempt of circumstances that should regulate the application of all general rules. Although many of the evils that had afflicted Spain before the changes in 1820, were aggravated during the three years that the Constitution existed, and others had grown out of actual circumstances, it is but fair to add, that the policy of the Cortes appears to its greatest disadvantage, if we only judge of it by the suffering state of the people, while they were passing through the fiery ordeal of revolution: all the mischiefs that had resulted from a headlong attack on old interests had manifested themselves on every point, and sometimes indirectly affected the country in a manner that had been little expected, while the benefits that might have arisen from the removal of restrictions injurious to the happiness and freedom of the people, had not yet begun to operate. While I was in Spain, the Cortes

were engaged in the formation of a new code of laws, distinguished by the same spirit of over-legislation that characterized all their proceedings, but which might eventually have led to an improved system of jurisprudence: the corrupt administration of justice, and the inefficiency of the police, were evils daily felt; the correction of these abuses would have been an inestimable benefit to the country. The decrees that qualified reprisals in war, that placed the persons and properties of strangers under the special protection of Government, and the recognition of the old debt of Spain, for which the former administrations had ceased to pay interest, are acts that reflect honour on the Cortes; but the policy which they pursued towards their South American states had a very different character.

The resistance which they manifested abroad to the growth of principles which they were advocating at home, threw a deep shade over the sincerity of their opinions. The revolution brought with it that fortunate crisis, when, justified by principles which themselves

had established, Spanish pride might have stooped without humiliation, and yielded with dignity what it could no longer retain; but, with a strange obstinacy of purpose and inefficiency of means, the Spaniards threw away the opportunity of securing those political interests and commercial advantages, which respect and gratitude and old connexions would still have maintained in their favour, under the vain belief that they might yet recover the dominion of provinces, whose interests had become too opposed to theirs, and whose population had grown too powerful and enlightened to acknowledge any longer the claims of a distant legislature. Unable to render their power respected thirty miles from Madrid, the Cortes protracted an unavailing contest with the liberties of a country, where freedom was appreciated, not as in Spain, by a few zealous supporters of abstract principles, but by every individual who had tasted the solid advantages which it secured to him, by the establishment of a freer trade, the growth of commercial enterprize, and by increased com-

forts and diminished prices. Where the foundations of liberty rest on the daily comforts of the people, the superstructure will be of adamant, and all calculations of the success to be expected from superior numbers and better discipline arrayed against it, are illusive: such were its foundations in Spanish America; but in the mother-country few feelings were enlisted in favour of the Constitution, and few comforts secured by its establishment.

During the time that I was in Spain, a sensible change took place in public opinion: feelings became more exasperated, the Royalists and the ultra-Constitutionalists became mutually more powerful, while the party that had held the balance, and controlled the excesses of both, declined in numbers and influence. Many, who had been friendly to moderate measures, began to suspect that the Constitution was no longer tenable, and enlisted with either of the prevailing parties, as they were influenced by their interests, their connexions, their passions, or their prejudices. Some, for the first time, looked forward to a republic

as the only guarantee against the return of a system which they detested; while others, whose persons were endangered, and whose properties suffered by the partial acts of the Cortes, in a grievous sense of present evil, remembered with regret the tranquil despotism of the preceding Government. In the heat of civil war, the convulsed districts presented a picture, such as perhaps has never been paralleled. The Constitutional forces consisted of the local militias and regular corps—some compromised by their political conduct, others sincerely attached to the Constitution,—all intoxicated with the restless spirit of the time. On the other hand, the army of the Faith presented all the fanaticism and credulous belief of the middle ages, combined with high but irregular notions of honour, and an exaggerated but chivalrous devotion to the Crown. When I left Spain, it laboured under the united evils of a ruined treasury, a powerless executive, wasting its last resources in a civil contest from whose success no advantages could be reaped, where victory, though a diminished, was still a positive evil, increasing disunion with

other Governments, and a foreign army gathering on the frontiers: such was the gloomy picture which Spain presented in 1822. Since that time every trace of the Constitutional system has vanished, and the night of despotism has returned more heavy than before.—Such was the close of a revolution that, under happier auspices, might have secured to Spain the enjoyment of free institutions, have set an example of moderation to the states that adopted her policy, and advanced the liberties of mankind.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the first part of the Introduction was written, the French army was ranged along the Spanish frontiers, but hostilities had not yet commenced. The last part was composed in 1823, on my return to England from the Continent, where I had resided almost entirely for some years.

INTRODUCTION.

Farewell! dark heights of Irun! first and last
Beheld of Spain's sierras;—he has past,
The stranger, from your chestnut-cover'd side:
Roll, Bidassoa! roll your ceaseless tide,
With peaceful wave two jarring realms divide;—
All tranquil now, but in prophetic eye
The impending terrors of the storm are nigh;
And o'er yon fated waves can boding ear
The dreadful cannon's deep'ning echoes hear.
Farewell! my bark is gliding fast from thee:
When next we meet, how shall our meeting be,
Land of dark-glancing Maids and struggling Chivalry?

Oh! in the fierce unpitying strife that now
With civil carnage stains thy beauteous brow,

How many a dauntless spirit ere that day
The statute and the sword shall sweep away!
Unfold thy fearful page, Genius of Spain!
If e'er we meet, how shall we meet again?
For I have dwelt your latticed halls among,
Have ranged your Alameda paths along,
Your warriors known, and loved your maidens' song;
Have listed to the heroic deeds of old,
Sung in lost lay and in tradition told,
And seen them wake again; and I have been
'Mid every savage, every softer scene;
And oft, in rocky hold, 'mid peasant band,
Have scatheless stood when rapine ruled the land;
Wrapt in my plaid, beside the fitful flame
That flash'd athwart their proud and martial frame,
As fearlessly have couch'd my wearied head,
As though my Father's roof was o'er me spread;
Secure, the spirits that around me stood
Had scorn'd to shed the trusting stranger's blood,
To win the brightest of that golden slave
That prompts the base and makes the coward brave.

'Then say not Spain's exalted chivalry
Is dead—that high-born spirit cannot die!
It dwells not with the scheming lords of earth—
It is of heavenly and immortal birth!

Nor less secure, in fiery faction's day,
'Mid Lorca's ancient towers I bent my way,
And slow and thoughtful traced the silent scene
Where recent murder's arm had ruthless been:
Light shone her palaces, her gardens fair,
Her fortress-flag was streaming in the air;—
All spoke of man, and all, save man, was there;
But seem'd as Azrael, on destroying blast,
Had nightly o'er a destined people past,
And left one mighty city of the dead.
How horribly distinct mine echoed tread!
Save that alone, upon this awe-struck ear
There came no human note of joy or fear,
All was so voiceless, desolate, and drear.

And still as safe, high o'er the scene of blood,
Amid the rugged sons of war I stood,

When frantic woman call'd on Heaven for aid,
When saint and prophet preach'd the wild crusade,
And swell'd the mountaineers' fanatic cry,
" To arms for God !" and came the fierce reply
In Freedom's name, while hill and valley knew
The sacred Cross, and wide the Royal standard flew.
Then when I heard the cannon's crashing sound
Deal its tremendous note of death around,
And view'd, astonish'd, from the mountain height,
On rolling in her dark collected might,
All Catalonia gathering to the fight—
I say, my bosom heaved with stern delight.
Far o'er the assembled war I bent mine eye,
Where Vilia laugh'd beneath the southern sky ;
And yet, ere darken'd that avenging day,
Her towers—her sons—her name had pass'd away !

Ye Chiefs ! who, loyal, brave, and true, in vain
Devoted fell on Vilia's fatal plain ;
Can ceaseless prayers or masses wash away
The tears, the shame, the slaughter of that day ?
And ye stern conquerors of an useless fray !

Vain is your triumph o'er the murderous fight,
Vain are your burning feuds—unite! unite!
While hope is yet, and freedom's ling'ring light
Gleams on one mountain-top:—the night is near
When both shall bend beneath the oppressor's spear.

Then struggling with the weight of various woes,
Even in this mortal crisis of thy throes,
Farewell!—and thou, sad sunken Italy!
That would, yet hath not spirit to be free;—
Still better loved and lovelier in thy day
Of funeral desolation and decay,
Than when in sovereign Rome's meridian hour
Kings craved alliance, kingdoms own'd thy power,
Proud at thy feet their vassal wealth to bring,
And crouch beneath the shadow of thy wing.
And France, farewell! From blue-eyed Normandy,
To the dark children of the Pyrenee,
Where yon rude serf on Biscay's cloud-girt shore
Looks the interminable ocean o'er,
And hears in storms the loud Atlantic roar,
To where a waveless sea in gentle flow
Breaks on the sunny cliffs of Monaco,

My step hath been. And thou, whose airy hall
Can still so much of youth and joy recall,
And grief,—light-hearted city of the Gaul,*
Farewell! a long, a late adieu to thee,
That, earliest known, wert all the world to me.

And thou, farewell! my friend, whose constant mind
In grief was patient, and in pain resign'd:
Disease slow wore the vigorous frame away,
It could not taint the immortal with decay.
Fair Nice, thy beauties soothed, they could not save;
The land he cherish'd holds his honour'd grave.
When sinks my light of life, as pure a ray
Gild the cold evening of my stormy day;
Like thee esteem'd, like thee beloved, my friend,
May kindred blessings on my grave descend,
My course as guiltless and as calm mine end!

Again the smiling scenes his presence knew,
The distant landscape swells to memory's view,
Skies ever cloudless, ocean ever blue:

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* Paris.

The lonely tower that closed the silent bay,
Shines yet reflected in the setting ray;
I mark the silver beach, the starlight main,
I hail the murmurs of the deep again;
The moon is bright on Estrelle's hills afar,
She sleeps upon the olive banks of Var,
And gilds my quiet home, Castelinar.

But, lo! a busier scene, the louder roar
Of ocean dashing on my native shore!
Now joyous spirits hail the advancing land,
And joyous tones respond: o'er the known strand
Crowd many a welcome, many a kindred band.
And wilt thou, long-deserted Albion, hail
Thy faithless wanderer's home-returning sail?
Though absent now a strange eventful time,
And grown to manhood in a foreign clime,
Your ruder sports shall chase the thought away
Of lovelier lands and more unclouded day;
Then, with your torrents rushing deep and clear,
Ye woods that love the hunter's horn to hear,

My native hills, dark coverts of the deer,
Land early loved and left for years in vain,
Forgive, and take me to thine arms again!

CANTO I.

THE PARTING.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou hadst yesterday.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE first eighty lines of this Canto are intended to express the reflections naturally excited by a view of Granada and its celebrated plain, as seen by the Author in a farewell visit to the Alhambra, on an evening of extreme beauty, the last he spent in that city. The scene of the remaining part of this Canto is laid in the immediate vicinity of the Generalife, an ancient palace of the Kings, but more especially of the Queens, of Granada; from which circumstance the neighbouring grounds were formerly known by the name of Sultana, and became the resort of many of the leading families. The imagery which he has introduced, in his description of a Moorish garden, was suggested in some degree by the luxuriant vegetation near the Moorish palace at Seville, but chiefly by the gardens of the Generalife, which he has fixed upon as the scene of Hassan's soliloquy. He inserts the following eloquent description of that beautiful ruin by a French writer; it will convey to his readers some idea of its present state:—

"En sortant de l'Alhambra, l'on distingue, sur une montagne, le fameux jardin du Généralif, dont le nom veut dire la maison d'amour. Dans ce jardin l'on voyait un palais où les rois de Grenade venaient passer le printemps. Il était bâti dans le même genre que l'Alhambra; la même magnificence s'y remarquait. Il est détruit aujourd'hui; mais ce qu'on ne peut se laisser d'admirer encore dans le Généralif, c'est sa situation pittoresque, ce sont ses points de vue variés et toujours charmans: les fontaines, les jets d'eau, les cascades, jaillissent, tombent de toutes parts. Les terrasses en amphithéatre, pavées de débris de mosaïque, sont ombragées de cyprés immenses, de vieux myrtes, qui ont prêté leurs ombres aux rois, aux reines de Grenade. De leur temps, des bosquets fleuris, des forêts, d'arbres fruitiers, s'entremêlaient aux bocages sombres, aux domes, aux pavillons. Aujourd'hui le Généralif n'a conservé que ce qu'on n'a pu lui ravir; et c'est encore le lieu de la terre qui parle le plus aux yeux et au cœur."

CANTO I.

THE PARTING.

The sun is low, the eve is bright and still,
The breeze comes soft and sad o'er Santa's hill;
King of the waste, Elvira's giant height
Swells yet more bold—one purple throne of light;
O'er the pale mantle of Nevada's snows
The waning orb its level glory throws.
Where lone Alhambra rears her mountain brow
And Daro rolls his rushing flood below,
His long farewell the northern stranger pays,
Yet, loth to leave, with lingering step delays;
For, oh! Granada, though thy better day
Has sunk in night, as sinks yon setting ray,
Bright as of yore Heaven's cloudless glories shine
On falling battlement and ruin'd shrine,

On broken bower and fountain, fig-crown'd walls,
Fair terraces, light domes, and magic halls.

Still are those halls, where round th' enthroned King
Stood martial pomp in honour's courtly ring;
Where blithe of heart Granada's turban'd fair,
With dark descending veil and streaming hair,
In groups of bounding beauty graced the scene,
Or light and lovely cluster'd round their Queen;
While the full chorus swell'd, the lamps beam'd bright,
And festive pleasure chased the rolling night.

Land of the brave! where all that's great and good
With maddening passion join'd in strangest mood.
Here toss'd on trackless sea, uncertain Man
His varying course of crime and honour ran;
Mix'd headlong rage with spirit fair and free,
And quenchless hate with generous courtesy.
Here Heaven unclouded, here a fiery creed,
Bade full of hope the stern enthusiast bleed;
While burning eloquence and martial song
To frantic fury rous'd the ungovern'd throng,

And bade their changing souls alternate thrill
To schemes of lofty good or daring ill.
And now, though vanish'd from yon peaceful banks
The turban'd glories of the faithful ranks,
Hush'd the dread murmurs of their marshall'd might,
Mute the deep trump that woke the soul of fight,
Still gently sounds 'mid quivering poplars' shade
The low-breath'd vow, the nightly serenade,
The light guitar, the song of southern maid;
And now and ever from that lonely shore
Comes Xenil's voice, and Daro's mingling roar.

When falls some King with martial trophies proud,
Near and more near the sons of Honour crowd,
Still circling strive to save the sinking throne,
Mark the last glance, and catch the dying tone;
The latest word of Empire whisper'd round,
Chief bears to chief his Lord's expiring sound:—
So sinks yon King of day on Glory's bed;
So gathering clouds with borrow'd brightness red
Drink his last beams, reflect his ebbing light,
Bear his last summons to the mountain height;

O'er the rich plain his parting splendours throw,
And pour o'er crag and stream his crimson glow.
So fell with falling Empire's closing ray
'Mid skies of deeper hue the final day
That crown'd Abdallah held imperial sway;
As on these towers his latest look he cast,
And thrill'd with anguish as he look'd his last,
Wept o'er the realms he ruled with sovereign pride,
Yet lived an exile when the monarch died,
His high-soul'd mother sternly bade him know
It ill became him, with a woman's woe
To mourn o'er lost Granada's living grave—
The throne he knew not like a King to save.

Yet o'er those fields in hard-debated strife
Nor Moor nor Spaniard gave or heeded life.
There step by step on all that ravaged plain
Thy sons, devoted Ismael, strove in vain;
Firm to their narrowing posts with ardour clung,
Fierce on the foe with desperate sally sprung,
And died as die the brave:—on Daro's shore
The golden glories of thy rule are o'er;

And ne'er shall Allah heed the Paynim prayer
To raise the mosque or plant the crescent there,
Restore yon desert waste a peopled plain,
Or give Granada to the Moor again.

Yet still the Moor on Afric's burning strand
With fiery glance surveys his father's land,
In each low murmur hears the call divine,
In every cloud beholds the appointed sign,
With rapture waits the glory-dawning ray,
With ceaseless watch by night and prayer by day.

Far other hope the Moslem's, on that night
When lived Sultana's lattices in light;
Gay minarets rose her tinted domes among,
Her thousand palaces like gems were strung
From palm-clad Albaycin to Daro's shore,
With citron grove and cedar cover'd o'er;
All wreck'd beneath the giant step of time
Save what it could not steal—thy glorious clime!
Faint breaks the memory of that distant day
When 'mid those bowers of deathless bloom, his way

The dark-brow'd warrior took; no more he sped,
Blithe heart and flashing eye and tameless tread;
That glance is dim, that heart has ceased to bound—
His step so slow and heavy that the ground
Seems to return its dull and measured sound;
Yet might his mail proclaim that strife was nigh,
But for the drooping mien and sunken eye:
Why shines the leader's badge on brow so young?
Of what high rule and lofty lineage sprung?

Oh! by yon emblem graven on his breast
And Sleeping Lion sparkling on his crest,
By Afric's sable mantle o'er him thrown,
Is Hassan, Lord of Almoradi, known;
Profuse of gems his hilt of burnish'd blade,
And dagger's point in belted scarf were laid;
That scarf, so fairly framed and richly wove,
Show'd it was fashion'd by the hand of Love;
While in gay courtesy his turban knew
That pledge of constant faith the violet blue;[1]
Then why glooms Hassan's brow? say, can he fear
The trial hour when adverse hosts career?

No! he has borne o'er many a fiery field
The stainless Lion on his sable shield;
Yet softer ties assert their parting power—
And now he seeks his Zaira's latticed bower.

Lovely it rose in evening's loveliest light;
Gleam'd all the dome with gold and azure bright;
Bright traceried o'er each arch, luxuriant rose
Each flower of earth, each tint the rainbow knows,
Of hue so glowing, form so slight and fair,
You scarcely deem'd man's ruder touch was there,
But wondering held that fays had framed the scene,
And she who slumber'd there, the fairy Queen.
How verdant, seen in shade of forest tree,
Earth shows her flower-enamell'd canopy;
But the young deer, beneath its branches spread,
Shames the gay glories of his grassy bed:
Ev'n so that couch of splendour, though it knew
Each grace of art and every richer hue,
Though sapphire's beams with emerald's blaze combined,
Yet lovelier was the form that there reclined;

Her gentle head on gilded cushion prest,
Her eyelids seal'd in momentary rest.

Say, hast thou mark'd along the quiet deep
In one rich line a gleam of moonlight sleep?
So still, so pale, and beautiful she lay,
While regularly low her bosom's play
Was faint as ocean's heave in stillest day.—
Through its thin shroud hast traced the mountain head
When morning mists their spangled gauze have spread?
So the light veil descending to the knee
Robed her fair form, but show'd its symmetry.—
Say too, 'mid foaming torrent hast thou seen
Some islet rock whose mossy knoll of green
Beacons the breaking waves, that circling stray
And round its base in thousand eddies play?
Oh yet more beautiful to gazer's view
O'er her young brow the turban's verdant hue
Rose gaily crested, while in sport unbound
In reckless tides her ringlets stream'd around,
With raven curls on neck of ivory fell,
Veil'd her light lids still seal'd in slumber's spell,

And floating wildly, strove in vain to hide
The glistening bosom, and the pure blue tide
That on its couch of marble seem'd to glow,
Like violets scatter'd o'er a bed of snow.

Sinks she to rest outwearied by the sun,
Whose mighty course of cloudless honour run,
Like giant charm'd by beauty, stays to throw
O'er tower and latticed frame its fading glow?
Or is she soothed to slumber by the sound
Of Heaven's delighted warblers, as they bound
From heath to myrtle, while her senses close,
By such glad murmur lull'd to light repose?
Say, does that strain, yon fountain's ceaseless song,
Or Ind's perfumes the pleasing trance prolong?
Careless she seems in tranquil mood to lie—
Yet pain has sunk to sleep her wearied eye;
Some few brief hours and joy was in her breast;
Then pleasure-gilded dreams had soothed her rest;
Then she had deem'd that fount, that strain to hear,
Or voice more loved had mingled in her ear.

But fierce at morn the o'ermastering struggle came,
Shook every nerve, unstrung her fragile frame;
Till slumber, joyless as the sleep of death
Has seal'd her lids and lent a calmer breath.
In sorrow's brief forgetfulness reclined,
How heavy is such sleeper's mood of mind;
Yet, oh, 'tis peaceful to that dreary hour
When consciousness resumes her bitter power;
Oh, at that time return with deepest chill
The buried pang, forgotten sense of ill;
The fever'd feelings life and thought renew,
The deed, nor time, nor penance can undo;
The upbraiding heart, the tear no morrow dries,
All we would fain forget, at once arise,
And all thy train, unkind reality,
Revives and mingles in the heavy sigh.

But lo! what sound that death-like slumber breaks?
'Tis Hassan's step and voice, and Zaira wakes.
I 've seen from crag to crag the streamlet flow
And leap impatient to its bed below;

And when its wave had caught the sun's bright ray
How fair a flash it sent to upper day;
Such and so fleet she springs to Hassan's side,
As keen a glance she flings o'er Hassan's pride.
" Accursed armour! well that sight of fear
" Tells all I ask, shows all I dread to hear;
" My power so humbled, and thy love so low,
" That I whose every hope and joy and woe
" Centers in thee, unheeded kneel to pray
" Love's first and last repeated boon—to stay.
" Why frowns the helmet on that brow of gloom?
" My bower of sunshine loathes the martial plume.
" Come near, my Hassan, let this faithful hand
" Unbind thy casque and doff that hated brand;
" And casting the dread signs of war away
" Restore the sunny hours of yesterday.
" In this free hall as freely shalt thou rest,
" Mine heart adoring to thy bosom prest,
" So thou wilt stay."

" Nay, clear that tearful brow,
" Earth holds no form so fondly loved as thou;

" Few days shall dawn ere thou, my gentlest friend,
" Shall doff my sword, my frowning helm unbend;
" And in this latticed hall thy silver strain
" Shall make thy Hassan's spirit glad again."

" Oh, never!—Hast thou mark'd the Autumn wind
" Take the light branch and leave the stem behind?
" The ruin'd stem in barren grandeur grows,
" The branch is hurried where the wild wind blows;
" Ev'n so we part but never meet again,
" And thou hast loved and I am lost in vain!
" No morn shall bid me with delighted ear
" Hear his loved voice and tremble as I hear;
" In that dark eye unchang'd affection trace,
" And fold his form in rapture's wild embrace."

" Enough—let maiden heart such terrors prove,
" Be thine a nobler trust in Hassan's love;
" To-night we part, some happier eve shall raise
" Joy's festive song, and wake the welcome blaze.
" Such idle—"

" I talk not idly, hear and cease
" To breathe farewell and yet to murmur peace.
" Fades every tint that Hope's gay colouring shed;
" Youth's joyous vision, golden Love, is dead.
" The impassive pine may tower o'er mountain snows,
" Nor ask his beam who life and joy bestows;
" The burning sunflower wakes in cloudless day,
" Glows in its glance and dies without its ray;
" And oh! so lifeless would thy Zaira be
" 'Reft of that sun, that all she loves, in thee.
" The welcome blaze! I light my lamp no more;
" The beacon gleams not for a desert shore.
" In better days when peaceful twilight came
" In this high tower, I raised the gentle flame,
" And Hassan knew the warm and welcome ray
" That love's young torch had lit to cheer his way;
" And I when that delighted hour drew nigh,
" God! how this throbbing pulse of hope beat high;
" His form to mark, his coming tread to hear,
" Light to mine eye and music to mine ear.
" Come then, again mine evening steps attend,
" Be all in all, my lover, guide, and friend;

" Teach, as of late, my mounting thoughts to stray
" Through each far world and read the heavenly way;
" Teach me to know, while kindling skies unfold
" In one dread blaze their canopy of gold,
" Each spangled orb with trembling glory bright,
" And catch entranced its scintillating light.

" Oh in that hour when wearied life is still,
" The palace silent as the lonely hill;
" When death seems gather'd o'er the unbroken deep
" And all the breathing world is hush'd in sleep;
" Oh! in such hour our spirits rose above
" This humbler earth, and join'd in loftier love;
" Love, glowing love, which virtue would controul,
" But vainly wrestles with that bliss of soul;
" Love such as sacred honour would conceal,
" But burning blushes, blinding tears reveal.
" Yet was I innocent till Hassan came,
" Breathed the soft tale and woke the undying flame,
" Clad each dull form in fancy's colouring bright,
" Shed o'er my soul a new and lovelier light,

" 'Till this wild being changed and desperate grown
" Fix'd its fond hope and fix'd on him alone;
" For him I lost the bosom light of care,
" Smiles pure as those which blessed angels wear;
" For him my cheek's bright bloom, my birth's high name,
" And dearer still to honour, spotless fame.

" Enough—now, Hassan, gloomier tidings hear,
" They shall plant daggers in thy startled ear.
" Last night a Tartar came, and tidings brought
" To fire thy cheek and fix thy changing thought;
" Thy honour'd Lord, it pleased my sire to say,
" Thy Hamet shall be here ere Bairam day.
" I heard in silence, but with frenzy heard
" All my mind dreads in that accursed word.
" Say, shall I then a bounden victim wait
" To hear his bugle at the answering gate?
" How shall my soul his rapid glance withstand,
" Or his warm clasp my chill'd and lifeless hand?
" Slow from these lips the heart's kind speech would part,
" The eye's gay welcome shame that broken heart;

" My Lord is come, the revel feast prepare,
" In joy's wild hurry drown the soul's despair,
" Crown the red goblet, bid the light dance bound,
" The lamps be bright, the merry music sound;
" Enough—I loved the festal blaze and song;
" Why now the strain of vanish'd joy prolong?
" For thee I gave—nor grieve me to have given—
" Man's fair opinion and my hopes of Heaven:
" When sets that light of life, I cease to live;
" To mirth or Hamet what have I to give?"

" Nay, summer years sit lightly on thy brow,
" And what has one so beautiful as thou
" To do with death? but, since the storm draws nigh
" Which I might brave, but thou must fear and fly,
" A deeper counsel lies; each chief of name
" Summons his vassals to the field of fame;
" The warlike march begins; the bugle sounds,
" The charger knows the fiery blast, and bounds;
" God of our Fathers! is the Christian's cry,
" No God but God the faithful bands reply;
" If victors, Empire, Houris if we die.

" Their fronted ranks but wait the signal breath;
" They madden for the unparting grasp of death;
" They chafe as torrent chafes its narrow shores;
" One moment—and the echoing thunder roars.
" Such must awhile be Hassan's warrior life;
" But, oh! unfit for scenes of martial strife,
" Pinar [2] shall hold thee safe from fierce alarms,
" Till Peace restore thee to my longing arms!"

" Oh! bless thee for that word; alike to me
" The lake's calm ripple, or the swelling sea:
" Near thee unshrinkingly my bosom dares
" Where the steel glistens or the lightning glares."

" Then list thee, Zaira: when yon moon rides high,
" And evening stars are bright, the hour is nigh;
" Guard lest that busy fiend Suspicion trace
" Or fear or anguish in thy changing face;
" O'er thy fair form the mantling fold be spread,
" The love-given veil lie loosely on thy head,
" Take the guitar that thou wast wont to take,
" Make the wild music I have heard thee make,

" But quick thy step to yon embowering grove
" Where once we paid our earliest vows of love;
" Where her faint shade the young acacia throws,
" And soft at eve thy magic strain arose;
" Haste to that blissful bower, where ne'er again
" Shall Zaira tune, or Hassan hear the strain;
" My raven steed shall bear my love away,
" And Heaven must guard us through the desperate day.
" But now time presses;—for an hour we part—
" Then part no more."

" O my presaging heart!
" When Hassan spoke of promised bliss before,
" In solitude I conn'd the lesson o'er;
" But now the dreadful thought—we meet no more—
" Is heavy at my heart; my Lord, my love,
" All-powerful Allah in yon realms above
" Beholds invisible our orb below,
" And hears and registers each faithless vow;
" In the last light of his created rays,
" Here in the scene of our delighted days,

" Here on the volume that with saving might
" Came full of glory on that wondrous night, [3]
" Swear thou wilt never wend thee to the fight,
" Till 'mid thy train and at thy side I be—
" Where'er thou wilt, I care not if with thee.
" Love bursts all barriers—dare not, do not go—
" If doubt is in thy thoughts, they little know
" The firmness of my soul; thou wilt not part
" Alone;—swear it to this distracted heart,
" That, once betray'd, shall never hope again,
" But lost alike to pleasure or to pain,
" To doom most welcome down life's cheerless tide
" Sink unresisting;—swear"—

" I swear," he cried.
Oh! what a harvest of remorse and woe
That broken faith must teach his heart to know!

Heaven's fires are waning from th' æthereal plain,
The moon's cold orb has risen and sunk again;
Fade those thick clustering worlds, whose gather'd ray
Men call in Fancy's phrase the Milky Way;

For each invisible—yet all so bright,
That arching o'er the heavens with circling light,
As graceful, yet as faintly traced, they shone
As shines round beauty's form th' entwined zone.
The umelseen's [4] complaining note was still,
For early morning glimmer'd on the hill;
Tinged the gay-colour'd minaret, kiss'd the wave
That loves Sultana's marble fount to lave,
And still with playful sweep and ceaseless sound
Now springs in air, now bathes the enamell'd ground.
Yes, sweet Elysium, in such doubtful hour
Undying beauty reign'd with soften'd power;
Then the deep orange spread his fervid hue,
And paler tint the graceful citron knew;
Her fairy fruit like globes of crystal bright,
Half bathed in darkness, half reveal'd in light;
O'er trellis bower the red geranium creeps,
With silver locks the lone retama weeps,
In rich festoons the gay dolico clings,
From tree to tree the scented ivy springs,
And round each branch delicious fragrance flings;

Wreck'd in our ruder climes by the bleak strife
Of jarring winds, to faint and stinted life
The myrtle wakes; here with luxuriance rife
It flowers a wilderness of sparkling bloom,
And loads the summer gale with rich perfume:
Such the wild beauties of a southern clime,
Such, Lords of Daro, yours in happier time!

But Almoradi's chief with sullen mien
Impetuous turn'd him from the smiling scene;
" Though Heaven within yon blooming bower await
" My struggling heart, I will not pass that gate;
" I vow'd this hour this very spot should see
" All that I love restored to hope and me;
" Much, little guess'd till now, this eve has shown,
" My power in thy behalf almost o'erthrown,
" My voice 'mid jarring clansmen scarcely known;
" Enough— it cannot be—I part alone!
" Why then to vow so warmly given untrue,
" Awake the transports of a last adieu?
" Now, when a word might save thee—one brief hour
" Place thee beyond avenging Hamet's power;

" This hour—the last that time and fate allow
" To spare that heart, redeem this breaking vow.
" I said, that borne to Pinar's sheltering plain,
" There should my love unknown, unharm'd remain;
" Vain hope!—I catch stern Zegri's sneering eye,
" Hear my tribe murmur at the strengthening tie
" That binds me, Zaira, to thy destiny;
" Foes may be taught a foeman's steel to fear,
" Kinsmen estranged deserve not manhood's tear,
" If such to loyal heart and spirit true
" Forget the sacred ties to kindred due.
" Far other pulse is throbbing in my veins,
" Far other voice each softer wish constrains;
" The blood that from a race of monarchs springs,
" A voice, the warning of our ancient kings;
" Lose not your leading for a woman's tears
" And shame the lineage of a thousand years.
" Ambition calls, and I have lost thee; fear
" And hate are in my parting; thou art near,
" Thou most detested of mine inmost soul,
" Lord of her fate! beneath whose spurn'd controul

" Her being withers, in whose glance alone
" Her beauties pass neglected or unknown;
" With sensual gaze those stupid eyes admire
" Her form of matchless mould, her glance of fire,
" But cannot read her mind's fair poetry,
" The soul that sparkles in her beaming eye,
" The heaven that wakens in her smile; thy day
" Of tranquil triumph comes, fast speed thy way,
" She is thine own, seize thy devoted prey.

" Yet, Zaira, could'st thou mark in spirit thine
" The wild submission of a heart like mine
" Bathe with despairing tears thine angel brow,
" Pray thy forgiveness for my broken vow
" Even while I thus annul it, thou would'st know
" The all I clung to in this world of woe
" Was thine entire affection; thou wouldst see
" There was no pang like thus renouncing thee.
" But loftiest honour from the Godhead came,
" My sires unshrinking rear'd the immortal flame;
" Heaven at my birth the sacred impulse gave,
" And it must bear me stainless to the grave.

" Yet, Zaira! Zaira! when I think on thee,
" The hours that have been, those that yet must be,
" The days that we have spent together—those
" That ne'er shall bring or pleasure or repose,
" But that divided solitary ray
" That hence must guide us on our separate way;
" Ambition, pride of birth and arms, even power,
" Which men most prize, and which one little hour
" This spirit prized beyond all others, now
" Seem lightly balanced with my broken vow.

" Lo! roused by dark surmise of jealous fear
" With vengeful thought thy plighted Lord is near;
" Friends cherish'd once shall fly thee, and with scorn
" The crouching menial show thy faith forsworn;
" Yet light shall suffering wrong and insult be
" To that o'erwhelming thought, 'tis doom'd by me.
" Oh! never half so loved as now love's reign
" Is o'er, for, mastering all in heart and brain,
" Thine image rules alone."

He tore his vest;
There slept a silvery crescent on his breast;
'Twas a slight relic, but in such an hour
The meanest shred may claim unwonted power;
'Twas a slight gift, but given in happier day
When dawning love and better hopes had sway;
And while his pensive Zaira bound it there
With tearful brow and heaven-directed prayer,
That still it might by land and ocean save,
He smiled, but smiling loved the hand that gave.
Such keen remembrance o'er his bosom rush'd,
And the wild flood, long check'd, in freedom gush'd.
" But yesterday with eye and arm of pride
" From this hot brow I flung my casque aside,
" Vow'd that no day could bend my soul with fear,
" Or stain these eyelids with one shameful tear;
" But now, lost Zaira—now this burning brain
" Throbs wild and quick, and tears fall fast as rain;
" The first the last, the springs of joy are dried,
" Dried are my tears—awake, relentless Pride,
" I am thine own again—no more we part,
" Firm hand, unbending will, unshrinking heart."

He ceased, but from that fix'd despairing eye
Flash'd forth a fierce unyielding energy;
No backward glance of soft regret he cast;
Each fond and vacillating purpose past,
Mounted his steed, and hurrying fast away
Rejoin'd the marching troops at breaking day.

CANTO II.

THE EMBASSY.

He came on a message from a far country ; now, if you ask what manner of gentleman he was, I wot not what to tell you. He had no lack of courtesy, and was of a most sober mood in company—none more so ; for all that, men said he had high mettle, had seen much, and been in many things. He observed largely, and smiled often,—some said with you, others at you,—perhaps only to keep his own conceits the better from you. Good Sir, this is all I know of him.

Old Play.

An interval of considerably more than two years is supposed to have elapsed between the termination of the first and the commencement of this Canto. The scene is for the most part laid at a castle in the immediate vicinity of Ruti, a small town in Andalusia, where a conference is said to have taken place between the Spanish and Moorish Chiefs. An old tower still remains: it is boldly situated, and forms a striking object in a landscape presenting rich combinations of wood and mountain.

CANTO II.

THE EMBASSY.

O'ER boundless Benamex and Cabra's plain
Stern Desolation holds its iron reign;
Exhausted Nature feels her withering gaze,
Man flies the field, and lingering life decays;
Unpeopled wastes of wild and tangled ground,
With savage fern and mantling cistus crown'd!
Land given to feud, by lonely Borderer claim'd,
Of barren hope, and like its Lords untamed!
On Border towers in Moorish strife o'erthrown,
On huge grim ledges of disjointed stone
Gaunt Ruin sits; o'er yonder castled crest,
The wolf's dread haunt, the vulture's pathless nest,
Has dull Palmetto sedgy covering made,
And cork fantastic shed its deep black shade;

Crown'd with a night of foliage, full of years,
Its rugged stem the groaning ilex rears;
Apart in sullen grandeur flings around
Its giant shadow on the darken'd ground;
With panting breast, in thickets screen'd from day,
The outlaw'd robber waits his tardy prey;
Accurs'd of man, he haunts the soil of strife
That yields him plunder, freedom, forfeit, life;
Yet, couch'd with wild fox in his ruffian lair,
With awe-struck soul surveys the moorland bare;
Low, parching sand hills rise, to tire his eye
And heart with such a stern monotony—
These are Spain's [5] borders, dread and desolate,
The ravaged limits of Granada's state,
A fitting frontier for their deathless hate.

These bounds of savage feud the Moor has pass'd;
Priego frowns the fiercest and the last:
Heaven o'er her faithful children smiles from high,
And lends a lovelier land and brighter sky;
O'er the still scene eve's sinking shadows creep,
And peaceful Ruti's vales and mountains sleep;

Descending twilight sheds her quiet glow
On rocks above, and waving woods below;
Here, far from frontier of disastrous strife,
The plain was teeming with luxuriant life,
And mountain-ash and poplar-grove between
Rose cypress dark, and cistus gay and green.

Delightful scenes! and I have ranged those woods,
And hung in silence o'er their falling floods;
Have mark'd the rich pomegranate's crimson beam,
And coronella's golden tresses gleam;
I deem'd those wandering stars of southern night,
Whose wings are fire, had lent their brilliant light;
So wide she waved her yellow locks around,
And strew'd with sparkling life the illumined ground,
Twixt olive, cork, and deeply tinted bay,
And myrtle silver'd by the torrent's spray:
I've seen, like diadem of crowned king,
Light from the earth the gay sentilla spring;
Seen the young iris, of delighted hue,
Look up to Heaven and claim its native blue,

The woodland's sorrow, saddest flower of Spain,
And the tall milta purple all the plain.

But times were wild, the spoiler's iron hand
Wreak'd its rude vengeance on the struggling land;
' Freedom and Spain!" the aspiring burgher cried,
" God and our King!" the undaunted chief replied.
Of aspect beautiful, in title free,
But given to worse than feudal anarchy,
These smiling fields were then the robber's spoil,
For peaceful law was lost in civil broil;
I've seen my trusty guide, where Ruti frown'd
And stretch'd wild woods and wilder wastes around,
I've mark'd how changed at mountain plunderer's name,
The half-utter'd word irresolutely came;
Beheld him startle, as the faint breeze blew
And shook the foliage that it rustled through;
With hand uplifted note the cross of death,
Give boding glance, but hold his quivering breath.

But to my tale again; through yon green glade
How gaily sweeps the turban'd cavalcade;

I deem some twenty of that band there be—
They pass, the flower of Moorish chivalry;
And clad in glittering arms—yet clad so light
As rather fits the tourney than the fight;
Yet all prepared and prompt for sudden need,
Each mounted on his black fire-breathing steed.
Of dark-green vest, like brothers sworn they ride,
With lance in rest and scimitar at side;
Each bravely bears his darkly-border'd shield,
Where sleeps the lion's wrath on argent field;
A bleeding sabre grasp'd by giant's hand,
And on it graved—"The law that rules the land!"
Gay broider'd o'er their panting steeds are thrown
The trappings rich with gold and emerald stone;
High o'er each turban'd brow in solemn gloom—
Their tribe's distinctive badge—the sable plume
Speaks each bold breast to Afric's kings allied,
Their lofty leading in the land, and pride
Of long-descended line: the meanest man
That styles him vassal of that haughty clan,
Had died, by foes' o'ermastering vengeance press'd,
Than given a single feather of that crest.

Through Ruti's woods now pass the brave array
With warlike strain, or amorous roundelay;
Far in the van their chieftain takes his way—
Nor hears the battle's glowing song go round,
Nor adds one murmur to that martial sound;
But o'er his courser's earth-descending mane
In pensive mood has flung the careless rein.
A Moor, nor yet a foe on Christian land,
Apart, yet undistinguish'd from his band,
Save that above his darkly-beaming eye
The badge of lofty lineage swells more high,
He comes!—no stranger to our tale we view,
No foreign pledge that tuft of violet blue;
Yet thrice hath Spring's reanimating voice
Bade the gay group on Daro's banks rejoice;
Three Autumn suns have spent their powerless ray,
And seen the Summer's leafy pomp decay,
Since widely known in lists of dawning fame,
Beloved in camp and court young Hassan came,
And laid the dear-bought spoils of conquering hour
At Zaira's feet, in Pleasure's charmed bower;

While she the gallant tale enraptured knew,
And o'er his wearied frame her mantle threw,
Bade her tired chief in silken slumbers rest,
On love's delighted pillow, beauty's breast:
So oft has dull December's piercing night
Shed early snows on Palo's clouded height,
Since toss'd like ocean wave, on desperate day
He flung that mantle of his hope away;
While his strong heart contending passions tore,
And each in turn unrivall'd empire bore;
There jealous Hate, Honour that fear'd to fall,
Love conquering both, and Pride o'ermastering all.

The cold bright stars of evening saw him part;
But ne'er return to glad her aching heart,
Or mark that eye, whose lustre lived for him,
Day after day in Hamet's gaze grow dim.
He far from Ismael's towers, in ceaseless strife,
'Mid welcomed perils led his desperate life,
Yet death with danger came not; still intent
To banish thought, 'mid boisterous merriment

He urged the infuriate song and flowing bowl,
And drown'd in wild carouse the sinking soul;
The pleasant song that soothed his early day
Had pass'd with Zaira's passing charms away;
The simple tale of legendary lore
Was heard with Zaira's thrilling tones no more;
Now mounting passion ruled with headlong reign,
And midnight revel woke licentious strain:
Hail, sons of Mirth! intemperate Passion cries,
Night yields to day, but pleasure never dies;
From joys like ours exclude the dawning ray,
Night's lamp and woman's glance give lovelier day;
Let, crown'd with bliss, the mantling cup go round,
And the soft music breathe voluptuous sound;
Let young-eyed Beauty's glowing forms appear,
Low Prudence sleeps, and Madness riots here.

Such transports hardy, fierce, and unrefined,
Not love, but passion, soothed his feverish mind;
And yet those lips had breathed in Zaira's ear
The deep and tender strain she thrill'd to hear;
But now his eye more keen, his step more wide,

Till vanquish'd by his own high mastery
He comes with powerless wing and drooping eye
To claim his native haunts and humbler sky :—
Even so the schemes, bright, boundless, undefined,
The daring visions of the early mind,
Bask in the blaze of Hope's intenser day,
And greatly soaring, self-subdued decay.
Blest years, to guile or policy unknown,
When all the spirit in a word is shown ;
Short-lived illusion—empire of the heart,
When master'd Reason plays a powerless part !
Till stern experience brings her darken'd page,
We spurn the frigid rules of cautious age ;
We read fair faith in sordid interest's guile,
And welcome joy in every practised smile ;
Nor deem that generous and undoubting truth
Are but the day-dreams of impassion'd youth :
Experience tears the flimsy veil away,
And man's false nature glares in living day ;
Then all that dazzled the deluded eyes,
Life's nobler aims, the heart's dominion, dies.

Even so the Moor, by nature fashion'd free,
Beneath the brow of open courtesy,
Was yet more guarded than the young should be;
Few now could Love's soft sympathies inspire,
Or wake the flashes of his early fire;
Though baffled hopes the aspiring heart had tamed,
The giant schemes his boyish fancy framed
Had left unquell'd some soaring thoughts behind,
And Honour, last to quit the noble mind;
While conscious pride of loftier powers, confest
In manner little, less by word exprest,
Yet sway'd in silence all his thoughtful breast.
And now he comes on royal embassy
To try each art of high diplomacy;
The olive wand of proffer'd peace to bear,
And stay the havoc of impending war.

The band have pass'd Rumera's hated height,
Brave Moors, forget her carnage-breathing night
And blot that name from History's faithful light!

Had ranged mankind, far other fair had tried,
And well that world its heartless tone supplied;
Love gaily won, and left on faint pretence—
For frequent conquest pall'd exhausted sense—
The long light dalliance, the uncertain time,
The long restraint, give added zest to crime,
O'erleap those bounds, and plunge into the sea
Of sensual strife and cold satiety.
Such wandering life of loose intrigue he led,
Careless, to all save those who deeper read
The restless but observing course he sped;
He learnt a lady's inmost thoughts to view;
Each weaker point of varying man he knew
In weaker hour betray'd; till all that youth
Believes most confident in other's truth
Was gone; caress'd, deceived, he cautious grew,
Heard every prating fool, but trusted few;
Youth saw his frank and fiery speech subside,
And passion fierce give place to colder pride;
At once that passion's master and its slave,
Slow to offend, as slowly he forgave;
Each word sank deeply, and remember'd long,

He form'd opinions calm, but form'd them strong.
In earliest youth in brighter colours shown,
Truth gave its dauntless bearing to his tone,
And o'er his manners threw an air of free
And frank and fearless generosity;
Sway'd by no rules his bosom learnt to thrill
With every wild extreme of good or ill;
Of loftiest daring, undefined his aim,
He spurn'd the tedious paths of vulgar fame;
His country's limits, earth's extremest shore,
Seem'd bounds too narrow for the soul he bore;
That flash was quench'd, the enthusiast spirit fled;
Ideal grace that young romance had shed,
And all the fire of chivalry, was dead.

O'er lessening earth, o'er clouds where, throned in light,
Heaven beams with day intolerably bright,
The bird of Empire wings his stately flight;
His equal soul confronts with quenchless gaze,
And stern delight, the immeasurable blaze;
No mortal arm his proud career shall rein,
No mortal foe that lightning glance restrain,

The sainted mount of Rosalie they know,
And wide extends the Christian camp below;
With Gothic turrets, massive, round, and tall,
In awful centre frowns Beleguer's hall;
Dark as the rock o'er ocean's restless tide
Ascend those towers in grandeur's barren pride,
While glittering through the gloom of closing day
The white tents gleam like ocean's flashing spray;
Fair o'er its walls Castilian pennons stream,
Gay through the tents the lamps of evening beam;
As night restores to life the unpeopled skies,
So one by one these lower stars arise;
Yet dull their glance through tented sail appears,
As Beauty's soul comes dimm'd by Pity's tears.

To greet the Moor in due Castilian state,
The noblest chosen, from the castle gate
Ride slowly forth; red plume and mail of steel
The hardy warriors of the north reveal.
And first, with thoughtful brow and solemn pace
Their leader, Lord of Ruti's ancient race;

Strict to maintain, as quick to feel his due,
Still train'd in courts, each courteous rule he knew.
So when the Heralds waved beseeching wand
And silence gain'd, by Kedith's prompt command
His followers first in measured speech and grave
To Hassan every honour'd title gave;
That o'er, the fire of old Castille awoke,
And all the Spaniard in their accents spoke;
They told of Kedith, Lord of Ruti's plain,
And boasted high, that throbb'd in every vein
The blue unsullied blood of ancient Spain;
Told how his sire's unconquerable band
Made good through years of strife their mountain land;
'Gainst foes outnumbering stemm'd the desperate fight,
And, arm'd for God, upheld the freeman's right;
While unresisted sway the faithless bore
From Calpe's heights to Biscay's storm-swept shore.
They read his father's powers and titles high,
Even from the earliest days of chivalry;
And downward traced through many a frenzied age
Rights well maintain'd in conflict's fiercest rage;

And he, their son, would prop his country's laws,
And guard, so help him God! his Sovereign's cause.

The Spanish herald spoke; with equal pride
In brief and lighter phrase the Moor replied:
" We come to proffer peace—if urged in vain,
" The tribes who victors stood on Xeres' plain
" Can well their King and kingdom's cause maintain."
Then first to Hassán Kedith lowly bent
With formal phrase of courteous compliment;
Advancing foremost of the marshall'd band
He tender'd stately welcome to the land,
And, " tarrying in the camp on King's behest,
" Say, would he honour Kedith's dome, and rest
" In hospitable hall a welcome guest?"

While thus the chiefs exchange of honours gave
With much of pomp and salutation grave,
Their differing ranks the scowling foemen view'd,
Nor gazed forgetful of their lineal feud;
Even when their Lords uniting led the van,
In ranks unmingling march'd each rival clan;

The Moslem, vain his trophied arms to show,
The Spaniard follow'd silent, stern and slow;
Ardent, they deem'd their chiefs, in close debate,
Now fix'd the crisis of their country's fate;
Fired by each herald's speech, ere yet begun
They deem'd the work of embassy was done;
Unskill'd, they little knew when blend the great,
High ceremonial, antique form of state,
Is cold and dubious sign of love or hate,
Nor guess'd that courtesy tied either tongue;
And yet the question dread suspended hung,
While every pressing interest gave place
To converse casual, as of tilt or chace.

Like veteran scarr'd, Beleguer's massive might
Bore many a mark of frontier's ceaseless fight;
Each loop-hole mann'd, each angle turret-bound,
The gloomy moat secured its ample round;
Buttress, and keep, and bastion closely pent,
Shields proudly ranged in lieu of battlement,
Spoils won by Kedith's lords in conquering field,
Spoke hand that dared, and soul that would not yield;

Stern signs of war! but now at peaceful call
The arm'd retainers ope the spacious hall,
With stateliest honours greet the Moorish train,
As best becomes the lofty style of Spain.

They pause, while Hassan pass'd the Gothic door
Where never Moslem warrior trod before:
High o'er his head the arms of Aragon
And old Castille in blended grandeur shone;
Below, Spain's grateful Sovereign parting gave
The imperial chain, in gloomy grace to wave,
That sternly told by factious force opprest
These towers had held a Monarch for their guest;
Within, each sunk and stained window frown'd,
And shed its sad and solemn light around;
To the high walls the storied tapestry clung,
And, dear to Spain, Pelayo's armour hung.
Now eve descending, quell'd the struggling ray,
And heavy fell the shades of deepening day,
But bright o'er kindling hearth the pile was raised,
And gaily flashing o'er the rafters blazed;

There, closely crowded round the cheerful light,
Were group'd the leaders of the Spanish fight,
And Kedith led him to the gather'd ring
As chief on honour'd mission to the King.

Unlike the aerial hall, the magic dome,
The dazzling glories of his distant home,
Where columns carved with fretted arch arise,
And sculptured grace with glowing colour vies;
No eastern spoils their purple dyes unfold,
No silver tissue strives with glittering gold,
No bright brocade, no rich embroidery falls
To sweep in gorgeous lines the lofty walls;
But massive monuments of power they stand,
Like Spain's unbending Genius, stern and grand;
Yet nobly ranged, those tapestried scenes impart
The mimic grace and breathing pride of art;
A lengthening line of honour'd deeds unfold
The daring prowess of their sires of old,
Bold warlike images distinctly spread,
And wake the martial memory of the dead.

With patriot fire, reviving Bernard glows—
With blade in hand, begirt by countless foes
He grasps the sacred pennon, stems the fray,
And rescues Spain, and twice redeems the day.
Manriquez, maddening 'mid the routed press,
Kneels on his foe, and, stern and merciless,
Stains with life's oozing tide his better brand,
And tears the prize from Lorna's dying hand.
Here oft unseen the thoughtful Spaniard came,
And nursed in silent hope the aspiring flame;
Here gazed where, victors of the field, array'd
In wreaths and laurels never more to fade,
Beyond life's fitful destinies, the brave
Lived o'er their deeds and triumph'd o'er the grave;
Then turn'd his flashing eye to yonder shrine,
And felt that fever of his heart decline;
O'er his rapt spirit holier fervours stole,
And love and reverence thrill'd his vanquish'd soul;
For one there was to which his eye was raised,
And all the warrior soften'd as he gazed;

Where, loved of God, the Maid of Bethl'em smiled,
And dawning glories crown'd the Heaven-born Child;
Whilst near, the undying taper, emblem bright
Of hope undying, breathed its constant light.

High prayers and solemn grace the priest has said,
And thrice each chief in mingling chorus pray'd,
Ere ample banquet on the board was laid.
With all the honours ancient custom gave,
Badge of nobility, the liveried slave
And laced attendant brought the sparkling wine,
And livelier bade the living lustres shine.
Kedith the master's foremost seat has graced,
And Hassan on his better hand was placed;
Allied to kingly Aragon, the Lord
Of Cabra next in leading deck'd the board;
And then at courteous call each chief of name,
A gallant group in fix'd gradation came.

Now Spain's young knights have doff'd their mail'd array,
And lightly cast their threatening arms away;

Array'd in garb might suit the softer hour
Of banquet-scene, or lady's peaceful bower,
With golden clasp the circling ruffle gleam'd,
And fair and free their locks unfetter'd stream'd;
O'er each bold form the rich red mantle flung,
Down to the knee in folds of velvet hung,
And worn with graceful, gay, and careless pride,
With every gesture droop'd from side to side.
Of all the splendid pomp and martial mien
That morning sun so fierce and stern had seen,
One sign alone the knightly train confess'd—
Still proudly rose the warrior's waving crest,
Spain's dark-red plume; but now no longer borne
O'er soldier-brow, on threatening helmet worn,
It crown'd the peaceful hat, whose ample round
O'er each half-shown, half-shadow'd feature frown'd.

The feast begun, awhile the converse fail'd,
Castille's grave fashion over all prevail'd;
Though high regard was shown to Moslem guest,
By lofty form and precedence exprest,

Yet, cold and thoughtful, Kedith little spoke
Till Cabra's livelier temper silence broke.
To these two Lords from royal dome was sent
The mingled trust of martial government;
And gladly would the plaided serf obey
That northern Baron's firm but gentle sway;
While terror lived of Kedith's vengeful brand,
Who sway'd the vassal with unsparing hand,
And bade each subject clan and chieftain feel
The stately rule and spirit of Castille.
Yet still, save dark Religion's frenzy came
To warp his will, and quench the vigorous flame,
That soul severe abhorr'd deceit or wrong,
With sense of honour high and duty strong:
But prejudice, in Kedith's manly mind,
Was deeply drawn, consistent and defined;
The living picture of his soul display'd
In broadest colours mingled light and shade.
In early youth, 'mid bigot priesthood bred,
Their gloomiest influence o'er his mind was shed:
Deeply he drank that cold and narrow creed
Which damns each daring thought and generous deed;

To manhood grown, he join'd the courtly train,
But pompous pleasure spread its charms in vain;
The glittering scene, the humours of the crowd,
Had won a mind more playful or less proud;
But splendid fashion slowly wore away
Austere opinion form'd in younger day.
High in his Sovereign's praise the chieftain stood,
Yet ne'er for boon or princely favour sued;
Impartial, cold, inflexibly severe,
His vassals mark'd his eagle glance with fear;
Knew prayers, or interest, all save justice sleep,
And sense, unsway'd by pity, strong and deep.

Of differing mood was Cabra's gallant Lord;
And sure a better ne'er grasp'd baron's sword:
Right well his open brow and stalwart frame
The kindly heart and generous race became;
Though years had slightly tinged his hairs with grey,
They could not damp his spirit's fearless play,
Or chase the reckless fire of youth away:
The grave Castillian saw his temper free
Oft pass the bounds of formal courtesy;

Yet sure was Cabra never to offend,
Ne'er made a foe, and never lost a friend.
But he on many a varying track had been,
And much of man in earlier life had seen;
Renown'd for feats of strength, or lightsome play,
Foremost in pleasure's train a votary gay,
With serenade by night, and tilt by day,
The world had ranged; but to its failings kind,
He loved the sunny landscape of mankind;
Noble and just, unstain'd by aught of art,
He deem'd each comrade had as pure a heart:
In light Valentia's towers had tarried long,
That land of merry maids and jovial song;
Had shared the Moslem's courtesy of old,
And strove in good King Hossein's tourney bold;
Had thrown the lance in friendship's festive hour
And rode the ring, and sued in Moorish bower.
This eve with varied tale he blended well
Legends and love, as though unguarded fell
His pleasing speech; yet shunn'd each theme of state
With art unseen, nor rous'd untimed debate.

Whate'er he touch'd, his rapid fancy fired,
The young adored him, and the old admired;
Life's flowery paths in vivid colouring drew,
From scene to scene of courtly pleasure flew,
And led his hearers gracefully along
The enchanted current of that pleasant song;
Then bade the rapture-crowned goblet bring,
And drank to great Abdallah, Ismael's King!
But stately Kedith bade the pledge go round,
As host by courtesy and honour bound;
While Cabra freely drank, and seem'd to feel
All that his words express'd of ready zeal.
Then Hassan hail'd the magnates of the land—
" Long life and joy to Royal Ferdinand
" And Spain's immortal Queen! if Fame speaks true,
" A soul more lofty Honour never knew;
" If right Granada's wandering bards report,
" The brightest jewel of her splendid court."
With slender phrase, but pleased and gracious air,
The leader thank'd him for his greeting fair;
And the young warriors of Castille, who knew
The honours to their Royal Mistress due,

And knelt with throbbing heart and kindling eye
Before that shrine of love and loyalty,
With rapture heard their cherish'd Sovereign's fame,
And bless'd in glowing speech her honour'd name;
The enthusiast pledge was freely pass'd around
Till the high hall prolong'd the joyful sound.

The banquet o'er, the menial train retire,
The leaders group them round the flashing fire;
Why bends Spain's younger pride with ceaseless gaze,
And anxious mien, and lips that murmur praise?
They gaze where Blanche, with maiden train apart,
The idol of her father's haughty heart,
With light mantilla crown'd, guitar in hand,
Stood the bright centre of her little band—
The loveliest flower of Spain's romantic land.
Scarce twenty peaceful years had roll'd away
O'er her young brow; from childhood's reckless play
She glided quick to Beauty's dawning day;
Each summer calm and cloudless as the last,
Had left nor shade nor sorrow as it pass'd;

And sure a heart so kind, a form so fair,
Was never doom'd by Heaven for earthly care.
In sable robe she stood, as best became
Her country's fashion and her lofty name;
As shadows fringe the moonlight's silken beam,
O'er glistening brow her parted tresses stream;
O'er her dark hair the golden gauze was spread,
And hung delighted from her graceful head;
While that redeeming cross her bosom bore
Might almost bid the doubting Moor adore.
As seraph seen in sleep, so heavenly good,
So calmly, brightly beautiful she stood;
And pure and passionless, as fancy e'er
Framed blest inhabitant of upper air;
Pure as the star that rose o'er Judah's night,
And beam'd on erring man celestial light;
From her blue eye such temper'd radiance broke;
Truth on her brow so eloquently spoke,
That manhood worshipp'd, woman loved to trace
The fair Madonna in that angel face.

They gazed, and felt what young enthusiasts feel,
With all the deep devotion of Castille
And Spain's exalted fire; nor yet the young
Alone o'er Blanche's form enamour'd hung;
But chiefs, whose rival fires had long been tamed,
Their favourite's equal grace and kindness claim'd;
And I do say, that fair and fragile flower
Had more than Kedith's self of sovereign power.
Though arm'd with all a people's pride reveres,
And all the gather'd host of battle fears;
Her lightest prayer, her scarcely breathed request,
Had more of force than crowned King's behest.

Her blithely Cabra loved; his spirit kind
With Spain's wild legends stored her infant mind;
To childhood's griefs the willing ear would lend,
And all her childhood's little joys attend,
And scarcely ceased, though now a maiden grown,
That kindest earliest friend's familiar tone.
As slow o'er sainted beads her fingers stray'd,
Or touch'd the chords, yet half-unheeding play'd,

" Awake, my fairy minstrel, all too long
" Slumbers in Kedith's hall the silver song;
" Bid old Beleguer's echoes wake again
" And greet the stranger with a welcome strain;
" Such was our Fathers wont in better day,
" Nor let their antient honour'd rites decay;
" And since to-night no swelling harp may show
" Spain's boasted glories o'er the Moslem foe,
" Be thine, my Blanche, to sing with happier art
" Love's softer triumphs o'er a Moorish heart."

Lightly he spoke, but Kedith caught the jest,
And bent his brow, and scarce his wrath repress'd;
Lord Cabra mark'd his ire, and turn'd aside
With playful speech the chieftain's kindling pride;
" Nay, Kedith, frown not!—in this hall of thine
" My country's privilege of tongue be mine;
" Deem'st thou her freeborn spirits to restrain,
" Her rights who guard, her seigniories maintain,
" Who hold Heaven's royal delegates in awe,
" And preach to Kings of liberty and law;

" And thou forgive, young Lord of Daro's strand,
" Free parley is the custom of my land;
" But come, my heedless charmer, wake the lay,
" And chase thy Father's frowning looks away."
Blanche heard—with timid mien and winning grace
She took her gay guitar—a moment's space
O'er its resounding chords her fingers ran,
And then this light and lively strain began.

BLANCHE'S SONG.

The Flower of Navarre.

I.

The dungeon was deep in Navarre's distant land,
And the fetters were strong that bound Gonsalu's hand;
On his pallet he lies, where the damp dews arise,
Not a ray, not a ray of the bright beaming day
May Gonsalu ever see more!
But the strength of his ire flash'd forth in its fire,
Nor his spirit of pride with its liberty died,
'Twas as fierce and as free as the foam of the sea
When it breaks on the crag-cover'd shore.

II.

The Infanta was there with the earliest day,
She enter'd the vault where her true warrior lay;
And "my Fernan," she cried, as she stood by his side,
"My Father has sworn, at the dawning of morn,
"By his crown of Navarre, he will leave not a trace
"Of the high-blooded kinsmen of Gonsalu's race.
"In this dungeon's dread gloom he will mete thee thy doom,
"Never more, never more, on the Catalan shore
"Around thee the vanquish'd oppressor shall kneel,
"Round the conquering standard of glorious Castille!

III.

"But strong was my spirit and rapid my flight
"To give thee to love and to liberty's light;
"Since chain-bound you lie, in this dungeon to die
"For the cherish'd remembrance of me.
"So fast I have fled from my once blessed home,
"And over the wild wastes of Berga will roam,
"And follow thy fortunes and thee."

" I arise, I arise," the warrior replies,
" Though shackled I be, my spirit is free,
" Though my limbs are controul'd, my heart is as bold
" As a chief of the Gonsuls should be."

IV.

And their words were gay, and their hearts were light,
As they rode all day, and they rode all night;
Why grasps he his brand? why clasps she his hand?
His faith and his courage she needs;
For a dread and a rushing sound comes over the
echoing ground,
And near, and more near grows the note of fear,
And they stay their breath at that sound of death,
The tumult of galloping steeds.

V.

" My Father is nigh in the cloud of his might,
" And the moment draws nigh of the desperate fight;
" Unknowing to save, he will rede thee thy grave,
" And yon foaming flood shall run red with the blood
" Of my Gonsalu brave."

" Hush, noble Infanta," the Condé replied;
" Those arms gleaming far, are not of Navarre;
" My country's bright banners are streaming,
" My own feudal falchions are gleaming,
" Castille's kindred castles are beaming,
" Where the chiefs of my kingdom exultingly ride."
He raised him in his stirrups high,
And shouted to his brave array;
And quickly came reply from every vassal of his sway;
And that same day
Did each in fealty and homage kneel
To greet the Infanta of Navarre and Condé of Castille.

The strain was silent, still its echoes rang,
And manhood hung on every word she sang;
Even Kedith's sterner brow relax'd awhile,
O'er his cold features dawn'd the unwonted smile;
A moment placed him by his daughter's side,
And gazed with all a father's love and pride;
While Spain's young warriors deem'd some harp on high
Pour'd in rich strains aerial melody;

Deem'd in that light and loveliest form to know
An angel pausing on this world of woe.
She best as loveliest, scarcely seem'd to hear
The ceaseless praise love murmur'd in her ear;
To her alone, of all her father's train,
Those soul-subduing charms seem'd given in vain;
But hark, she wakes the fairy spell again!
And now a sadder minstrelsy she chose,
And mourn'd the widow'd maid of Lorca's woes.

BLANCHE'S SONG.

The Fall of Lara.

Count Lara has clad him in battle array,
He has mounted his fire-breathing steed, and away,
And the desolate Lady of Lorca stands near,
And she heaves the deep sigh, and she sheds the full tear;
How long shall the dark-glancing Adela mourn,
And when shall her warrior of Lara return?

" My warrior will come when the Spring's dawning bloom
" Lends to hill and to valley their long-lost perfume."
Now Spring's joyous vision has fleeted away,
Yet, why does the chieftain of Lara delay?
Lo! Summer has dawn'd with its blue sunny skies,
Hope lives with its radiance, and with it she dies.
All lone in her castle she sheds the big tear,
Nor hope is there left in the fall of the year.
Sear as love's blighted hope the fall'n leaf strews the ground,
And November's rude tempests are howling around.

Slow and sad she has mounted the loftiest tower,
She has gazed o'er the fields of Lord Roderick's power:
" What kinsman of Lorca comes fast on my sight,
" High crown'd with the trophies of conquering fight?"
Hush, Lady! the life-blood runs cold in that breast,
And the pride of the Lara's has stoop'd on his crest;
On his shivering shield are the red signs of woe,
His steed, he is shrouded,—his step, it is slow;
No triumph is pealing, no banners are borne,
His bridle is bloody, his doublet is torn,

All dark is his habit, all sunken his brow,
How droops the stern soul of the conqueror now!

" Thrice welcome! lone son of the battle," she cried;
" Say, come ye a herald from Roderick's side?
" Say, when shall this long-widow'd heart cease to mourn?
" And, when shall my chieftain of Lara return?"
He spake not a word, but he gave her his hand;
'Twas as cold as the grasp of his own battle-brand,
And faded that vision whose glance was so bright,
Now dimm'd by the darkness of fast-closing night;
And he knelt by that Lady, and low bow'd his head,
And the spirit of Lara for ever was fled!

He was laid in the vault where his fathers were laid,
High over his tomb the proud 'scutcheon display'd;
And his banner was borne by the faithful and brave,
And loud was the wail o'er Lord Roderick's grave;
But the cold mists of Winter fast fleeted away,
And glad Summer dawn'd with her long sunny day,
When the wild dirge of Autumn came moaning again,
And heap'd the fallen leaves on the desolate plain;

The death-plumes were waving in funeral pride,
And the heart-broken Adela slept by his side.

Song soothes the gentler soul's enraptured hour;
But little sway had music's melting power
On Hassan's mind; yet now he seemed to hear,
And each vibration thrill'd his quicken'd ear;
It came, it came with every startling tone—
It came a friend long lost and early known;
Each varying cadence to his memory sprang,
And each alternate woke the bitter pang.
Yet not one stifled sigh was heard to rise,
And not one tear-drop stain'd his burning eyes;
Despite that power of all-enduring pride,
His busiest pangs the fiend remorseless plied,
And quivering lip and bended brow might show
The deep, but master'd energy of woe.
That strain had Hassan known and loved before;
In parting bitterness on Daro's shore
Had pray'd he ne'er might hear its echoes more;

Yet once again, but tuned on reckless night,
In pleasure's wanton bower by mistress light
They came, and shed nor sorrow nor delight;
But when arose his boyhood's favourite air,
So simply sung by one so good and fair,
With long-suspended habit's early sway,
Rush'd o'er his soul the recollected day
Of his delighted youth, and in that strain
His home, his hopes, and Zaira lived again.

He mark'd the lovely form that stood beside,
And long and sadly gazed: "When first," he sigh'd,
"I heard those plaintive notes, in beauty's pride
"She sat, with lightsome heart and cloudless brow,
"As gentle, fair, and innocent as thou.
"'Twas the first day I saw her; noon had pass'd,
"And twilight grey its lengthening shadows cast;
"Would, gracious Allah, it had been the last!
"In after-time with love's despotic power,
"As deathless token of that earliest hour,
"Eve after eve by Daro's peaceful wave,
"With zeal untired she taught her willing slave;

" O'er this dull heart the magic measure threw,
" That strain—that only strain I ever knew;
" And why, when brighter visions pass'd away,
" Still lived the memory of that little lay?
" Why, borne fate's wild uneven tide along,
" Blend my rude fortunes with that youthful song?
" Oh failing prowess! gift bestow'd in vain,
" My soul's high spirit! if one favourite strain
" Can almost dim with childhood's tears my brow,
" And bid my bosom bleed as it bleeds now."

But years had sped, and many a varied day,
Since those blest scenes had roll'd its course away;
Now Time had sorrow's softening shadow cast,
And half the bitterness of grief was past;
Yet that light air had sent its keenest thrill,
And throbb'd a heart that now had long been still;
So still, that idlers deem'd his breast too cold
To love as spirits love of warmer mould,
Nor knew the fire that slowest rose, became,
When raised, an unextinguishable flame.

So slow—so strong that passion now represt,
Unlike their feeble fires, had swayed his breast;
That deep concentrated desire of soul,
Had made one favourite form its being's whole;
Her hopes, joys, cares, had center'd all in him:
When gloom'd his brow with grief her glance was dim,
Her spirit rose with his, shared every fear,
And her eye brighten'd as his step drew near;
Such love devotedly and deeply given,
Is brighter than the falling dew from heaven.
He mark'd that recklessness of all beside—
It won his distant temper, soothed his pride,
Secured each better feeling, and had thrown
O'er his stern heart a softness not its own;
She, only she, when anger fired his blood,
And Reason's voice but fann'd the dangerous mood,
Could bid resentment's frenzy cease to live,
Could bid that hard and haughty heart forgive;
She was his guiding hope, his earthly all,
For which he cared to triumph, fear'd to fall.

The bell slow pealing through the echoing air,
Summons the tented hosts to midnight prayer:
Spain's noble chiefs have left Beleguer's hall,
Her mustering tribes obey the sacred call;
Through far-extending aisle the moonbeam falls,
O'er arch, o'er cluster'd column, sculptured walls;
A thousand tapers shed their holy light,
The altar gleams with massive silver bright;
Around it clouds of floating incense roll,
The pealing anthem lifts the heaven-rapt soul;
The choicest pride of Lebanon might claim
The awful honours of the cedar frame,
And all that zeal can give by zeal is given,
To raise the glory, swell the pomp of Heaven.

With furrow'd brow and reverential mien,
In gorgeous robe the man of God was seen;
With age's faltering voice and trembling hand
He bless'd the hosts and leaders of the land;
While each proud Lord, who scarce might equal own
In kindred chief, or master in the throne,

With helmet doff'd, low-kneeling on the ground,
With love and reverence heard the solemn sound;
With tears of fervour bathed the sacred shrine,
Implored on struggling Spain the grace divine;
Implored the deathless crown for those who died
In Heaven's high cause by Baza's bleeding tide;
Invoked the lightning of its ire on those
Who stood with impious arms the Immortal's foes;
And pray'd by murder'd Guzman's timeless grave,
By every boding sign the Eternal gave,
By that redeeming God who died to save,
To rear his conquering cross on Daro's plain,
And wreathe with bays the generous sons of Spain.

Of gentler mood, lending their heavenly tone,
O'er graceful form the dark mantilla thrown,
Spain's maidens knelt; exalted piety
Impassion'd fired each soul-illumined eye;
Their thoughts to better, brighter visions given,
Clasp'd hands, brow raised devotedly to Heaven,
Without one prayer for vengeance shed the tear
O'er every fallen brother's bloody bier;

Implored the jarring feuds of war might cease,
And still the softer spirit murmured peace;
That mourn'd, in every sally on the foe,
The friend, the kinsman, or the lover low.

Kind suppliants, no! your prayers ascend in vain,
The kinsman, friend, and foe must bleed again;
Again the sons of slaughter crowd the shore,
And Ruti's banks grow red with rival gore,
Ere summer's bloom return—a little space.
Far down the lengthening aisle, of differing race,
Far as the arms of Ferdinand extend,
Her varied tribes Spain's varied kingdoms send,
And immemorial strife and vengeful pride
In this great hour of peace and prayer subside;
Valentia's brightly colour'd warriors stand
Near Andalusia's rich embroidered band
And turban'd chief of Murcia's rival land;
Castille's high heart of honour, eye of flame,
With ancient Leon's simple warriors came,
And Aragon suppress'd her gaze of fear
To see the rugged Catalan so near;

And the bold tribes of Biscay's mountain shore
With hand that ne'er sheathed battle-blade before,
And eye upraised, the living God adore;
And messenger on Monarch's urgent hest,
With rudely figured belt and fur-skin breast,
Bare neck and habit soil'd by dust, that show'd
All night in breathless haste the courier rode;
And priest in sable weeds, and brown-robed friar,
And shell-deck'd pilgrim in his wild attire,
And plaided mountaineer with glance of fire—
Strange group, with varying colours strangely blend,
Yet bid one common chaunt to Heaven ascend,
While slow o'er fretted roof the organ peals,
And all the soul to God and glory steals.

How oft in care's despite will struggling woe
Betray, till others half our sufferings know;
But group'd mid warrior band round festive blaze
Had Hassan stern and steady brook'd their gaze;
Repell'd the rising fever of his breast,
Each torturing pang with smiling brow represt;

And scarce by word, or glance, or changing tone,
The deep gloom of that shaken soul was shown.
But when with solemn peal at midnight call,
The sacred summons shook Beleguer's hall,
His liberated spirit burst controul
And gave to solitude his swelling soul;
He sought the lofty terrace, where around
Dark Ruti's towers and Cabra's mountains frown'd;
Where bright with beauty Mora's steeps were seen,
And slept in varied light the tranquil scene;
The night was still and cloudless, yet the breeze
Stole gently down, and stirr'd the slumbering trees;
And mingled with that murmur, came the roar
Of the loud torrent on its rocky shore,
While owlet's melancholy note and low
Sounded prophetic of impending woe.

There stood the Moor; with memory's earnest eye,
He mark'd the myriads of the spangled sky,
While lovely shone Heaven's loveliest orb with ray
Powerless as vanish'd pleasure's distant day;

So soft that light, so pure and peaceful glow'd,
From the departed Spirit's blest abode;
But vain to Hassan's hopeless glance was given
That emanation of his country's heaven;
Nor might one calm and cloudless beam impart
Its own cold quiet to his aching heart.

He gazed intensely, till arose the tear
O'er early love and parted pleasure's bier;
Due to the memory of those days long gone,
Those nights when each for other breathed alone,
And Heaven's deserted glories shone their own.
A moment's softness, fever's fire rose fast
As o'er his soul the dark and harrowing past
Return'd, till as that fate-foreboding train
Of thought revived, wild passions shook his brain;
" And I, even in my first ungovern'd day,
" And bent on power and pleasure's maddening sway,
" With love's undoubting fervour flung aside
" The brightest flowers that bloom'd not by thy side.
" Yet this high temper, this confiding heart,
" This bold and buoyant spirit edged the dart;

" This bade joy's rapture-beaming landscape fade,
" And I who loved, adored,—even I betray'd!
" Oh, had some far-kenn'd Iman chafed my blood,
" Saying, 'Thou shalt even so:' by Heavens! I would
" Have stabb'd the boding prophet where he stood;
" Take, Fiend, exulting! what in better day
" Had stood unbent, and laugh'd to scorn thy sway;
" Fit retribution, glorious prize be thine,
" A soul o'erthrown and tempest-tost as mine;
" Now truth severe will speak—it will—it will,
" And pride and passion must and shall be still;
" I self-confiding, I defying death,
" Who led opinion, quail'd at censure's breath;
" Renounced for juggling honour's empty name,
" Who for my love lost prospect, peace, and fame;
" Who now with fainting step and vision dim
" Still loves her murderer; loves and pardons him;
" And still though three long years have sped, even now
" To Hamet's passion coldly stoops the brow;
" Still turns the lifeless ear to others praise,
" While hour by hour the lamp of life decays;

" And I her murderer! may'st thou never know,
" Dark Hamet, though this bosom's bitterest foe,
" One pang unmitigated, fierce, and fell,
" Of all I feel, armed with the stings of hell."

He stay'd his feverish speech, the moon beam'd bright,
All Nature sleeping in her lovely light;
The stars that glancing wide from tent to tent
Shone brighter than the immortal firmament,
Now slowly sink to rest; of all these fires
One yet delays, brief moment, and expires.
Even so, my reckless friends, in life's first day
A thousand meteors gild the glowing way,
At every step those faithless fires decay;
When clouds o'ercast and all their lightnings die,
When fades in night that host-illumined sky,
One lingering lives, the loveliest and the best,
Then dies, and darkness fills the lonely breast.
Now cold to Hassan's ear came every sound,
And dark the lovely landscape slept around;
Emblem, as sad spectatress, of his woes,
In melancholy state the cypress rose;

With heavy moan the wild wave lash'd the shore,
But the far anthem rose to Heaven no more;
All voiceless now, save o'er the echoing ground,
Where weary warder went his measured round,
Or mingled sad and stern time's iron knell,
With challenge of the watchful sentinel.

Though the freed spirit may awhile repress
Each gnawing care in pleasure's glad excess,
The ready fiend attendant night and day,
But waits the moment to reclaim his prey;
A ghastly spectre veil'd from mortal eyes,
The worm that oft subdued, yet never dies;
Some strangely woven link, some casual train,
And all his gloomy fires return again,
Rendering life's choicest paradise a pain.
Of every ill our human state attends,
The wreck of fortune, or the grave of friends,
Or every complicated cause of woe
That man in mortal mould must undergo;
No pang intolerable as the force,
The unmitigated fever of remorse;

No heart so fearfully and fiercely tried
As that which struggles 'twixt remorse and pride.
Remorse bids every unforgotten crime
Upbraid us from the grave of buried time;
Sheds o'er each acted scene her lurid glare,
With all the hopeless colouring of despair:
Pride steels the heart that hardly stoops to show
To other's gaze the sufferer's inward woe;
That fiercely spurns a kinsman's urged relief
Even in that last extremity of grief;
Of every ill still worst the proud can find
Is the just censure of a meaner mind;
Save kindred pity, which incautious prest
Is worse than censure to the wounded breast.

With pangs like these his anguish'd bosom bled,
As Hassan slowly sought his sleepless bed;
In vain he strove his aching lids to close,
Still loved and lost, the form of Zaira rose.
With frequent force, unmark'd and unreprest,
The deep-drawn sigh came bursting from his breast;

How heavy hung the counted hours of night,
How slowly rose the morning's tarrying light;
Without that elasticity of soul
That knows to baffle iron thought's controul,
To chase affliction's gather'd clouds away,
And look for brightness in a better day;
Without the art like feebler souls to blind
By specious sophistry his powerful mind;
Reflection bore his tortured thoughts along
With all that bitter sense, conviction strong,
It feels when the proud heart has stoop'd to wrong.

CANTO III.

THE COUNCIL.

"We have tendered you the alliance of indissoluble friendship—now hear and register our vow of implacable vengeance."

"Lady, farewell!—Your bark is launched on a lake of sunshine, mine on a sea of storm; events have blended our destinies for a few brief months, and will now separate them for ever; we have spent many hours, and ranged many scenes together.—Time will efface the memory of those pleasant wanderings, and blot out the recollection of those careless hours, and if we meet again, we shall meet as though they had never been."

CANTO III.

THE COUNCIL.

Slow roll'd the night o'er Hassan's hopeless woes,
At morn the Moor in sullen mood arose;
Yet wary pride imperious veil'd whate'er
Of suffering stern that secret soul might bear,
And steel'd his brow, and mann'd his heavy heart
To play with wonted force his destined part.
To Hassan's word, on royal mission sent,
The leaguer'd chiefs profound attention lent;
In courtly phrase to every leader brave
High greeting from the scepter'd Moor he gave,
High greeting to the King; and as he ceased,
Immortal usage of the lavish East,
He bade the trustiest of his menials bear,
To grace his lordly speech, gifts rich and rare;

Such as the noblest of the land might bring
From Ismael's throne to Spain's renowned King;
With jewell'd hilt, Damascus' matchless blade,
O'er its bright steel Heaven's sacred signs display'd;
And Bagdad pour'd her stores of tissued gold;
And Persia's pomp her purple dyes unroll'd;
And twenty steeds from Arab's burning strand
Of spirit tameless, as their native land,
Proud step, and ear erect, and flowing mane,
Of speed that mock'd the horseman's idle rein,
With curb of foam, arched neck, and flashing eye,
In which the soul of Araby glanced high;
As if the desart of their fast career,
As if the clansmen of their hate were near;
As if they heard the trumpet's thrilling call
Proclaim from far the feudal foeman's fall.

These duly given, in eloquent debate,
He urged the policies of either state;
" Most noble Lords," the Moslem said, " 'twere long
" To wake the tedious tale of mutual wrong,

" To tell the deathless strife, descended hate,
" Nor blood could quench, nor time could mitigate;
" When sire to son, with life's last energy,
" Deep graved it in each filial memory,
" That heavy hoarded vengeance ne'er to die.
" The dawning spirit of a better age
" Essay'd to calm dissension's venom'd rage;
" Consenting Monarchs sheath'd the hostile brand,
" And peaceful nations grasp'd the friendly hand;
" Nor lived alone in minstrel's fabled lay
" The long-lost courtesy of early day;
" Our border youth, beneath the same bright skies,
" Ranged the same woods, and join'd in kindred ties;
" But now stern havoc on our frontier made,
" The Spaniard sweeps the plain with ruthless blade;
" In blackened heaps unpeopled cities lie,
" And, unavenged, our slaughter'd kinsmen die;
" Their fields laid waste, their sons in slavery led,
" God! is the tameless soul of Akbe dead?
" Granada waits the trump's avenging breath,
" And Ismael maddens for the blast of death;

" Ere now had arm'd in Heaven's insulted cause,
" But antient treaty bids Abdallah pause,
" And antient honour pleads for broken laws;
" Still breathes his gracious hope that friendship's chain
" May link the Spaniard and the Moor again;
" As in those days when young Teresa came,
" The flower of Leon, Moorish love to claim,
" And bade the bitter hate of ages end,
" And feud grow cold, and jarring nations blend.
" When kindred treason held Alphonso's throne,
" The Moslem made that Monarch's cause his own;
" Forgot in faithless fortune's adverse hour
" The frequent outrage of upbraiding power,
" And bade, with generous zeal, his warriors know
" An injured brother in a falling foe.
" Such tales of elder time, long waxen old,
" Found in strange chronicle, by Minstrel told,
" Yet sure to Spaniard's ear are never cold;
" And ere we fling the saving sheath away
" Such are the words my Sovereign bids me say;
" And proffer terms of treaty, as may be
" 'Twixt equal thrones, the noble and the free."

" The Spaniard," Kedith answer'd, " ne'er paused long
" To grant his equal just redress of wrong;
" But, since Castille's high council has delay'd
" To give the signal for the sheathless blade,
" Though yet impatient of their lengthening stay
" On frontier field my banded troops delay,
" To word like thine I will not answer nay.
" My King in far Castille holds princely state,
" Yet will the Moslem in Beleguer wait,
" And share a warrior's home, and deign to know
" Such sports as Spanish courtesy may show;
" A special messenger of trust and care
" Shall straight the proffer'd terms of treaty bear,
" And, ere yon rising Moon has waned, shall bring
" Response of high import for Ismael's King."

Due honours paid, the solemn council o'er,
Why crowds a Nation to Beleguer's shore?
The captive bull is stately on the strand;
The fair, the brave, the noble of the land,

With heart impatient, seek the gory fight,
'Mid shouts that rend the skies with mad delight.
Loud peals the signal trumpet's gathering sound,
And hails the champion of the listed round.
No twisted mail, no glittering arms to-day
Shall grace the warrior of that savage fray;
Gay silken vest, light lance, and gallant steed,
Of these alone the belted brave have need.
" Now bear thee well!" Asturia's sons exclaim,
" Thou countryman and guardian of our fame;
" Think, Pedro, how in honour's earliest day
" Our Fathers fought beneath Pelayo's sway;
" He gave our Sires to bear the stainless brand,
" Lords of the soil, Hidalgos of the land;
" He gave us that nobility of birth
" That raised us o'er the common sons of earth;
" Forget, with life alone, the blood you bear,
" The noblest of the realm might nobly share;
" More proud, who from Asturia's mountains springs,
" Descent more lofty than the line of Kings,
" Save Ferdinand's alone."—As rose that cry,
Collect and calm his mien, his soul glanced high,

It soar'd above the craven pulse of fear;
He drew his form erect, and couched his spear;
Now, Gallant, guard thee well, the foe is near;
Yet stately stands, though Matadores assail
With daring brandish of the scarlet veil;
Still as the lowering tempest, yet the fire
Is gathering in his glance of quenchless ire;
What stays, in mid career, his frantic bound?
Madd'ning, he bends, and foaming tears the ground;
Another desperate spring; one effort more;
Heard ye the agonizing monster's roar?
His hoofs are glistening in his own red flood,
His shaggy mane is thick with clotted blood;
Quivering he sinks,—his dark eye's frenzied glow
With dreadful glare is fix'd upon the foe;
Stretch'd o'er the ground, slow heaves his labouring breath,
And shouting myriads hail the gasp of death.

" Come forth thou boast of old Asturia's land,
" And gather from thy lovely lady's hand

" The wreath that well becomes so true a brand."
'Twas thus the gallant gay applause went round;
Alone, Castille, thy chiefs indignant frown'd,
That other's arm should bear the valorous prize
Of knightly deed from Lady's glistening eyes;
Hark, from yon muffled bands, with deep acclaim
Her brave retainers shout the Cortez name.
Proud at the call, he took his listed place,
" Let others vaunt!" he cried, " their Gothic race
" Long may they boast; of equal lineage we
" Are first in deed of daring Chivalry;
" Have quail'd at shadow of Pelayo's name;
" Castille's great Sancho—Bernard's deathless fame?
" Let Veger's forests show their fiercest steer,
" So grant it, Heaven, I'll quell his mad career;
" Array'd, I stand my fearless speech to prove,
" For God, my country, and my Lady's love."

Young Cortez ceased; of light elastic mood
In every vein high throbb'd the dancing blood;

From his full orb the soul of honour broke,
And in his tone the young enthusiast spoke.
His form was fair and graceful, in his eye
Frank-hearted freedom and sincerity;
Ne'er had misgovern'd passion wreck'd his mind,
Or left deep thought and furrowing care behind;
The lighter ills of life, with reckless pride
And boyhood's bounding step he dash'd aside;
The heavier griefs, that life's advancing day
Strews o'er our path, to stain the bitter way,
That quell the glance, and make the young heart cold,
Were spared in pity to a breast so bold.
He never knew of promised hope delay'd,
The joyous dream of early bliss decay'd,
Or generous friendship's trusting heart betray'd;
Suspicion's restless mood or watchful fear,
And pride and parted hands that once were dear;
Misgiving jealousy, thy ruthless force,
And never-dying pang of keen remorse;
That only ill o'er which the heavy hour,
Years, length'ning years, can shed no healing power.

Of such he deems not; lance, and trusty steed,
And Lady fair, are all of which such knight has need;
And now his trust is in his courage high,
His guerdon in his lovely Clara's eye.
Of fiery mood he paused not for the shock,
But burst, as bursts the wild wave on the rock;
Frontera's bleeding bull is backward prest,
The foam is gather'd on his charger's breast
Again in mortal strife; that well aim'd blow,
That deadly stroke has beat the savage low;
He falls—and loud the madd'ning shouts resound.
Young Cortez paused, and roll'd his proud eye round.
Where, ranged in glittering row, the fair display,
To greet the conquering brave, their 'kerchiefs gay,
The enthusiast turn'd; awhile forgot the fight,
Forgot the foe, to hail that only sight
He cared to mark, if Clara's glance was bright.
Ill-fated youth! the pause affection made
Thy better hopes to bleeding doom betray'd.
" Now guard thee, victor! guard thee!" all in vain
The summons rang; no more on battle plain
Shall Cortez wield the fearless sword again;

To earth the beast his heedless victim bore,
With unrelenting brow and hoof of gore
Plough'd his young breast: even then his failing hand
Left not love's colours, when it lost its brand;
With Clara's scarf in death refused to part,
And life's last struggle press'd it to his heart.

Slow from the Circus rose a heavy cry
To see the hope of Spain, young Cortez, die;
Beyond all meaner grief, through the rent air,
Heard ye that piercing shriek of deep despair?
Clara! 'twas thine!—behold thy warrior's bier,
Gaze, wildly gaze, nor shed one useless tear!
He stood, even now, with victory's laurels crown'd,
But fate rose grimly o'er, the wreath unbound,
Gave to the winds each long-recorded vow,
And rear'd the cypress o'er his destined brow.
Go, Clara, go!—the flowers that freshly bloom
To deck thy conqueror's front, shall grace his tomb;
No more with early rapture haste to hear
His joyous accents greet the willing ear;

No more with maiden train at evening wait
To hail his welcome step by Vala's gate;
Cortez is low, and Clara desolate!

So joyless sank the day; nor yet alone
In feats like these was Spain's high spirit shown;
As evening falls, with measured step and slow,
Through Sarabanda's stately maze they go;
As strains of echoing music bade advance
The fair and gallant to the courtly dance;
How glad such echoes greet the youthful ear,
When youth is confident, and love is near;
When lovers' hands congratulating press
That silent bond of mutual happiness;
Oh, in that clasp, from others glance conceal'd,
Is all that lovers care to know, reveal'd;
Best, surest pledge of mingling hearts. Oh! say,
Can fate's stern mandate tear such bonds away?
Perchance, some years of stormy suffering o'er,
Even those who love the best, shall love no more;
Shall meet on distant day with feelings changed,
With high and heated hearts, and thought estranged,

With darken'd brow, and chill'd averted eye
That shuns, yet seeks, nor meets with apathy;
The voice so oft, yet still too seldom heard,
Now slowly faultering o'er each measured word;
The hand, once join'd in friendship's fervent grasp,
Scarce given, constrain'd and cold even in its clasp;
And nothing left of pleasure past and high,
Save glance that sometimes brightens, or the sigh
Heaved o'er the memory of departed day,
That passes not with passing joy away:
Alas! how changed since listening beauty knew
In each bold word the spirit warm and true;
And he, with proud affection's ceaseless gaze,
Beheld her gliding through the sprightly maze,
In every whisper hail'd his favourite's praise,
Hail'd in her changing cheek and glistening eye
His heart's best hope—his soul's high destiny!

But quit such bitter theme: in that glad hour
Through Kedith's hall bloom'd many a garden flower;
Yet Blanche, who mark'd thee on that night of mirth,
Nor deem'd thy form the loveliest form of earth?

Who mark'd thee to thy native castanet
So gay and graceful bounding, could forget?
Even slumber sought the lover's lids in vain,
When ceased the dance, when sank the echoing strain:
How oft was heard from moonlight bower afar
Some young enthusiast's eloquent guitar;
Such, near her casement pour'd his passion'd lays,
And charm'd the ear of night with Beauty's praise.

Time sped—Beleguer's chieftains paused in vain
To hear the rushing steed o'er Ruti's plain;
In vain the warder strain'd his eager eye
To learn if herald of Castille were nigh;
Still slept war's banners—mute the clarion's breath:
Inactive stood the marshall'd sons of death;
On Spain's extremest limits they survey'd
The bloody harvest of their swords delay'd,
And cursed the pause her craven councils made:
Yet chafed not Hassan; deem'd he such delay
Might sooth a nation's gloomy feud away;
Or, if great Allah's forceful will decreed
That front to front the hostile ranks must bleed,

Such pause might yet avail his native land,
And reunite each brave but broken band.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on; the arena's fight,
That charm'd the mid-day hour, the dance by night,
He shared; but oftener sought the blooming bower
Where Kedith's lily spent the innocent hour:
It came like blessed angel's voice from Heaven,
To hear her gentle welcome kindly given;
For bigot zeal was soft'ned in her mind,
And fervent faith with charity combined,
And loftier genius lighten'd in her eye,
And in her heart were feelings fix'd and high,
That ne'er at duty's stubborn call delay'd,
And ne'er by passion's mastering force were sway'd.

Since Zaira first, last loved, on Daro's shore
Lost on one eve the fruit of years before,
Of thought impatient, Hassan's suffering breast
Each willing fair for one brief hour possest,
And heard with smiling brow, but heart unmoved,
Wild glowing praise from lips he little loved;

He knew those specious lips were skill'd to flow
With rapturous greeting or impassion'd woe:
The faithful heart to his responsive pressed,
Last night, perchance, some sated friend had blessed;
The tear for him, should fall for other shed,
For other arms their revel couch be spread;
Yet still shall woman's practised strain deceive,
And long the fool and wise like him believe;
Till cold experience, as a chilling cloud,
Throws o'er the summer heart its wintery shroud:
Then that duped heart shall first awakening learn
Their welcome to distrust, their tears to spurn;
To grace their couch by night, at morn forget,
Win without love, and lose without regret.

Oh! when the mind has wander'd wide and long
Through every wild excess of rapturous wrong,
Till cold indifference or contempt for life
Falls on the soul fatigued with sensual strife—
Oh! then, if virtue speaks in beauty's guise,
And beauty beams in awful virtue's eyes,

At every word, at every conscious glance,
How the mind wakens from its long long trance!
How to each sound the rapt idea springs,
And to the new-born thought delighted clings!
So, when on Blanche's lips the pure truth spoke,
A ray, a long-lost ray, o'er Hassan broke;
He heard with long unfelt, unknown delight,
As one who hails the earliest glimpse of light
Break o'er the lengthen'd gloom of polar night.
Life's purer pleasures, simple yet refined,
Had lost their force; but when, in accents kind,
Young Blanche with all her soul's gay fancy show'd
Where Nature's charms in varied beauty glow'd,
Where solemn gloom the lofty cypress threw,
With silvery leaf the graceful olive grew;
Where blended wild in bright profusion lay
The purple hyacinth, anemone gay,
And all the sparkling bloom of southern day;
Or show'd o'er giant Cabra's rocky height,
With temper'd beam the waning orb of light
Sink slowly glorious on the purpled shore,
And dying, bid the world it left adore;

He almost deem'd him on his native plain
To hear his Zaira's thrilling tones again,
As when in peaceful day, ere passion's glow
With shame and sorrow stain'd her beauteous brow,
She own'd the parting hour's entrancing spell,
And made him love the scenes she loved so well.

Oh! oft at eve, beneath that pale pure star
To lovers dear, Blanche tuned her light guitar,
Nor yet forgot the melancholy strain,
That never fell on Hassan's ear in vain;
And sad their mingling notes together rang,
And mingling hearts "The Fall of Lara" sang—
That only strain, to early memory true,
His boyhood loved and yet his manhood knew.
They stray'd on Ruti's shore in cloudless night—
For well that maiden loved the lovely night,
When silence reigns and sorrow sinks to rest,
And all seem'd pure and peaceful as her breast.
So day by day in Hassan's softening mind,
His better dreams of bliss with Blanche combined,
And round his heart her fairy form entwined.

But now the silent storm long gathering broke;
Sudden it came, and from his trance he woke:
Startling Beleguer's halls, the echoing ground
Rings to the fiery steed's impetuous bound;
His foam-besprinkled mane and breathless speed,
Proclaim the lated horseman's desperate need;
O'er the soil'd housings of his panting side
Are seen the castles of a kingdom's pride,
And the loud clarion at the guarded gate
Bespeaks the herald of impending fate.

Ere long to Hassan the Asturian came,
And craved his presence in his master's name;
Where summon'd quick, on pressing news of state,
Beleguer's veteran chiefs held deep debate.
" Lord Hassan," Kedith said, " to honour'd guest,
" I grieve to speak my Sovereign's stern behest;
" Time speeds, and plain words suit the soldier best.
" The stranger comes, my Sovereign bids me say,
" To claim redress for some slight border fray;

" But oh! shall injured Spain forget to claim
" Her long arrear of outrage, guilt, and shame;
" Her land with years of lust and rapine stain'd,
" And long enduring God! thy cross profaned;
" The yoke of faithless lords, their bitter scorn,
" And all since Roderick's time the Goth hath borne?
" The Moor claims vengeance on the Borderer's head
" For plunder of the lowest peasant's shed;
" That rifled shed, that violated plain,
" Were once devoted Roderick's rich domain;
" Those fields, even now the foe's luxuriant spoil,
" Were ours—our blood has fertilized the soil:
" He drench'd those plains in gore, he pluck'd that gem,
" He wears it sever'd from our diadem,
" And glutted with our father's wretchedness,
" The Moor, the spoiler, comes to claim redress!
" Redress shall come, his meanest serf shall know
" Due restitution from the lawless foe;
" Then shall our King fulfil his kingly trust,
" Be true to others, and to Spain be just.
" He views her fairest flower Grenada gone,
" He mourns that brightest jewel of her throne,
" And Spain, unbending Spain, reclaims her own!

" In earlier day, with fierce unsparing hand,
" The conquering Moslem sway'd our father's land;
" Alone, on cold Asturia's barren height,
" Some faithful few maintain'd the feeble fight.
" Now fast the changing tide of conquest flows;
" In every pulse a prouder spirit glows,
" A loftier fervour warms the martial line,
" Heaven's will is manifest in every sign;
" The cross impatient claims a wider sway,
" And God and Man upbraid our arms' delay:
" Yet still in pity to the waste of life
" Will Ferdinand awhile suspend the strife;
" For homage paid, and tribute duly given,
" May yet assuage the apparent wrath of Heaven.
" If still denied our Sovereign's just demand,
" Shall straight our banners wave on Moslem land.
" Our cry Castille and Aragon shall be,
" And all our arms, St. James, and Spain for thee!"

The Moor an instant paused: his soul glanced high,
And all war's lightnings gather'd in his eye,
The pride that policy had long repress
At once blazed forth in Hassan's burning breast.

" When at your word the wild winds cease to roar,
" And the loud surges lash the strand no more,
" Then crave a bondsman's tribute from the Moor.
" Oh, speak ! who witness'd from the imperious North
" The trembling slaves of tyranny come forth,
" And prate of coward crouching to the foe,
" Say, was the spirit of our Fathers low ?
" Like them I swear, ere Ismael sheathes the sword
" And owns allegiance to a stranger Lord,
" Our blazing towers shall strew the crimson plain
" Where slaughter'd lies the flower of Christian Spain ;
" Their honours low, their trophies won in vain.
" Then welcome ! warriors, to your certain doom,
" Our funeral beacons shall your path illume ;
" What nobler fires can gild a nation's tomb ?
" Yet once I deem'd that happier morn might rise
" O'er bended brows made bright, and kindlier ties ;
" And if we strove, had striven in mimic fray,
" As kindred bands contend on festal day ;
" Far other sight when next our death ranks close—
" Not yours, most noble Lords, ignoble foes ;

" To greet your march a fiery people wait,
" Of wrong implacable, secure of fate,
" For Allah arm'd, for Ismael desperate."

He spake, the badge of stern defiance threw,
And bending stately to the chiefs, withdrew.

At Kedith's word, the bravest at the gate
As train of honour to attend him wait
Through perilous pass; the arm'd retainers all
Were duly ranged as Hassan left the hall;
They deem'd such pomp their master's friendship proved:
I ween that stranger Lord he little loved,
But well Beleguer's haughty chieftain knew
What rank, what honours, to the Moor were due;
Ne'er be it said, by Moslem's vaunting pride,
In Kedith's halls was fitting state denied:
He hail'd him parting courteously but grave,
While warmer greeting generous Cabra gave;
With ready zeal his hand he kindly prest,
" Farewell!" he cried, " mine young and honour'd guest;

" Dawn happier days, and Cabra's chief again
" Shall greet the welcome Moor on Ruti's plain."
Oh! had the lion Lord with prescient power
Foreseen the anguish of that meeting hour,
Though bold his parting speech, and kind his vow,
Far other shade had dimm'd that warrior's brow.

The train expectant stand with shield and lance,
The trumpet sounds to horse, the troops advance;
The last due honours paid, slow filed the band,
Till, Ruti past, they gain'd the open strand;
There halt the Moslem made: " Ho! Albin, lead
" To yon low garden gate my fretting steed;
" By Heaven! he chafes him at the bugle sound,
" As if he knew and spurn'd his foeman's ground:
" There wait my will;" to earth he bounded light,
And sought, with heavy heart, the trellis bright;
Where now must warrior breathe the last adieu
To gentle courtesy and friendship due;
If aught of softer feeling sway'd his breast,
He knew 'twas idle, and such thought represt;

For war's impending tumult had renew'd
The hateful and hereditary feud,
And though Beleguer's chieftain to his guest
Had much of solemn courtesy exprest,
Yet Hassan deem'd the unguarded glance to read,
That show'd his hatred of their differing creed.
Each varying change of temper, eye, and tone,
That speak the secret mind, to him alone
Who has mark'd much and wander'd wide, are known:
By others ken unreck'd, if not unseen,
Thought scaped his penetrating eye, and keen;
Too skill'd resentment's rising fire to show,
He little brook'd that others breast should know
His thoughts, and veil'd them with a laughing brow;
But though the indifferent tone and quiet gaze,
Nor ire represt, nor struggling pride betrays,
Yet causeless wrong, or cold neglectful look,
Like fretting steed did haughty Hassan brook;
One, too, forbade such hopes, whose light was dim,
Who gave earth's brightest promise, Heaven, for him,
With soul so fervent, that his every day
Of after-life could ill such love repay.

Grenada's sun rose o'er her withering charms,
A dotard press'd her to his senseless arms.

Day sank, and o'er the summer's cloudless blue
Shone many a tint of soft transparent hue;
Sweet on that eve by Blanche's blooming bower
The rosy air inhaled the fragrant flower;
The light breeze swells, when closing day is near,
As swells the chaunt o'er beauty's funeral bier;
Now, all so still that faint breeze fail'd to play,
And vespers hymn'd the dirge of dying day.
Such have I known in Cadiz' circling bay,
When the young Spaniard tuned her evening lay;
The light strain mingled with the dashing oar,
Lived on the breeze, and died along the shore;
And such in fair Provence, when evening threw
O'er mound and olive-grove its saffron hue,
Gleam'd with faint radiance on Estrelia's height,
And o'er the waters left a golden light.

Ye guardian Saints! in hour so heavenly, how
Could earth's rude passions stain man's kindling brow?

Even Hassan felt the pulse of sullen pride,
On such an eve, in scene so fair, subside;
And every fiercer feeling of his breast
With wearied nature sank awhile to rest,
As glanced his eye on her in fairy bower,
The loved companion of each latter hour:
" Lady," he said, " the fearful die is cast,
" And every blissful hope of peace is past,
" And all our many mingling hours must be
" For ever blotted from my memory;
" Our mountain paths, thy song at twilight, seem
" The recollection of a lovely dream;
" My last adieu to every chief is said,
" Farewell to thee, and then my course is sped—
" To thee, whose spirit's softer, kindlier spell
" Has sooth'd mine hour of hopeless grief—farewell!
" Whose light and playful presence breath'd a ray
" Of heavenly brightness o'er my weary way,
" And won this heart to long unfelt repose."—
He paused, for Zaira to his soul arose;
" And now, since Ruti's mountains never more
" Shall mark my stranger step on Spanish shore,

" One gentle greeting ere I leave the land,
" And kindly take a brother's parting hand."

" Brave Moor," she said in fault'ring voice and low,
" So wills unerring Heaven, that Spain must know
" The heavy times return'd of war and woe;
" Yet, oh! if ceaseless prayer in fervent strain
" Had aught avail'd, mine had not risen in vain;
" But fate, relentless fate, with sullen force
" Sweeps unresisted like the river's course;
" Inevitable doom, imperious sway,
" The weak, the proud, slave, sovereign, must obey."
While yet she spoke, he saw where careless lay
The colours that were wont on battle day
To decorate the chiefs of Spain's array;
She read his changing cheek, and griev'd, replied—
" Not mine these badges of exulting pride;
" The bold retainers of my father's name
" Will only wear the colours that I frame.
" God knows!" she clasp'd her hands, " how glad
'twere mine
" This better olive with their bays to twine;

" Her quiet wreath beams brighter to mine eye,
" Than all the trophies all their deeds can buy;
" Then take the peaceful emblem—on thy crest
" That softer hope of happier honours rest;
" And when my Father stems the shock of war,
" His hairs are grey—then, Hassan, pause and spare!
" And now farewell for ever, since no more
" Our reckless steps may roam the desart shore;
" Farewell, brave Moor! yet not to Heaven in vain
" Rise for your weal a maiden's simple strain:
" If little kind in parting hour I seem,
" Deem 'tis my country's fashion—gently deem
" Of all the past, nor wrong'd my memory be,
" But blame the hard and heavy times—not me."

The Moor is gone, the blooming bower forsaken,
The last word said, the latest look is taken.
Now widely scatter'd o'er the tented ground,
Spain's warriors cross them at the vesper's sound;
With brow unveil'd, its praise a Nation pours,
And, full of faith, the living God adores;

Peace for one moment sways man's fiercer will,
And human passions—hate and pride, are still:
Why checks the lated Moor his restless steed?
Little, I ween, he cares for Holy Creed;
He curbs his course beneath the terrace wall,
To hear those murmuring accents rise and fall;
Oh! many a cloudless night, that voice before
Has tuned its favourite strain on moonlight shore.

Blanche's Hymn.

In the pale sky afar
Beams the bright even star;
Men say in such hour
The blessed have power:
In such, Holy Virgin, I've tuned thee my strain;
Now hear, sainted Mary, thy Maiden again!

Two Brothers were mine, and they were as bold
As ever in ancient story was told;
They march'd at the clarion's breath,
And they sleep the sleep of death.

Oh! dreary their couch by the wild ocean wave;
The moonbeam is cheerless and cold on their grave,
There the fox of the earth and the sea-mew go,
And o'er it the rank weeds neglectedly grow;
And ever upbraiding and sullen the roar
Of the reckless waves on the desolate shore:
With our Fathers their ashes no never shall be,
But all that may live is in Heaven and with thee.
A Mother was mine, and as good and as fair
As ever has breathed our mortal air;
But the pure rose wan'd—she is gone!
Now, Virgin! shelter thy lonely one.
My Father he wends to the field,
Stretch o'er him thy saving shield;
Undaunted and faithful his band,
And high is his spirit, and true is his brand;
But the vision of youth is more bright,
And its hand is more deadly in fight.

He has told us that God, whom we trust,
His care is for all men below;

To pray for the just and unjust,
The fere and the foe.
I pray, as he bids me—thy pity extend;
These towers held a guest,
Oh! shelter his crest,
And the foe and the faithless be lost in the friend.
I ask not for triumph, its proud notes be still,
Rejoicing in Heaven, and on Earth be good will;
Even so rose the chant over Bethlehem's plain,
And God's blessed chorus re-echoed the strain.

Long paused the Moslem as the strain gave o'er—
He vainly lingers, it will wake no more.
Awhile he paused, then join'd his bold array:
To fair Granada's towers they wound their way,
To Moslem King and people to report
The hostile summons of the Spanish Court.

CANTO IV.

THE GUERILLA.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my Sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT.

For the first fervour of their zeal inspired
The mountaineers, the presence of their chief,
The air they breathed, the soil whereon they trod,
Duty, devotion, faith;
O valiant race!
O people excellently brave!
True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the last;
Though overpower'd triumphant, and in death
Unconquer'd. Holy be your memory,
Blessed and glorious now and ever more
Be your heroic names!

SOUTHEY.

The Author has to apologize for the introduction of the first ninety lines of this Canto, as they are unconnected with the subject of the Poem. They were written on his return from the Continent, during the Summer of 1823, in a part of the country where he had passed the first and happiest years of his life. Removed from the great line of communication, separated from the more inhabited districts by a range of high hills on one side, on the other by moors of an immense extent, its thinly scattered population has retained the long-descended attachments, the hospitable feelings, and the uncorrupted manners of the old time. When these lines were written, the last of the old stag-hunting establishments that yet remained in Great Britain, the last chase of the red deer in their native state, was still preserved in this country, though its fortunes had long been declining. While there yet existed a hope of calling into life a single spark of antient feeling in behalf of this kingly pastime, the insertion of these lines could not be considered impertinent:—the vanity of introducing the names of his ancestors will be pardoned. He confesses that he has felt the deepest interest in the fate of an Establishment, whose sports and hospitalities were endeared to him by his earliest recollections, that was associated with the old history of the county, and that, for years, in better times, and in a country devoted to the cause, had been exclusively maintained by his family. It would be useless, and to him most painful, to record the decline of public spirit, the cold support and open hostility, that, combined with the inclosure of Exmoor, and the consequent extinction of the forest rights, have led to its fall. He has, however, inserted in his Notes some further particulars of an Establishment that had long outlived all others of a similar kind, that had descended from generation to generation, from century to century, unquestioned and uninterrupted, but whose death-warrant has been signed by the living race, and whose fall has been destined to the present year.

The Convent and scenery of Montserrat, in Catalonia, suggested the sketch he has attempted of the Convent and Mountains of Alva. The Abbot, the young Catalan, the Saint, and the Chieftain of the Guerilla, are characters drawn from actual observation. In his representation of that wild and warlike group, he has generally adhered with fidelity to incidents as they occurred, to opinions unreservedly expressed, and feelings as they were called forth by the excitation of the moment. In a very few instances he has been compelled to deviate from the actual course of events; the reader will however perceive, by the account he has given in his Notes of the real adventure, that such alterations are slight, and do not, in any degree, change the nature of the scene, or the character of the passions described.

CANTO IV.

THE GUERILLA.

O Pixton! seen even now in landscape bright,
How fair thy scenes beneath the summer light!
My native mountains, which I yet survey,
Beloved scenes of careless childhood, say,
With beating heart how many a reckless day
Has mark'd my boyish step, delighted, bend
Where Hadden's heights of purple heath ascend;
Where Hawkridge' wild and sullen wastes extend,
And verdant Storidge to the thundering wave
His mighty mass of oaken forest gave;
By Haddeo's foaming flood and Danebrook's tide,
That parted once a rival people's pride,
And Ella's native woods—beloved scene,—
Scenes where my boyhood's happiest hours have been,
A moment give the glow of earliest life,
And fire my strain to tell of mountain strife!

And thou, dark moor, beneath whose lowering sky
The cheerless mists of Autumn ever lie;
Who roams thy vast and desolated round,
Sees scarce one hut, nor hears one social sound;
Who finds him guideless on that dreary way,
When sinks from Heaven the blessed orb of day,
May never chance to quit thy lonesome site,
But bid to all he loves a long good night.
Here have I heard in summer's liveliest glow,
Mid hail and mist, the raging tempest blow;
Eternally on hoarse resounding shore
The infant Exe with tide impetuous roar;
Sole tenant of that stern uncultured space,
I've seen the startled Monarch of the chase
Roused by fierce foemen from his lonely lair,
With mien majestic, slow and stately bear
His step to earth—his antlers in the air.

Away, away! o'er highland, stream, and brake,
I hear the opening hounds wild music make;

The deer, uproused, goes nobly down the wind,
The bursting horn peals merrily behind.
O'er boundless moor and up the mountain breast,
Nor panting steed, nor wearied horseman rest.
The train falls back, the time brooks no delay;
While laggards pause, ye fearless few away!
Even now the chase is up, the stag at bay;
I hear the deep death-note, the bugle-call,
Proclaim from far the antler'd monarch's fall.

Some ancient few recall the loftier day
When came in scarlet hosts the brave array;
O'er Hadden's mountain when my Grandsire past,
A thousand gallants rallied at his blast;
To Hawkridge hills, at Acland's glad acclaim,
The crowding chivalry of Devon came;
Who own'd the West, nor knew of Acland's name?
In Pixton's woods the chase was fierce and strong—
In Pixton's halls the wassail loud and long;
At night their limbs on couch of heather spread,
The mountain fern wild pillow for their head;

And if they listed melody, might hear
Our rushing Barle make music for their ear.
Alas! those hardier times are gone, and few
With fitting zeal our Fathers' sports renew;
For twice two hundred years, their gallant train
Exulting swept the Crown-protected plain;
These eyes, that loved that field of sylvan war,
Its rights borne down, its shrinking limits saw,
And mourned the last of Devon's forest law.
Then twice o'er Hadden's heights of heathery pride
That chase, of immemorial honour, died;
And twice the Spirit of the mountains came,
Forbade to fall and saved the lingering flame:
Expiring now its latest embers lie;
Awake, bold sons of Devon! let not die
That remnant of our Fathers' chivalry!

O Pixton! welcome are thy scenes to me,
Thou last resort of old fidelity,—
The ties that bound the vassal to his Lord,
Firm as in fight the trueman to his sword,

From sire to son, without one prayer for change,
One wish beyond his own dark moors to range,
From softer scenes those nobler ties are fled,
The spirit of a loftier age is dead.
Here when on Ella's heights the sun is low,
And lengthening shadows live along its brow,
I tread the fields my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
Each long-loved haunt, each well-remember'd glade,
The fever'd hopes and schemes of latter day,
Its headlong pride and passions, pass away;
My soul reverts to times of little care,
And thou, loved Mother! thou alone art there!
I only mark the woods she sought, the shore
Dear to the friend, the parent—now no more:
Light, tearless days! when, life and fancy new,
Each wish was pure as every thought was true;
I deem'd no coming ill my heart could tame,
And nothing knew of sorrow—save the name.

Time was, thy mountains had not bless'd my sight
For many a rolling year: when on that night
I paused on Hadden's unforgotten height,

Mark'd the deep shadow of his mighty woods,
And caught the loud roar of his rushing floods,
Came dearer to my soul those sounds, than all
The melting melody of courtly hall:
So, when reviving morn its glad beams threw,
And Loja's hills the joyful summons knew,
Granada's warriors hail'd with wild delight,
Along the far horizon bold and bright,
Their own Nevada stretch in living light;
" Our Moorish hills !" with tameless transport cried,
And every pulse throbb'd high with patriot pride.
Till then even Albin chose not to intrude,
His favourite page, on Hassan's lonely mood;
But now impatient to his chief he rode,
While rapturous feeling in his dark eye glow'd.
" Look, good my Lord! we touch the frontier strand;
" How blue and beautiful, and boldly, stand
" The cherish'd mountains of my native land!
" Beneath them flows unseen our Daro's tide,
" My Father's peaceful home is on its side,
" And there, perchance, even now my Mother dear
" Yet thinks of distant Albin with a tear;

" Of lighter mood, in childhood's frolic gay,
" Around their Sire my little brethren play;
" Oh! will they faithful, when I thither roam,
" With childish rapture greet their wanderer home—
" Cling to their early comrade's neck, or fly
" With haste unkind, and shun the stranger's eye?
" I trust it not; a month—a year's brief space
" Can ne'er a brother's cherish'd form efface;
" And thou! of simple heart and modest mien,
" Who to be loved needs only to be seen,
" Thy bloom shall deepen—bosom livelier play,
" Thy voice more tremulous, when maidens say
" That Albin is return'd; kind shalt thou be
" To welcome him who never loved—save thee;
" The hope, the pride, the darling of my breast,
" And mine, when war's red honours crowd my crest!
" I thank thee, gracious Allah! that no more
" In slothful peace we tread this hated shore;
" When next we come, in arms—and Spain shall know
" How glad the greeting of a gallant foe!"

His chieftain heard and smiled, but little said—
At every word his thoughtful spirit bled;

He too, nor far remote the day, had known
Hope bright as his, the enthusiast's daring tone:
But now he felt the passions of his breast
Had marr'd each prospect—each good hope represt;
He felt the haughty heart, the feelings high,
And all the secret soul's ascendancy,
Were poor exchange for that unwearied play
That charms the heaviest hour of life away.
" I ne'er," he thought, " shall own such hope again,
" As he the least advantaged of my train:
" His glowing fancy wakes at every call,
" My gloomy spirit shrouds and withers all;
" Those native hills his bounding joys renew,
" But I"—he sickening turn'd him from the view—
" I have no country, born with rank and sway,
" Talents and bearing that mankind obey;
" Deem'd light and happy—could those idlers see
" This blighted bosom, who would envy me?
" Zaira, this breast its weight of grief might bear,
" Nor breathe the bitter thought, repining prayer,
" If such could bid one suffering cease to be
" Of all thy faithful heart has felt for me."

So ponder'd Hassan, as with flashing eye
And hastier step again his page drew nigh:
" Strange tidings these! our mission scarcely done,
" Ere, all the border risen, the fray begun;
" O'er all this Western frontier, far and near,
" They cry a foray 'gainst the Cavalier.
" Since, bursting breathless through each startled town,
" Toledo's royal messenger brought down
" The news of coming strife, in arms array'd,
" The foe, impatient of the war delay'd,
" Has instant havoc on our borders made:
" Brave Malic strove the spoiler to repel;
" Lord of the frontier knights, he foremost fell.
" Stern post of danger—death, and little fame!
" Nor glory's wreath, nor Lady's love they claim;
" On these lone wastes a thankless life they lead,
" For distant Ismael's weal unmurmuring bleed,
" And conscious honour still their only meed.
" Nor unavenged he dies—a gallant band
" Of Moslem chivalry have left our strand,
" With them I burn to waste the Spanish land.

" Far beneath Vilia's towers their pennons shine;
" Their cause is just—insulted Allah, thine!
" A nation given to slavery or the sword,
" Can scarce appease lamented Malic's Lord."

" Gently, brave youth; a nation for your foe
" Demands more strength than even your sword can show;
" Now hear thy Lord, restrain this fiery zeal,
" No distant day shall prove thy virgin steel;
" Awhile thy Chief resigns his tribe's command,
" Do thou to Loja lead my vassal band;
" Wind cautious round the mountain, till you gain
" Beneath the Giant peak the level plain."

A youth there was of lowly birth and fame,
From Catalonia's distant hills he came;
And journey'd now with Kedith's guard, to join
His kindred band encamp'd on frontier line:
" Canst thou, young stranger, show," Lord Hassan said,
" Where Alva's convent rears its sacred head?

" There would I parley with the Monk alone:
" To thee, they say, these wild'ring paths are known;
" And well the Moslem's bounty shall repay
" Thy faithful service and the lengthen'd way."
While thus he spoke, the thoughtful Spaniard heard
With look unmoved, the chieftain's gracious word;
Little he reck'd fair speech, or fairer meed,
And coldly answer'd, " I can serve thy need."

At first, his chilling air and speech combined
To shade with transient doubt the Moslem's mind
Yet the poor youth seems trusty too; such plain
And easy errand needs but slender brain.
While thus a moment, on the mountain side,
The chieftain mark'd him ere he might decide,
Young Gomez spoke not, cast not glance around,
But calmly bent his dark eye on the ground:
Yet when ceased Hassan's hesitating mood,
And up the steep his mazy path pursued,
The Spaniard brighten'd as he led the way,
To see, as mists before truth's summer day,
Reviving confidence resume its sway.

Of knowledge limited, his reasoning mind
Not comprehensive seem'd, but well defined;
On all that moved within his narrow sphere
Of strong unbiass'd sense and judgment clear;
Of little eloquence, in manner cold,
Perchance in spirit faithful, firm, and bold;
At first, his mien indifferent, aspect grave,
Slight sign of wit or happier talent gave.
Now Hassan closely eyed him, and could see
He nothing lack'd of temper keen and free;
Faithful he deem'd that mountain youth, and, pleased,
With playful tact his caustic humour seized:
" The nimblest pilot of the border thou,
" Show briefer path to scale the mountain brow,
" Or hold thee little skill'd; a toilsome way,
" We scarce shall join my troop ere closing day."
Young Gomez shrewdly smiled; " If such I know,
" Slight policy our secret paths to show,
" We need them well when comes the Paynim foe."
While yet he spoke, the cannon's opening roar
Roll'd heavily from doom'd Priego's shore;

And twice with thunder shook the mountain breast,
And twice its dreadful echoes sank to rest.
The startled Spaniard heard, and stay'd his jest;
No craven he—but yet in peasant life
Had little known of combat's maddening strife,
And now he caught the roar of gathering fray
With changed and anxious brow, as it might say,
The voice of mercy shall be still to day.
But Hassan bent him o'er the impending height,
To hear that welcome sound of rushing fight;
He felt his pulse throb fast, his heart beat high,
He felt war's lightnings quicken in his eye;
It flush'd his brow—it woke his tameless pride,
And thrill'd a spirit dead to all beside.

So sped the morn; and now the sun rode high,
Earth's landscape glow'd beneath the fervid sky.
For two long hours the steep ascent they strain'd,
That barren mountain's central path have gain'd;
Beneath, in distance dim, their winding way,
Before, mid rudest desolation, lay
Old Alva's massive walls and turrets grey.

Perchance, my noble Listeners, seems it strange,
That Chief so politic, on such wild range,
Alone with stranger guide should quit his band,
To seek these rugged paths of mountain land?
For what can Chief of Almoradi's line
With Alva's priests, or Alva's sacred shrine?
Forget they when, at Cabra's kindred call,
The fairy minstrel of Beleguer's hall
Unconscious woke the strain of distant climes,
Unconscious touch'd the chord of other times,
And roused that deep-felt energy of woe,
That hearts of feebler passions scarcely know?
Night came, nor gave his fever'd spirit rest;
And once, when transient slumber sway'd his breast,
He deem'd his Zaira laid on funeral bier;
Her mournful tones, upbraiding, seem'd to hear,
So deep, distinct, and thrilling on his ear,
That, maddening at the unearthly call, he woke,
Wild from his couch in mortal frenzy broke,
While terror's mighty drops roll'd down his brow,
And shook the frame that never quail'd till now:

But when he mark'd, nor fearful sound nor sight
Broke the deep quiet of the summer night,
And that her shroud lay not extended there,
And that her voice but lived in his despair,
While calm o'er lattice fell the Moon's bright glow,
As if to mock the madness of his woe;
Reason, with goading thought, resumed her sway,
Terror to grief's intenser pang gave way;
Then shrank each high strain'd nerve, and worn with pain
He flung him wearied on his couch again.

Yet, blame not harshly ye, whose temper'd life
Abhors the ungovern'd spirit's headlong strife;
Ye little know, by passion tempest tost
In strongest mind each better rule is lost,
Till strangely blended, right and error seem;
Unfix'd and restless, as in dreadful dream,
The spirit fluctuates 'twixt each extreme.
So every fear in every form possest
With pangs alternate Hassan's labouring breast.
At morn to native honour true he rose,
And honour's path, a dubious path, he chose;

He bade a Serf to Ismael's halls repair,
And hasty scroll to distant Zaira bear.
By every youthful dream of parted bliss,
By that devoted love that once was his,
He pray'd forgiveness for that faithless hour
When adverse friends and erring pride had power;
Now years were sped, to man's commandment grown,
Had manhood given its free and vigorous tone;
The world he knew, unmurmuring could resign
His tribe's affection and his lofty line.
If yet she will'd from Hamet's home to part,
For him who held—Oh! holds he yet her heart?
His love, untired by years of change, should long
With constant care requite her early wrong;
Restore to life and joy that vision dim,
Give all for her, who all had given for him.

Time fleeted fast, and answer there came not;
Say, had his messenger the charge forgot?
Or, what untold inexplicable cause
Made one who loved so true and tender, pause?

He deeply dreaded, lest, subdued by woes,
Life's feeble torch had struggled to its close.

Now tidings came from far Granada's land:
Returning fast by Xenil's frontier strand,
His messenger by plunderers had been ta'en,
And on the border spoil'd, and left for slain.
It chanced at morn some peasant pass'd that way,
And told, how, gash'd with wounds, the Moslem lay;
And Alva's brethren, famed for pious deed,
Beheld his sufferings and forgave his creed;
Their bleeding burden to the convent bore,
And strove exhausted nature to restore.
And thither Hassan bent his steps, to know
If aught he bore of Zaira's weal or woe;
But first, strict orders gave he to his train
From ambush free to keep the open plain;
For armed band such craggy march to try,
In time of feud, were dangerous policy;
But he, with native guide, might pass alone
The deep defile, unquestion'd and unknown.

I said, mid mountains stern and desolate
Old Alva's turrets rose in ruin'd state;
That gradual work of many an iron age
Had stemm'd the faithless foeman's barbarous rage;
Succeeding artists lent their varied aid,
And front irregular and strange had made;
Each penitential chief and pious reign
Had something added to the Monk's domain;
Slow rose the fabric of monastic pride,
And frown'd the wonder of the border side;
But now, her shrines, her brazen gates o'erthrown,
Her vacant courts with wildest weeds o'ergrown,
Once wont the poor and destitute to bless,
Halls where the gushing rain beat pitiless,
And roofless aisle, rent turret, seem'd to say,
Even glories proud as ours must pass away!
But Nature's changeless scenes rose unsubdued
By varying destiny or mortal feud;
Her giant peaks, in primal conflict riven,
Still sent their tall grey pinnacles to Heaven;

Those woods, that never heard the axen sound,
One mighty mass of gloomy grandeur frown'd;
Even the young walnut shed its tender shade,
Choked was the fountain that beneath it play'd;
Man's loftiest works, like man, had fail'd, but earth
Retain'd the vigour of Creation's birth.

When told the Moslem's mission, rank, and name,
In sable weeds the antient Abbot came;
Erect his bearing, years had quench'd his eye,
And woe and wrong and cold adversity
But vainly strove to quell the stately mien,
And step that show'd how proud his youth had been;
The waning smile, the visage worn by care,
Traced not one wrinkle furrow'd by despair;
Through changing fortunes his the changeless mind,
In grief and outrage, patient and resign'd.

When Hassan's cause of mountain journey shown,
" My Son," he said, " in desperate feud o'erthrown,
" Not prayers, not zeal could stay the arm of death,
" Or yet one hour prolong life's struggling breath;

" Of sense bereft, his hand distain'd with gore,
" This faded scroll with constant grasp he bore:
" Yet once, when glimmering reason dawn'd a space,
" Reviving memory lit his dying face;
" Then feebly raised on couch of lingering pain,
" With mastering death his pale lips strove in vain.
" From life's last accents little could be known,
" His speech so wandering, so convulsed his tone,
" Save that of Lady once beloved he told,
" Whose form's fair grace was quench'd, whose glance was cold.
" I yet by times, mid deadly pangs, might hear
" Her sand was run, and fate's dark hour was near.
" Strange words, and wild as meteor lights they show
" To us, save that their import is of woe."

The Moslem turn'd aside—he could not brook
That other's glance beheld his alter'd look.
Oh! how his spirit kindled at the view,
When Zaira's long-lost characters he knew;
But chang'd they were, her faint and failing hand
Had lost its wonted firmness of command.

With anxious speed the fasten'd scroll he tore,
And these the weary words her letter bore:

Zaira's Letter.

It comes, it comes, and thou art still the same—
Have fleeting years so little done to tame
Thy boyish love?—At earlier word of thine,
Home, Hamet, honour, knew I to resign:
And when my shrinking spirit deem'd how shame
Might heap its bitter taunts on Zaira's name,
How hard to brook the ungenerous scorn might be,
Thine image rose, and thou wert all to me!
I knew thy heart, by every glance and tone,
Was mine, and I had kept that heart mine own;
Secure mid faithless friends or taunting foes,
Thy soul had risen, as hate and insult rose,
And I had been even more beloved, nor e'er
Had felt one maddening hour's suspicious care;
Hope wildly confident—that hope is past—
It was life's first illusion and the last.
Forget the form that charm'd thee, shun to know
The dreary havoc made by wasting woe:

Zaira, of liveliest grace on Daro's shore,
The young, the beautiful, is now no more!
Still, still remember youth and beauty mine,
When all those charms and all this heart were thine;
Were thine? Oh! still alone and madly loved,
In life, as death, faith deeply dearly proved.
Now what avail mine honour's broken vow,
Form faded, blighted heart, and sunken brow?
Haunt not my dying couch, nor seek to see
All that was loved and lovely lost in me;
Calm to the tomb I sink, outworn by care,
Rouse not the slumbering frenzy of despair!
My doom is seal'd; I wish'd, I pray'd to sleep;
Avoid me, teach me not that doom to weep!

I fain would answer coldly, but this brain
Bids all its wild delusions live again;
Even now I falter, reason's calmer light
Grows dim; tears fall, and mock me as I write,—
They stain the page, they blind mine aching eyes,
As memory wakes, and scenes long vanish'd rise.

There was a golden chain, and to it hung
Love's summer promise in our native tongue;
And Hassan vow'd, though far on foreign shore,
That gift return'd should soul to soul restore.
Oh! on what reed our fondest hopes remain,
When he, who seem'd the noblest, vow'd in vain!
Vain pledge and reckless promise—let that rest.
Long worn in silence round my secret breast,
I now had sent it, but this breaking heart
With life it can, with that it cannot part.
Come then, dear Hassan, to Sultana's strand,
Take love's last relic from my dying hand;
Still by my couch of closing anguish stay,
Behold the struggling spirit pass away,
All, all save thee, without one tear resign,
And the last murmur of these lips be thine!

To none were Hassan's inmost thoughts reveal'd,
And all so much from vulgar gaze conceal'd,
His kinsmen deem'd but little reck he bore
For her who once was his on Daro's shore.

He heard her named—ay, calmly spoke her name,
And if the pang arose he could not tame,
It throbb'd not, breathed not, in his voice or eye;
Now, when the hoary man of God drew nigh,
His faltering accents scarcely gave reply.

The Abbot mark'd his grief, nor sought to know
The secret cause that wrung his soul with woe;
He knew the suffering mind can scantly brook
Query, or soothing word, or pitying look.
" And here, my son!" he said, " life's sinking day
" Has seen mine all of earthly pride decay;
" Where now these roofless aisles and galleries hear
" The funeral echoes of the falling year,
" A thousand brethren raised the chant divine,
" And Monarchs knelt around the blazing shrine;
" A thousand brethren heard my welcome call
" Greet friend and stranger to the banquet hall.
" The spoiler came; like leaves in Autumn strown
" At morn they were, at evening they are gone.
" The tide has swept the stately pile away,
" God's ministers of mercy, where are they?

" I stand the last lone column on the shore,
" The surf returning leaves this wreck no more.
" Great God! in Alva's prouder hour, to Heaven
" Her fervent prayers, her loftiest praise was given:
" Thy will be ours in fortune's changing day,
" 'Twas thine to give, 'tis thine to take away."

He spoke, as through the long arcade they pass'd,
And galleries open to the sweeping blast;
High fretted domes with glowing colours traced,
By hostile rage and mouldering damp effaced;
Fair drapery quaintly carved on cedar frame,
Saints scorch'd and wither'd by the blackening flame;
Rich costly mouldings, that the spoiler's blade
Had sometime spared to mock the wreck it made;
Where yet by fits dark ebony strove with gold,
And mournful tale of ancient grandeur told.
Up many a ruin'd step they toil with pain,
And now with heavy hearts the terrace gain,
A glorious scene, where bright in summer's glow
A humbler world extended lay below.

Here oft, o'er wood and wave, the raptured sight,
And o'er each lower mountain's vassal height,
Had stretch'd exulting, till in boundless view
Elvira's dark and distant range it knew;
Here, too, in haughtier days of convent fame,
In crowded groups the sons of Alva came;
Where now, alone, the stealthy step of fear
Starts wildly back, its own quick tread to hear;
Alone, some straggler, hasty glance to throw
And learn how near the peril, where the foe.

"A fair expanse!" the old man said, and sigh'd,
"Once tributary fields of Alva's pride.
"Look forth, my Son, can youth's keen vision show
"Triumphant o'er our spoil'd domain below
"The march of Ismael's warriors?" "Father, no."
"Again, my Son!" the Abbot cried, "again
"With keener eye explore the distant plain."

"I only see man's peaceful dwellings rise,
"And fair they rest against the deep-blue skies;
"The tender fig its wild luxuriance throws,
"And round its walls the clustering cistus grows;

" A smiling spot to wood and water given,
" And every gentler breath of favouring Heaven."

The Abbot strain'd with earnest gaze to know
The scenes his waning orb refused to show;
At length they feebly broke upon his sight,
And fired his frozen eye with hectic light;
Flash'd but one moment hope's delusive flame—
Fast o'er his brow the flush of anguish came.
" In glory's cloudless path the sun rides high:
" Ere sink his proud beams in the western sky,
" A blacken'd mass yon glittering walls shall lie!
" At morn, shall silent ruins, slaked with blood,
" Attest the spot where crowded Vilia stood!
" Devoted Vilia! must I do for thee
" The funeral rites thou should'st have done for me?"

He gazed intensely, till with aching heart
The Almoradi turn'd him to depart;
And first, he thank'd him for the care he show'd
To clansman spoil'd and gash'd on border road:

But when for Alva's priest, with pitying breast,
Some few but cautious words the Moor exprest;
" Grieve not for me! already dawns the hour,
" When Man, and sin, and sorrow, have no power:
" May Heaven, my Son, restore thy clouded day!
" Go forth! and God be with thee on thy way:
" I would, from the dark night of bondage freed,
" Our God were thine—yet though of differing creed
" Spurn not my Christian vows: Heaven guard thee long!
" An old man's blessing cannot do thee wrong."

The Moor is gone;—yet scarce declines the day;
Again young Gomez leads the wildering way:
Peak after peak successively they gain,
Like daring headlands stretching to the main;
While all the deep and dark recess around,
With giant crag and blackening forest frown'd;
And though so terrible the chaos there
Of fragments sunk in earth or raised in air,
As baffled fiends had hurl'd them in despair—
Like opening visions of celestial day,
The glimpses of a world stretch'd far away

Beneath their feet in gorgeous landscape lay:
But lo! thick clustering round the o'erhanging height
I see the rugged sons of mountain fight;
Now bold advances o'er the narrow way—
Now backward falls the undisciplined array.

So when conflicting wind and surf prevail,
The shrieking death-birds crowd the heaving sail,
And hover round, with wild and ominous flight,
To hail the approaching gloom of storm and night;
And Moor and Spaniard pause:—heard they that cry?
Again it peals more confident and high;
" I know my northern countrymen, I know
" That summons stern, it is the native foe;
" Retreat were desperate, from the mountain side
" They come—the fierce Guerilla!" Gomez cried.
And ever as in breathless speed they came,
They held their carabine's presented aim;
And fierce as torrent rushing in its might
Kept steady hand and eye, that not by flight
Their promised prey might shun the impending fight:

And as they ran prepared for deadly blow,
And only paused to ask if friend or foe,
With hideous yell and frame half bent to earth,
They seem'd of savage and appalling birth;
But when in headlong course they nearer drew,
Their form and dress were nobler given to view:
Untamed their shaggy locks fell far behind,
Their dark red plaid stream'd wildly to the wind;
Their jerkin blue, and blue their rugged vest,
Their hardy limbs the figured sandal prest;
And well the sweeping bonnet's scarlet fold
The sons of kindred Catalonia told.

They gain where Hassan stood: with eye on flame,
And flush'd and breathless with the speed, they came.
Around the Moor they form in frantic ring,—
"He dies a foeman to our God and King;"
The levell'd musket to his breast they bore—
From Gomez' hand the chieftain's bolsa tore;
And when within the precious ore they found,
"A traitor's gold!" and dash'd it to the ground.

To lawless band, by evil chance betray'd,
In vain had Islam's lord resistance made
While fast outnumbering foes, with threatening sound,
With gesture fierce, and lifted arms, surround;
Impatient wait their chieftain's slightest breath,
And scarcely pause to send the bolt of death.
With brow unchanging 'mid the thirsty cry,
And deep reflection in his tranquil eye;
Nor warp'd by passion nor misled by fear,
But firm to execute though calm to hear,
The chieftain came—and in his step and mien
The leader's bearing of command was seen:
To every rule of fierce reprisal true,
By habit, not by nature, stern, he knew
Vengeance and policy forbade to show
Unguarded mercy to a vanquish'd foe,
While slaughter'd kinsman on the ravaged plain
From kindred spirits ask'd redress in vain:
Yet ne'er had Marco's soul, when pity died,
Fair justice to his bitterest foe denied;

Nor e'er, in border rapine's red career,
To honour's loftier claim turn'd sullen ear:
His God, his Sovereign, to that magic sound
Life's every wish the stern enthusiast bound;
Her hopes, her fears, were gather'd to that chain,
And every pulse of pleasure or of pain:
Though deadliest feud with bigot creed combined,
It could not quench his native force of mind;
Or that stern courtesy unmix'd with scorn,
Due tribute to a foeman nobly born.
He first the storm with waving hand allay'd,
Then calmly to the captive Moslem said:
" Whence art thou—while the tocsin's dread alarms
" Bid Loja's martial people crowd to arms,
" And mustering clans, o'er all thine eye can see,
" And every hill sends forth its chivalry;
" In lonely pass our mountains to explore—
" Of foreign garb—a stranger and a Moor?"

" Spaniard!" he said, " redress of wrong to claim,
" On royal mission to your land I came;

" The herald's sacred wand of peace I bore,
" The broken bonds of friendship to restore:
" What care I, though as countless ocean sand,
" In hostile swarms crowd many a mustering band:
" If yet unstain'd your Father's honour be,
" The storm may burst—it cannot injure me;
" To Alva's reverend priest, with trusting heart,
" In peace I came—in peace I would depart."

" Strange policy, when havoc is abroad,
" To quit for secret path the open road;
" Yet Spain's high honour wrongs nor friend, nor foe,
" Moslem! what better proof hast thou to show
" Of this thy speech."

" Thou know'st on Loja's plain
" The Giant crag: even there my troops remain,
" And with them marched Lord Kedith's bravest band
" As train of honour to the Moorish strand;
" Go seek! and bid thy countryman's array,
" And whence I come, and what my mission, say!

" Thou doubt'st! shall chief of Ismael urge the lie?
" Outborne by numbers, traitor deem'd and spy,
" To Almoradi's Lord on Spanish shore
" Spaniard! such terms were never held before."

" Hear, then! if herald, as thy words declare
" 'Tis well—to learn their truth be Marco's care!
" If came thy step, for prying slave too bold
" Methinks, to learn our numbers, mark our hold,
" Thy doom is seal'd; Spain bids her champions show
" How well their steel can tame a treacherous foe;
" Thy path, like mine, winds Casta's defile round:
" There shall my answering messengers be found."

Slow filed his troop the mountain height along;
Ill brook'd the captive Moor such causeless wrong:
At morn, the leader of a gallant band
Whose glance few brook'd—whose word none dared withstand;
At noon compell'd the stranger to obey,
In stately silence kept his onward way;

But when the tribe its angry speech represt,
And calm respect their generous chief exprest,
He felt the perils that such morning gave
Were but the chances that befall the brave.

In march they seem'd irregular and wild,
Yet cautious through the dangerous pass defiled;
At every jutting peak, the band before
The faithful vidette hasten'd to explore;
Not here the glittering pennon gaily spread
The stirring music that might wake the dead;
The instant action, and the equal tread;
That quick intelligence of ear and sight,
That gives resistless force in modern fight,
Was all unseen; their straggling ranks appear
So little train'd, that law seem'd lawless here.
Light were they clad for combat's deadliest strife,
And nothing arm'd, save carabine and knife;
And yet this ill-attired half-savage train
Had foil'd the practised veterans of the plain,

And seen them, daunted by their strange array
And hideous yell, in sudden rout give way.

But hark! how awful on the breeze of death
Comes faintly borne the musket's volleying breath;
Again that rolling sound—with sullen ear
And bended brow, the clansmen pause to hear.
They paused;—yet flash'd not forth, by look of fire,
Prompt word, or gesture fierce, their kindling ire;
But slow and stern their deep-wrought passions rise:
They deem at every blast a brother dies,
And almost start to hear his dying cries:
As, when in threatening hour the tempests form,
Low murmuring winds forebode the coming storm;
So now with gathering strength, on Hassan's name,
The deep but mutter'd imprecation came;
"Our kinsmen slaughter'd in the plain below,
"And yet we pause to deal the avenging blow?"
But hark! hill, wood, and crashing rock rebound,
More loud it peals—the cannon's thundering sound.

While yet afar the frequent musket play'd,
Slight reck his warriors deem'd their Chieftain paid:
Not so the Moor—that step so stern and slow,
That glance that sought not once the plain below,
Nor ear that paused to listen, he descried
Was but the mask of calmness worn by pride;
And held, that haughtier feeling yet represt
The wrath that strove for mastery in his breast;
But when the Spaniard, from the destined shore,
With louder echoes heard that lengthening roar,
He could restrain the fiery thought no more:
" Gomez!" he said, " and is thy young cheek pale?
" How heavily and deadly on the gale
" Those thunders come; even there God's holy creed
" Is spurn'd—there Father, friend, and kinsman bleed;
" Yet not in vain their injured spirit cries:
" I live for vengeance—here the oppressor dies!"

When earlier of that youthful guide I told,
I said of bearing grave and manner cold;

Though since companion of the toilsome road,
Some happier sign of shrewder wit he show'd;
Yet nought that o'er the surface play'd reveal'd
Beneath was plant of deeper growth conceal'd.
As casual steel, on flinty pavement thrown,
Calls slumbering flashes from the cold grey stone;
In danger's hour, so bursting from the cloud
That wrapt his spirit as in wintry shroud,
I say you might have wondering paused, to see
With what stern force, resistless energy,
His soul broke forth; in manhood's vigorous tone
" Chieftain!" he said, " from earliest childhood known,
" Hast ever mark'd one thought my boyhood stain
" False to my kindred or untrue to Spain?
" Canst thou revere her law, her Monarch more?
" Do I her God less fervently adore?
" A Spaniard—nay, a Catalan, shall I
" For foeman, traitorous foeman, speak the lie?
" On kingly mission to our land he came,
" On sacred pledge—upon our faith's fair fame:
" Then strike, and heap dishonour on our name!"

Ill brook'd the chief such fiery speech, and high
His soul's proud spirit gather'd to his eye;
The youth rejoin'd—" Beneath whose banners led,
" Say at whose word my gallant Valdez bled?
" His was a patriot's life—a freeman's grave;
" Yet leagued his brother to a dastard slave,
" Dishonour'd seeks that traitorous foe to save."

There is some secret string—some answering tone,
That none avow, yet all in silence own,
That to our weakness or our hopes allied,
And waken'd skilful at the fitting tide,
Can either fix or change our destiny:
Such oft, though jealous sense would fain deny,
Will sway the proudest when their pride's most high.
So now o'er Marco's breast, at Valdez' name,
A thousand cherish'd recollections came:
For years of boyish friendship, side by side,
They ranged the hill or stemm'd the torrent's tide;
On honour's field in Marco's arms he died;

And when in shroud of mountain plaid he lay,
Had Marco given him to his native clay,
And bade the church's holy prayers ascend,
And fired the death-gun o'er his slaughter'd friend.

The Chieftain mused awhile: in voice subdued,
With calmer brow his alter'd speech renew'd;
" Gomez!" he said, " what boots it to recall
" Mine earliest friend;—as son of Spain should fall,
" He fell—the best, the most devoted; now
" The times unhappy ill such thoughts allow:
" Hear then, in herald's sacred garb confest,
" Alone, unarm'd, my deadliest foe might rest,
" As though in Ismael's distant halls he stood
" Girt by the warriors of his kindred blood.
" Even on this morn of massacre I stay
" My sword, if honour craves that sword's delay.
" Perchance, 'ere sink night's shadows, we shall hear
" Truth force its tale on thy reluctant ear."

He paused, and cast long earnest glance, as round
The jutting steep in lengthening file they wound;
" My gallant countrymen to this far shore
" Their zealous aid with hearts unmurmuring bore;
" But ne'er their dark blue Pyrenees again
" Shall hail, and far Gerona's verdant plain.
" Oh! on that eve, when hard by foemen bound,
" The out-numbering Paynim hemm'd our fastness round,
" And silent and exultingly drew near,
" Held slavery's chain, yet stay'd his breath for fear
" Their guarded tread our desperate band might hear,
" What ambush'd terrors did the Moslem find
" To grace his welcome, save the startled hind
" Or the wild whistling of the winter wind;
" When bold retreat to leaguering troop seem'd vain,
" Each dauntless heart his separate path had ta'en.
" At morn we were the same proud band again;
" At break of day, it was a glorious sight
" To mark how, clustering to the appointed height

" First dimly seen as speck on autumn sky,
" Then bolder swelling on the astonish'd eye,
" My troop came forth ! nor yet one heart delay'd,
" Of all in honour's cause who drew the blade :
" Now myriads, pouring with resistless sway,
" Like eagles gather to their falling prey ;
" They summon me to quit the field of strife,
" They proffer the spurn'd piteous boon of life,
" To barter Spain, my God, my Sovereign—no !
" Come to our cliffs and dearly conquering know,
" In life as death, a never-yielding foe !
" They deem the spoiler's rich repast is nigh :
" It is—and I will teach them how to die."
He stay'd his gloomy speech—but in his eye
The lightnings lived, that never yet were sent,
Save from strong heart on desperate purpose bent ;
His bonnet back he threw, as though its weight
Opprest his soaring soul—the daring great
That could not baffle, would not stoop to fate.

A moment paused they by the bright cascade,
Its welcome waters rushing down the glade.

Not oft has traveller's eye beheld, I ween,
So strange a group in such a savage scene:
The tall grey cliff in frowning masses hung;
To every creak the tangled copsewood clung,
And thick o'erarching breathed impervious night,
Save where by fits broke through the dazzling light;
And well those breaking glories gave to view
Their glittering arms and bonnets' scarlet hue,
On colour'd vest and figured sandal play'd,
And gave to life their darkly glancing plaid.
Here, shelter'd from the inexorable ray,
A wild and martial group extended lay;
There, some knelt earnest to the sparkling wave,
Their thirst to slake—their burning brows to lave;
While on their muskets, some with thoughtful breast,
And folded arms, and clouded visage, rest:
But one stood gloomiest on the mountain height
Unmoved, till rose his soul's collected might;
Then, when he heard the cannon's sullen sound,
With hopeless frenzy stamp'd the answering ground,
And sternly raised and shook his clenched hand
Towards the destroyers of his native land.

O God! it was both terrible and great
To mark a spirit on the verge of fate
Wrought up to such intensity of hate.

A craggy path there was, through tangled glade,
That winding steep to dizziest height convey'd,—
A dark and dangerous path, explored by few,
Yet every track that stern Guerilla knew.
Three now at Marco's summons, man by man,
Slowly stept forth—the noblest of the clan;
In manhood's prime, but old in danger grown,
Resolve was in each calm collected tone,
And on their brow the soul to fear unknown.
And one—the leader of that bold array,
A step advancing up the rocky way,
High drew his form and stately waved his hand;
" We seek yon loftiest peak of mountain land,
" To learn where lurks the Moslem's treacherous band:
" If, then, by yon dark stranger's step betray'd,
" The Moor in near and silent ambuscade

" Exulting waits his prey, be thine to show
" Unsparing doom!—my signal musket know,
" Let it be duly answer'd on the foe!—"
His eye on Hassan fell: stately and slow
He turn'd,—while yet he spoke, from man to man,
In deep assent, the low-breathed murmur ran;
Then heavily their tread's ascending sound
A moment rang as up the glade they wound;
And yet an instant on the dazzled eye
Their glancing plaid and arms flash'd gloriously.

With Marco, slow the Moor his march renew'd:
The summit won, an ancient fabric stood;
When now with tireless step they gain'd the hill,
The distant sound of volleying death was still.
The Chief awhile the mouldering mansion view'd;
" Sure tidings here resolve my doubting mood;
" Kinsmen! I haste to parley—brief my stay,
" Here in the court, till I return, delay."

I deem that fabric tottering to decay
Was but an hostel rude in better day:

The cross-barr'd grating, open to the air,
That show'd within the high walls cold and bare;
Those window-frames, where casement there was none,
Through which day's noontide glories scarcely shone;
The dull brazero, half extinct,—might well
The dreary tale of Spanish venta tell,
Such as may yet by wanderer's eye be seen,
If roams his step the realms where I have been.

Across the court an oaken plank was laid:
There one sad form rude resting-place had made;
The years, but not the bloom, of youth she bore—
The grace of better days was hers no more:
Silent she sat, nor seem'd her youthful brow
Youth's light companion, careless joy, to know;
Nor once, in those deep-fix'd dilated eyes,
Aught transient gleam'd of pity or surprise—
Nor yet one keen inquiring look she threw,
As captive stranger 'mid the band she knew.
An infant in her arms she held; her eye
On him alone bent long and wistfully,

To catch his dawning beauties, or retrace
His Father's memory in that thoughtless face:—
And where his sire? that glance, where hope, nor fear,
Nor love prevail, proclaims he is not here.
Whate'er the grief that shrouds her brow with gloom,
That breaking heart sinks slowly to the tomb;
And thine, poor babe! a hard and heavy doom,—
Thine earliest sounds the dreadful clash of arms,
Thy lullaby the tocsin's mad alarms;
The field where foes contend for mastery,
The stormy cradle of thy youth shall be!

But say, how brook'd the Moor that moment drear
Of chilling doubt, when final doom drew near?
An instant—and that joyous sun on high
Must hail him free, or mark as traitor die;
Restored a leader to his wonted sway,
Or stretch'd a corse abhorr'd—the vulture's prey.
So much of passion, doubt, and fretting pain,
Of all that wrings the heart, or racks the brain,
Of hopes alternating—had Hassan borne,
That earth he felt had little left to mourn;

Yet that strange love of life, deep-fix'd in all,
That scarcely leaves us when we seek to fall,
He felt; for, self-indifferent in such hour,
Far deeper thoughts for others' weal had power:
Zaira! thy generous love and desperate woes,
And the light form of tearless Blanche, arose.
Whate'er his secret mind, to Spaniard's gaze
No sign of shrinking fear the Moor betrays:
And well those children of the mountain knew
The calm respect to gallant foeman due;
The hour of justice come, with tranquil breath
They wait their leader's sign of life or death.

The conference o'er, again their way they wind,
And slowly leave the mouldering dome behind:
In silence Marco led the changing way
O'er wastes illumined by the setting ray;
In bold and graceful sweep, the horizon round
Rose lower hills with tall pinaster crown'd;
Stern and resolved, on each o'erhanging height
In faithful bands, for vigil and for fight,

The native peasant stood, prepared to throw
The rock in massive fragments on the foe
Who venturous sought to stem the pass below.
" My faithful band!" said Marco, " pause we here :"
With thoughtful brow to Islam's chief drew near:
" In honour come—in peace and honour go,
" Mine as my country's sworn oppressor; know,
" Of all your tribe on royal mission sent,
" Or all the chiefs of Spain's proud armament,
" There throbs not bosom to whom faith sincere
" Is more than to the Highland chieftain dear.
" Behold my country's chivalrous array,
" How gallantly they keep their mountain way!
" Shall hearts like these in Paynim bondage live?
" This eve we spurn the boon we freely give—
" The boon of life; within our mountain state
" Pent close and closer by your fervent hate,
" In life's last gasp, o'er conquer'd hill and plain
" Shall peal our death-shout—Ferdinand and Spain!
" This native earth shall shroud our dead—yon sky
" Shall stretch above her funeral canopy."

The Moslem heard: of passions deep and strong,
He ne'er forgave premeditated wrong;
Yet just he was, and nothing loth to know
The manly bearing of a gallant foe.
A victor's ire his captive hour had borne,
But not that worst of ills—a victor's scorn;
And if in fearful pass, as traitorous spy,
At Marco's summons he were doom'd to die,
He felt in time so rude, in such a scene,
As stern to Spanish chief himself had been.
Such thoughts in quick succession to his breast
Arose, as thus his answering speech exprest:
" Chieftain! to every rule of honour true,
" Even such the conquering Moor had shown to you:
" That sun, whose setting splendours gild the plain,
" Shall never light our mingled path again;
" Yet when on stormy day war's eddy strong
" Has swept your country's gallant ranks along—
" When vengeance dooms some son of Spain to death,
" My soul, brave chief! shall think on Highland faith;

" This arm shall stay my followers' ruthless blade,
" And thy proud courtesy be well repaid."

The fervent heat of noontide hour had past—
A splendid but a softer beam was cast
In even-tide: the mountaineers' array
At distance glitter'd in the level ray;
Old Alva's loftiest peaks, her woods below,
Her winding streams, were bathed in crimson glow;
The Moslem paused upon the latest height
That gave the glorious scene of arms to light;
Afar the Spaniard waved his bonnet high,
In sign of warrior's parting courtesy:
The Moslem saw—the farewell pledge confest,
High raised his arm, and waved his plumed crest;
Earnest he gazed—an instant, and no more;
Then bent his rapid step to Xenil's shore,
And ere night's shades fell heavy on the land,
Beneath the giant crag rejoin'd his band.

The Almoradis, marshall'd on the plain,
With joyful murmur hail'd their Lord again;

For much they fear'd strange peril might betide,
Ranging in such an hour the mountain side.
Young Albin heard—with eager voice replied:
" Most gracious Allah! it was mine to show
" The Heavens were fraught with sign of coming woe.
" Last night by fearful form my steed was crost,
" And my best poniard in the stream I lost.
" Ay, I had told of ominous sound and sight;
" But when arose our own Nevada, sprite
" And omen fled like fleeting mists of night.
" But safe our Chief! and Ismael's slaughtering sword
" Has well avenged lamented Malic's Lord:
" From Vilia's strand we've heard the cannon's breath—
" How gallantly it did the work of death!
" Here have I stood, and cursed the idle law
" That brooks no herald's arm in open war;
" While peasant from that desolated shore
" The glorious tale of well-fought battle bore:
" Nor reverend age, nor beauty's dawning charms
" Have 'scaped the havoc of our vengeful arms;

" Ay, scarce is left one blacken'd wall to tell
" Here were the bowers their maidens loved so well—
" Here fought their kindred bands—and here they fell."

Ay, is it so? thought Hassan; well he knew
That ancient man—the dreadful boding true.
Even now the sinking shades of night go down
Upon the ruins of his native town;
His aged eyes the destined wrath should see:
He said this very hour the doom must be—
And it has been:—" Brave Catalan!" he cried,
And turn'd to Gomez standing by his side,
" Whose bold fidelity, in this day's strife,
" With zeal unshrinking saved a foeman's life,
" Take this poor meed; though such but ill repays
" Thy generous faith!"—With calm unchanging gaze
The Spaniard stood, nor in his voice or eye
Aught that bespoke that morning's energy;
But seem'd as o'er his alter'd heart and brain
His early coldness had return'd again.
" At Kedith's call I left my native land—
" At Kedith's word I came to Xenil's strand;

" To me light thanks and little praise are due,
" If honour's path in dangerous hour I knew.
" A stranger too, by trusted guide betray'd!
" Defenceless given to foeman's thirsty blade!
" What deem you, Moslem, that my sires had said?
" Oh native Catalonia—cherish'd name!
" Ye distant mountains, where my birth I claim!
" Your rudest clansman would have done the same.
" Nor deem me, stranger Chief, of sullen mood,
" If yet this heart thy generous gift withstood,
" Whilst vainly brave o'er yonder levell'd walls,
" Before your slaughtering sword, the Spaniard falls:
" There once was Vilia, where yon setting sun
" Beholds the purple torrent freshly run!"

" Then fare thee well, brave heart and spirit high!"
The Moor rejoin'd; " high praise in chivalry
" And deed of arms be thine;—till life's last breath
" Be mine the memory of thy mountain faith!"

Now fast the Moslem band o'er echoing plain
Their coursers urge, nor stint the spur and rein;—

A toilsome race is theirs: from yonder height
The raven takes a long and weary flight
To fair Granada's towers,—fast sinks the light,
And Almoradi must be there to-night.
Start they to hear that dull and distant cry?
'Twas not the maddening shout of victory—
'Twas not the agonizing cry for life,
Or baffled valour rallying to the strife;
It came—the deep hurra of quenchless hate,
That mark'd the instant doom, and braved its fate.
They die!—yet not for vengeance call in vain:
Even now, fast swarming o'er the ravaged plain,
Undaunted by the slaughtering Moor's success,
Of passions deep and purpose merciless,
Devoted Vilia's vengeful band is nigh;
High-wrought collected hate is in each eye,
Yet reason o'er revenge holds mastery,
As still with cautious step the gloomy throng
Comes pouring slow and silently along.

Far o'er the Moslem's path, on craggy height,
More wildly shown by evening's dubious light,

The enthusiast stood; each breath of Heaven came through
His garb of tatter'd shreds and varied hue;
His brow was bare, his figure gaunt and high,
And fix'd and clouded his dilated eye:
But in his burning speech and maddening tone
Was all the Heaven-inspired fanatic shown;
He bade them crowd to arms for bleeding Spain—
For Jesu's word—for all the faithful slain—
And for the cross of God!—and as he spoke
Wild flashes from his startled hearers broke.
Gone was the patient mien, the stately air,—
The young scarce stay'd his closing words to hear,
But rush'd impetuous to the ranks of war;
Defenceless beauty with unshrinking hand,
Exhausted age has grasp'd the warrior's brand,
And lisping infancy implored to go
With sire or brother 'gainst the faithless foe.

The Moslem comes!—by Heaven! his little band
Can scarcely quit unscathed the Spanish land:

They come! nor wind their path, nor yet delay
A moment's space, but through that mix'd array
With force resistless sweep their onward way.
They flash'd like meteors on the dazzled eye—
So fast and fierce the Moslem train swept by;
Regardless of the gathering storm behind,
Regardless of the shouts that load the wind,
They near impetuous Xenil's frontier tide,
And now exulting gain the Moorish side.

Ride on, ye gallants, ride!—the very gale,
Your very mountains, breathe the battle-tale:
Behold! athwart the tempest-troubled sky,
From hill to hill the white Alhaique fly,
As gazer's glance in stormy day may see
The white foam breaking o'er a gloomy sea;
And still, as deeper sink the shades of night,
The beacon's blaze from every glowing height
Summons the sons of Islam to the fight.
Blaze high, ye threatening fires! your beams no more
Shall be extinguish'd, save in tides of gore;

And when they sink, no ray shall pierce the gloom
From Glory's shrine or parted honour's tomb.
No beam yet lingers on the mountain height,
Save where ye shed your strange unnatural light;
Granada's halls with thousand lamps are bright,
And Almoradi must be there to-night.

CANTO V.

THE ALHAMBRA.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

BYRON.

All dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL.

THE Scene of the present Canto is laid at the Alhambra, formerly the palace of the Moorish Kings of Granada, and still the most interesting as the most perfect relic of their times. In describing this beautiful creation of art, the Author has endeavoured to convey to his readers some idea of Moorish architecture. The minute carving, the delicacy yet richness of detail, produce an indescribable fascination on the traveller who beholds it for the first time; with little variety of surface or bold projection, all is graceful and harmonious, and like the regular features of perfect beauty, for a few minutes rivets his attention.

In his description of the festival, he has introduced the leading personages who flourished at that period, and in those scenes; in his delineation of the manners of the Moorish Court he has adhered to the traditions that have yet survived, and to the old romances, which give a lively insight into the state of society as it then existed. To persons unacquainted with the superstitions of the East, the influence of the evil eye may appear exaggerated; but among the Spanish Moors, the withering effects ascribed to it, and the horrors which it inspired, can scarcely be conceived. The infernal vapour, the burning gales, and all the religious imagery that he has inserted, are grounded on specific points of Mahometan belief, which he has explained more fully in his Notes. He has incurred the risk of fatiguing his readers by the many historical allusions he has introduced in the Prophet's speech, and afterwards in the prophecy; but he was unwilling to pass over in silence the slaughter of the Abencerrages, the circumstances that attended the fall of Granada, and the accumulated crimes of a Monarch, whose fate presents a memorable instance of just but dreadful retribution. Dethroned and exiled, abhorred by the people he had betrayed, he took refuge among the desarts of Africa, where, blind and destitute of support, he was discovered by one of his former subjects, who closed, by his murder, a scene of human vicissitude more striking, and a tragedy more highly wrought, than can elsewhere be found, even among the annals of Eastern history.

CANTO V.

THE ALHAMBRA.

It is a night of pealing jubilee:
Granada rings with mirth and revelry;
Loud wakes the cithern, flute, and psaltery,
While harp and light guitar are borne along,
And lost in the full tide of rapturous song.
With waving plume and proud distinctive dress,
That lineage high and rival hate confess,
Granada's nobles to the banquet speed,
And Taflit's Chieftain on his raven steed.
Chief after chief, from Oran's desart shore,
The glittering garb of distant Tunis bore;
And they whose path is track'd in blood and flame,
From Atlas' desolated region came,—

Land of the dauntless heart and sheathless sword,
By foe unconquer'd, scarce by friend explored,
Whose fiery faith, with unrelenting hand,
Ne'er staid at pity's call the murderous brand:
No turbans on their brow they bore; alone
Their mountain's wild alhaïque round them thrown,
Giants by the uncertain lustre shown
They seem'd. Beyond, the lords of Tetuan's strand—
A gloomy, fierce, inexorable band,
With scimitar and sulman white as snow,
And scarlet turban, down the path-way go.
Troop after troop, in stately cavalcade
Slowly they move; while arch and balustrade
The silken banners of their race display'd:
The choicest odours of the plain to-day
Were pluck'd to scatter o'er their glowing way;
Fair was the largess of the welcomed brave,
And loud the shouts applauding Ismael gave,
As on, with glittering vest, and heart as gay,
They rode;—to-morrow is the battle-day,
To-night the banquet and the dance shall be,
To-night the King holds royal jubilee.

By Heaven! it was a glad and gallant sight,
From Elvire's gate to steep Albaycin's height—
From every gay illumined tower to see
Granada send her noblest chivalry:
Her halls, her domes, the very air breathed flame;
The loud tophaike in joyous echo came;
While maddening myriads bade Granada ring
With shouts for great Abdallah, Islam's King.
By Gomar's lordly tower the music play'd,
And "Come ye gallants, come!" the minstrel said:
"At morn, the march; at eve, the field of fight;
"But song, and feast, and revelry—to-night.
"The Light of Earth—the Sultan—in his hall
"Bids welcome to his glorious festival."

Oh! given to song, and revelry, and light,
Alhambra's halls were beautiful that night:
Her cedar roof, with precious pearl inlaid,
Her walls transparent, seem'd of crystal made;
So slight and shadowy, that the stream of day
A thousand faint interstices its way

Broke through, as through the veil's thin mystery
Comes the half-clouded soul of woman's eye;
And o'er the Mesuar's gorgeous gallery play'd,
Where clustering columns bore the light arcade;
And danced the Lion's marble court upon,
On floor where thousand colours brightly shone,
O'er domes of Persia's never-fading dye,
And blue more glorious than its native sky.

Nor yet Heaven's splendours rose alone to view;
The gay pavilion stream'd of every hue
The rainbow knows: rare gems were o'er it strung,
And glittering stalactites in marble hung,
'Mid clustering fretwork carved with matchless care,
Of diamond form, or circling light and fair,
As bees had built their summer grotto there;
Of texture wonderful as sparry cave
Of ocean maid beneath the sea-green wave;
While bright as morning dew on wint'ry day,
A hundred fountains shed their glistening spray
O'er all the exulting scene: melodious sound
The forest's captive warblers pour'd around;

The rifled mountain spread her liveliest bloom,
And woo'd the spell-bound sense with rich perfume ;
While India's scents, from vaulted hall below,
The mingling odours of the East bestow,
And breathing through each sculptured flow'ret, bear
Delicious fragrance to the upper air.

Apart, in high alcove, the Monarch lay,
Reposing from the beams of sultry day ;
The spangled garb of Tunis round him roll'd,
And o'er his head the canopy of gold :
Here figured china scatter'd incense round—
There Persia's purple carpet deck'd the ground ;
Her silks fell fair o'er gilded balustrade,
Where fount of fretted alabaster play'd :
In gorgeous dress the train of royal power
Reclining, wait their Monarch's waking hour,
Around its verge reposed ; bend they to hear
That soft strain slowly steal upon the ear,
As fearful uninvited guest : again
The music swells a bolder, loftier strain—

More loud, till all the fretted roof rebounds,
And all the glorious gallery resounds.

SONG TO THE SULTAN.

Sultan! at the Minstrel's strain,
Wake to life and joy again!
Long has sunk the orb of day—
Yields to thine his powerful sway,
For his glories are less bright
Than thy palaces of light.

Sultan! at thy hour of birth,
There was wonder upon earth;
The Moon was in her crescent glow,
Earth was tranquil, and the wave
Awe-struck not a ripple gave;
By such sign, 'twas ours to know
That a child of Ismael's race
Should his Father's steps retrace—
Should restore our falling sway—
Should revive the Caliph's day,

And give to fame the royal line;
That the Heaven-sent star of morning
Had begun to shine;
That the sacred light was dawning
From the Prophet's shrine.

Sultan! join the festive train,
Mark the pomp and hear the strain!
Though a thousand lustres rise
Brighter than the studded skies,
Vain their splendour, cold their ray,
While the Moorish King's away:
While thy presence glads us not,
Mirth and music are forgot;
Cheerless youth and beauty seem,
And yon festoon'd flower-carved walls,
And Alhambra's radiant halls,
But a joyless dream.

Sultan! hear the Minstrel's strain,
Wake to life and love again!

The strain rang blithely through the echoing hall,
And fair the scene; but oh! more fair than all,
That bower that hung o'er Daro's poplar shore,
And heard dark Xenil's stream in ceaseless roar:
More gracefully each sculptured flow'ret grew,
And every colour own'd a brighter hue.
Here citron groves their witching scents exhale;
Here sings on ivied elm the nightingale;
And here the tufted palm, the myrtle bower,
The cedar's spicy grove, the allala flower;
There, resting in the moonlight, pure and pale,
Against the deep-blue sky her snowy veil
Nevada stretch'd, while, bright with festal glow,
A thousand spangled minarets lived below.

Oh, fallen Granada! land of lost delight!
City of song, the banquet, and the fight!
Ye scenes beloved of Allah! never yet
Shall Ismael's sons thy vanish'd joys forget.
Land of exalted faith and courage high,
Of stainless truth and generous loyalty—

Where beauty and where chivalry had birth,
The proudest but the loveliest spot of earth!
Around thy Zoraide's bower they brightest shone—
Now Beauty, Birth, and Chivalry are gone!

Yet why that eve, when every dome gleam'd bright,
Slept Zoraide's bower consign'd to cheerless night?
Why, best-beloved, that blithest form of all,
Their young Sultana shuns the illumined hall?
Oh God! it were a dreary tale to tell,
To sate a Tyrant's wrath how beauty fell:
Yet here she loved on happier eve to rest;
Here, too, in changing hour, with pitying breast,
Granada mark'd her last and loveliest Queen
Behold with tears of grief the heavenly scene.
Ye mournful notes, be still! in festal day
The opprest and wearied heart has little sway;
And few, when music's mirth is in their ear,
Will pause—a tale of lingering grief to hear.
High now from blazing dome the joyous strain
Swells, till the very roof rings back again:

Through crowded gallery comes the pealing call,
" Make way, ye gallants ! back, ye vassals, fall !
" The Sultan comes all radiant to his hall :
" Form nobles, form ! ye minstrels wake the song !
" And royal Muca, lead the dance along."
Forgive, if 'mid such glowing scenes I dwell,
And wake, with tedious art, the lingering spell—
From the long cheerless night of ages raise
The festive image of those splendid days,
When Glory's meed was Beauty, and the brave
On pennon bore the 'broider'd scarf she gave ;
If, true to Moorish lore, my feeble lay
Revives the joys, the feuds of other day,
And Chiefs whose very names have pass'd away ;
And bids Alhambra echo to the strain
Her mouldering halls shall never hear again.

The scene is changed ;—no more with courtly grace
Youth's smiling bands the native zambra trace—
No more light melting notes of music hear :
Far other strain shall rush upon their ear ;
A loftier measure—prouder hour, is near.

The Chiefs in hall, the Sultan on his throne,
Granada's bards must wake a sterner tone;
And martial lord and echoing roof prolong
The exulting tumult of the battle-song,—
With stormy rapture speed the lingering night,
With mirth and banquet, till the dawning light.

I said that dome of gold and azure knew
Than Heaven's most glorious tints a brighter hue;
Gleam'd all the imaged firmament of night:
The sacred text in characters of light,
As cloud in summer sky, 'mid scene so gay,
Proclaim'd the terrors of that dreadful day,
When Man shall bow beneath the Avenger's ire,
And Heaven be seen through rolling clouds of fire.
Exulting Beauty's graceful train is gone,
High raised in jewell'd garb the Sultan shone;
From stately canopy, the crimson fold,
And awnings richly fringed with tissued gold,
Fell royally; around the glittering throne
The warriors of the Zegri blood were known—

With sable plume, in still and sullen mood,
Like gloomy Afrits, round their Sovereign stood;
In fight Granada's boldest champions, they
O'er Ismael's slaughter'd pride to loftiest sway,
Through Ismael's tears, had track'd their dreary way:
Sons of the savage South! whose scorching clime
Gives strength to virtue, and gives fire to crime;
Where fancy mounts to madness, and the hand
Dares fearless what that maddening fancy plann'd.
Beyond, stood many a chief of plumed pride,
By civil feud and kindred ties allied;
And many a lord of sworn and quenchless hate,
Represt, in festive hour, the keen debate.
Let jarring feuds through tired Granada cease—
" Peace 'mid her tribes; with all, save Issa, peace!"

Before the awful presence Hassan stood;
And " Hail!" he said, " of Yemen's sacred blood,
" Abdallah, hail! Return'd from Ruti's plain,
" I bore the olive branch of peace in vain.
" Their blinded King, their creed's envenom'd hate—
" The God of Ismael, guides them to their fate.

" Their answer, ask ye? Sultan, shall I name
" Terms so replete with servitude and shame?
" Ay, be it told! and let the ominous sound
" From lip to lip, from chief to chief, go round;
" And when against the red-cross ranks ye go,
" Warriors! be this your thought—nor mercy show!
" Dishonour's tribute!—God! that such a word
" From son of Almoradi should be heard:
" Tribute extorted by the Tyrant's sway,
" As lord exacts and crouching slave must pay!
" I hurl'd my stern defiance to the ground,
" Till the high hall re-echo'd to the sound;
" I said the Sovereign of Granada's throne
" Bows to no Lord!—save Allah's self alone!
" I said our guides should count them his array—
" A thousand beacons marshall them their way;
" And blazing high, to wondering despot show
" Each rock a fortress, and each serf a foe.
" Yet, to thy mission's peaceful mandate true,
" Has Hassan done all honour's son could do;
" Yet all in vain;—dishonour's blighting breath
" Broke o'er us like the chilling blast of death.

" Though vain our peaceful vows, without a stain,
" My King, my Country, and my Clan remain:
" Take back the herald's wand, my Sovereign Lord!
" Thine honour claims a nobler pledge—the sword."

From princely dais the Sultan rear'd him high:
His form was stately, and unquell'd his eye;
The dark-green plumes his royal race avow,
The diadem was on his kingly brow;
His goodly front bespoke a generous faith,—
Alas! that treacherous soul should lurk beneath—
That Heaven should yield, in fate's extremest day,
A gallant people to a coward's sway!
Yet, when he heard, through loud re-echoing hall,
One maddening shout proclaim the will of all;
The burning vow of many a martial lord,
That dawning day might gild the unsheath'd sword,
Nor see it to its sheath restored again,
While throbb'd one Spanish heart on Moorish plain;
And mark'd in every gaze their fierce delight—
Fire in each eye, each arm upraised for fight;

Then rose the spirit—woke the loftier tone,
That should have sunk with sinking life alone;
Stern from his glance impassion'd vengeance broke,
And proud and princely was the word he spoke.

" Thy mission nobly done, no braver Lord
" To-night may grace his Sovereign's festal board;
" Be theirs the instant war, since war they crave—
" A boon ne'er snatch'd reluctant from the brave.
" My soul's high purpose fix'd; at dawning light
" Myself will lead my people's gather'd might,
" Where foes, strong mustering, guard Lucena's height.
" To-night our city rings with parting glee,
" A nation mingles in festivity;
" High feast to every prince of Afric's band,
" To every tented chief of Eastern land,
" And to each native lord of fair degree;—
" My heart is open as my halls are free;
" Then, noble Hassan, join our revelry!"

The King Abdallah spoke; and loud and long
Their wild applause the turban'd chiefs prolong,

And shook their plumes, and sternly smiled, to hear
The promised vengeance of the fight so near:
The warriors of the crescent shield alone
In sullen silence stood around the throne;
They little brook'd that courtly beams should shine
On rival chief of Hassan's hated line,
And darkly musing, ponder'd on that day,
When slaughter'd Hamar roused the civil fray,
And Almoradi on Albaycin's shore
Bade Xenil's waters stream with Zegri gore.

Nor long, I ween, Lord Hassan paused to see
Before the throne his lineal enemy,
The chief of Zegri, stand; too proud to show
Aught that might swell the triumph of the foe,
Beneath the courtier's careless mien represt
The burning thought, if such within his breast
Arose, and lightly join'd the glittering feast;
" Yet oh! if ever o'er this harass'd land
" Again shall wave the herald's peaceful wand,"—
Such was his silent soul:—" that better day
" Stern Zegri shall my kinsmen's wrongs repay,

" A deep requital in that deadly strife
" Where quenchless hatred gives nor asks for life;
" At morn from Elvire's portal will we ride,
" But who returns at eve, just Heaven decide!"

Few mark'd their jealous hate, or paused to view:
Bright was the festive pomp that evening knew;
The minstrels swept the sounding chords along,
And " Great Abdallah!" fill'd the echoing song.
" Health to the tribes who mingle here to-night,
" And him, the Lord of all their marshall'd might!"
Fierce at the strain the sable Chieftain sprung—
His black and bristling locks disorder'd flung,
His voice was menacing, of giant height
His form, and his eye glared with savage light:
A scimitar was at his side, and round
His breast the Leopard's speckled hide was bound.
The courtly bearing of that splendid age,
Tempering with stately grace even civil rage,
That lent Granada's feuds a nobler tone—
Was to the sons of Africa unknown:

" Lord of my tribes! presumptuous Monarch, know
" At will I come—and when it lists me, go.
" To Atlas' heights your suppliant herald came,
" And craved a brother's aid in Ismael's name;
" True to the call, o'er many a desart strand,
" For Ismael's cause I led my sable band:
" From Issa's hosts abhorr'd, I come to save,—
" A brother King, your equal—not your slave.
" What care I for yon tinted lamps, whose ray
" Falls fitfully and dazzles all my way?
" Far brighter glance to Taflit's mountain Lord,
" The deadly flash of carabine and sword;
" I better prize the roar of mountain fight,
" Than all the melting music of to-night!"

Uncourteous flow'd his speech, and as he ceased
His eye fell scornful on the astonish'd feast:
Stern from that hall was sullen murmur sent,
And every glance was on the Sultan bent;
Yet slow he seem'd, as cautious to reply,
While fear with passion struggled in his eye;

For though such savage Chieftain's open scorn
Might ill by Ismael's proudest lord be borne;
He knew, in coming danger's desperate deed,
Of firm ally his failing sword had need,
And deeply felt bereft of Afric's aid,
Ten Spanish falchions to one Moorish blade,
Had vain defence out-number'd Islam made.

Even then, ere answering word of keen debate
Had lent fresh ardour to their kindling hate,
The Sultan silent, Muca rose with speed:
He mark'd the crisis, felt the instant need;
And ne'er has Ismael's storied page unroll'd
The name of Prince more politic or bold.
To save his Sovereign's honour, stay the feud,
To reconcile such hard extremes, he stood.
With calm and cautious dignity of mien
The practised statesman in his speech was seen;
" Methinks 'twere nobly done for minstrel lay
" To rouse the stormy feud of rival sway,
" I hear the boasting sons of Issa say;

" Unlike their Fathers, sway'd by jealous fear,
" Strife ruled their councils when the foe was near;
" Of feeble heart, faithless in danger tried,
" Whom Heaven and treaty bind their feuds divide;
" How long and loud their boast ere danger came,
" Their words—how haughty, and their deeds—how tame!
" What,—deem you, Chieftain, that in martial song
" My Sultan brother did thine honour wrong?
" Some Border march, our comrade, thou had'st known,
" If he whose glories fill Earth's loftiest throne,
" Beneath his sheltering roof had stoop'd to show
" Wrong to a kindred lord: by Allah! no,
" Not to the man he holds his deadliest foe!
" Then cease this strife of words, our harps delay,
" And yet night's latest hours glide fast away.
" Now, sable warriors! ere our bards prolong,
" Dear to each heart, Granada's battle song,
" As honour'd guests and welcome kinsmen, high
" Let Afric's children wake their minstrelsy;
" From Muca's Lord a happier theme shall be,
" Our brother Chiefs beyond the southern sea."

Man is of wayward, vain, capricious mood,
Slight word can calm—as little fires his blood;
To hear Granada's high-born Prince demand
The rugged war-song of their native land,
Allay'd the gathering tempest, sooth'd their pride:
Well skilful Muca mark'd the ebbing tide,
And almost smiled to see their wrath subside
At such light word; yet fearful lest delay
Might rouse again the soul of rival sway,
Earnest he pray'd that they might quickly hear
A strain so grateful to the royal ear;
Through Taflit's sons the applauding murmur ran,
And high the strain as Afric's bard began.

The African Battle Song.

Wake the rallying note to hear,
Fling the hunter's horn away—
For a louder blast is near,
And a redder day;

To our mountains shall the foe
Come in arms, and scatheless go?

Children of Numidia's land,
Heart of fire and dauntless hand,
Who of Afric's sons more brave,
On the dreary desart strand
Or the ocean wave?
Rush resistless to the strife,
Strike for freedom, strike for life;
To our mountains shall the foe,
Come in arms and scatheless go?

Light your beacon, wake the strain,
Blow the trumpet blast again;
Rushing from his caves of fear,
Till the startled Ethiop hear,
Taflit, bring your mountain might.
Welcome! sable Lords of fight—
Ye who snowy sulman wear,
Ye who scorn that badge to bear;

Warriors of the bended bow,
Welcome! welcome to the foe!

Tented chiefs of Araby,
Best allies when danger's nigh;
Friend and kinsman many a one,
Land and dwelling ye have none;
Yet where'er Heaven's bright beams shine,
Arab! every spot is thine;
Who athwart thy desart way
Dares thy fearless step gainsay?
Chieftains! whose unsullied race
Years of proud descent may trace;
Leaders on the battle plain,
Lovers of the minstrel strain!
Changeless heart, in danger's need,
Ne'er forgot a kindly deed—
Ne'er forgave, however long,
Sire to son, a foeman's wrong;
Yet, within their tents a guest,
Safe their deadliest foe might rest.

Largess bright, their clansmen know,
Reckless given as gales that blow,
Boundless as the desarts drear
Where their rushing steeds career;
Glance of lightning, step of wind,
Leave your sullen wastes behind;
Wave the crescent far and high,
Raise the loud Allala cry—
To-day a bloody wreath be won,
Slave or captive let us none!

Flute and timbrel, Maidens! bring;
And, ye woods and mountains sing
Glory to the Moorish King!
While our plains and valleys ring
With that welcome tone—
The dying groan,
And our rivers flow
With the slaughter of the foe.

With swelling soul had proud Abdallah heard,
And mingled fear, stern Taflit's churlish word;

With lighten'd heart beheld his brother's skill
Subdue their passions to his better will,
And safely bring, with pilot's practised hand,
Granada's storm-saved vessel to the land;
Yet now had shame and jealousy combined
With envy, to its better interests blind—
That frequent inmate of the feeble mind;
Such now beneath each guarded word represt
Awoke its pangs in cold Abdallah's breast.
Bound by the first and earliest ties of blood,
The heir of Ismael's sceptre, Muca, stood;
Yet oh! such kindred ties but little weigh
In minds where sordid jealousy has sway:
The praises of the rising Prince to hear
Is seldom grateful theme to Monarch's ear;
And well that lord, his jealous Sovereign knew,
Men deem'd in fight more bold, in love more true;
His matchless deeds from every lip would part,
And every word sent daggers to his heart;
And, more abhorr'd than dread of rival sway,
A crime no after-years could wash away—

The same impassion'd fire had Muca felt,
And at one shrine the royal brothers knelt.
I ween Zelima loved; ay, loved that lord
Who sway'd in Lorca's field the conquering sword;
Yet well the force of Monarch's smile she knew,
And o'er the royal heart her witchery threw;
She knew, that wily fair, man's fickle breast
Forgets the loveliest form it late possest;
So day by day her well-feign'd Honour made
Some new pretext, and love's last boon delay'd—
With varied art prolong'd the magic spell,
That courtly train, 'mid festive hall, might tell,
In Beauty's turret, bound by silken chain,
How long Granada's Sultan sigh'd in vain.

His thoughts I know not, little care to know,
As to himself, in voice restrain'd and low—
"Thank Heaven! has Taflit calmer counsel heard,
"Yet would 'twere any, save my Brother's word."
He now, the bitter sense of late disgrace
And Muca's happier guidance to efface,

With haste unwonted rose, and bade prolong
Earth's proudest hymn, Granada's battle song.

The Moorish War-Song.

From the ranks of our foeman the far herald came,
And to freemen his word was the summons of shame;
As freemen we spurn'd it, our gauntlet threw down,
And defiance we bade to her people and crown.

Now blaze, ye red beacons! high peal the war strain!
And welcome! thrice welcome! ye children of Spain!
How vaunting ye come, and how lonely shall go,
When our valleys are ringing the fall of the foe.

Now the soft serenade through the long summer night,
And the dance and the banquet, must yield to the fight;
But the true love we leave, when we clasp her again,
Shall make us a wreath from the spoils of the slain.

The terrible Allah has bared his right hand,
And Abdallah shall lead us, the Prince of the land;

Ye Chiefs of Granada! your clansmen combine,
Ye Lords of the Gazul and Vanega line!

Ye stern Almoradi and Zegri! who spring
From the high-blooded sons of the African King;
Be still your sworn hatred—as brothers unite,
And like torrents deep mingling rush on the fight.

Almoradi! the standard of royalty bear—
Be the crescent of Zegri resistless in war!
On Issa the wrongs of your kindred repay,
Sworn foemen be rivals in glory to-day.

The bold who in battle is boldest to-day,
His lady—his country—his King shall repay;
Who falls as a Chief of the faithful should fall,
The Houris await in their gem-studded hall.

Then what can ye fear? since to do or to die
Is glory on earth, or is rapture on high;
And what, save the yearning of hate, can ye know,
When opposed to the ranks of the Infidel foe?

Then Chiefs of the land! from your lethargy break;
For your country, your King, and your honour, awake!
Then blaze, ye red beacons! high peal the war strain!
And welcome! thrice welcome! ye children of Spain!

High rose the plaudit as the strain gave o'er,
Nor sank alone in one wild rapturous roar—
Thrice rose, thrice more tumultuous than before
Rang the loud echoes, lighten'd every eye,
And turbans waved in stormy ecstacy.
Save pride or policy awoke the word,
From Almoradi's lord was seldom heard
The young enthusiast's glowing tone: but now
A light was in his eye, and flush'd his brow;
O'er his full heart the rushing strain had power,
And Hassan felt and own'd the maddening hour.
Even then, though strange it seem, his kindling breast
With wonder mark'd the fire his speech confest,
And felt how oft that soul in others shown
Had waked his cold satiric smile and tone;
Nor less the Sultan's heart deprest, that strain
Restored at once to confidence again:

In craven mind the worst extremes have sway,
And slavish awe to boasting pride gives way;
If e'er he knew the middle course to steer,
'Twas not from manly sense, but doubting fear;
So now, by mirth and minstrelsy elate,
With rancorous word he roused the keen debate:
" High themes are ours to-night!" the Monarch cries;
" Enough—let sorrow's softer notes arise;
" While yet those martial sounds are in mine ear,
" Shall swell the dirge o'er valour's early bier;
" A Father's bursting energy of woe
" Shall teach the melancholy strain to flow—
" Shall tell with factious force on Daro's side,
" His only son in arms a rebel died;
" Come Faqui—give such worthy deeds to fame,
" And rescue from the grave his branded name!"
Taunting he spoke; his speech was of that feud,
When half the noblest Chiefs of Ismael's blood
In arms against their King Abdallah stood.

Stern at that call the Moslem rear'd him slow;
Haughty his mien, and unsubdued by woe;

Nor o'er his furrow'd brow, with youth, had died
Youth's daring and unconquerable pride:
His cheek was flush'd with ire, his brow was bent,
Full on the King his lowering glance was sent;
And glance it was, so steady, stern, and high,
The tyrant quail'd beneath his piercing eye:
It was a look so ominous and drear,
The boldest view'd it with unwonted fear;
Perchance they deem'd it that dull glare of death
By Eblis kindled in his realms beneath,
And sent on earth—a dread unnatural light,
That but to gaze upon, has power to blight
Man's fairest visions, seal his earthly doom,
And drive his steps in horror to the tomb:
As when the enchanter on the cloud-girt hill
Waved his charm'd wand, and bade the storm be still;
So now, when mirth her wildest wassail sped,
Beneath his glance of more than mortal dread
Ceased the loud revel; a cold shuddering crept
O'er every guest, and deadly stillness kept;
The harper's hand, even now prepared to fling
High praise and glorious greeting to the King,

Stood Fate-arrested on the silent string;
The goblet raised to quaff with fierce delight
Rested mid-way, as o'er the startled sight
Had awful vision dawn'd; each heart beat high
With mingled dread and wonder; every eye
Bent fearfully upon that stern old man,
As thus in dreary tone his speech began:—

" Yes! o'er my soul shall vengeful ire have sway;
" Thy taunts I hear, thy dictates I obey;
" The slaughters of that unforgotten day
" Shall fire my freezing veins—again shall flow
" The noblest blood that Yemen's warriors know;
" Again with fearless step and trusting breast
" Their youthful Chieftain seeks his King's behest.
" God! will no warning spirit rise, and save
" The great, the gallant, from a timeless grave?
" Heedless their victim comes, by traitors bound,
" The lion court his deadliest foes surround.
" High in the centre of that murderous ring
" With carnage-breathing signal, Ismael's King,

" And round his ministers of vengeance stand,
" With savage eye intent, and naked brand:
" On half his race they deal the coward blow,
" A kindred, trusting, and defenceless foe!
" Oh! ghastly sight! with many a gaping wound
" My country's bravest strew the unhallow'd ground:
" But did Granada tamely view their fall,
" Revered by Prince and peasant—loved by all?
" No! o'er their ravaged limbs and blood-stain'd bier
" The young, the aged, shed the burning tear,
" And curses loud and deep arose: that morn
" Had seen thy scepter'd honours rudely torn—
" That hour had seen, on Daro's crimson'd shore,
" A vengeful people revel in thy gore;
" But Allah turn'd the gather'd storm away,
" And hoards his vengeance for a heavier day.

" Cold as his kindred earth where Hamet lies,
" With grief's dishevell'd locks and streaming eyes
" Thy royal sister stands; with hopeless grasp,
" Takes the cold hand that little heeds her clasp;

" Kiss'd the damp brow, and murmur'd in his ear
" The long-loved tones he never more shall hear :
" With terror mute, love's infant pledges stood,
" And trembling mark'd the scene of kindred blood ;
" Yet marvell'd why their Mother's frantic strain
" Should bid their slaughter'd Sire arise in vain.
" Tyrant ! that widow'd heart with thine had been,
" In joy and grief, through many a childish scene ;
" Those ties, first—latest—cherish'd : in such hour,
" Had claims like these no wrath-assuaging power ?
" Nor he, thy little kinsman, whose young breast
" The ready tide of artless grief confest ?
" No ! in her heart the Tyrant plunged his sword,
" And bade her join in death her murder'd lord ;
" His weeping kinsman seized—with ruffian wound
" Dash'd his young honours to the blood-stain'd ground ;
" Spurn'd the mute form, that from the o'ermastering
grave
" Yet stretch'd one wild imploring arm to save ;
" For him forgot the deadly pang, that now
" Represt her labouring speech and chill'd her brow ;
" To save his beauties from the ruffian blow,
" Had kiss'd the steel that laid his Father low ;

" That last worst pang has seal'd her agony.
" High o'er her prostrate form, with iron eye
" And heart, the Imperial murderer mark'd her die.

" Thy royal kindred slain in impious ire,
" Thy falchion raised against an aged Sire,
" Thy young Sultana led in beauty's bloom
" And early innocence to shameful doom!
" New scenes of guilt must patient Ismael see?
" Earth loathes to look upon a wretch like thee.

" Fair mirth is in the lion's court to-night,
" Loud sounds the harp, and glad the festal light;
" But oh! can mirth and music chase away
" The undying shame and slaughter of that day?
" No! in yon fount, the dark and harrowing stain,
" Where murder was, eternal shall remain,
" From age to age, till man's last summons tell,
" Here fell the brave—devoted Yemen fell!
" And oh! in that unutterable day,
" When howling Afrits seize their shuddering prey—
" When Earth is riven, and crashing Heaven gives way,

" With ocean heaving to her depths profound,
" While fetter'd Hell is dragg'd with roaring sound
" Before the judgment throne of the Most High,
" To hear her spirits doom'd eternally;
" Seeking the perilous path of heavenly bliss
" O'er that unfathomably deep abyss,
" With faltering step on Sirat's dreadful height—
" That bloody stain shall glare upon thy sight,
" Thy victim's gory forms around thee glow,
" And hurl thee to the yawning gulph below:
" There vainly rave on God's insulted name,
" While burning gales shall agonize thy frame;
" 'Mid fiends in pangs intolerable lie,
" The infernal cloud for ever blast thine eye,
" And in thy heart the fire that cannot die!

" Such was the thrilling tale of guilt and woe—
" Such was the appalling wrath I rose to show,
" And little reck'd I, if thy ruffian rage
" Had stain'd with gore the snowy locks of age;
" But now the shade of death is in mine eye,
" And on my tongue the soul of prophecy:

" These are the warning echoes of the tomb,
" Heaven prompts the word, and I denounce the doom.
" Ye fatal fields of civil strife! away:
" Full on my sight the terror-dawning day
" Of conflict breaks, the startled hills rebound,
" Lucena's caves repeat the trumpet's sound;
" I see the turban'd ranks—the crescent bright;
" I see the red-cross warriors ranged for fight:
" Look down, great Prophet! from thy blissful bower,
" Uphold thy people in this desperate hour;
" For Ismael's weal forgive our reeking throne,
" Mine injured country's honour is thine own;
" O'er struggling Ismael stretch the helping hand,
" All-powerful Allah! save my native land!

" In vain I plead; the hard death-struggle o'er,
" Slow sinks the sun on tides of Moslem gore:
" Where now your vaunting speech, whose impious
pride,
" With promised triumph, Heaven and Earth defied?
" Oh! in that muffled drum, and measured tread,
" And plaintive dirge, that wails the gallant dead—

" That mournful music floating wild and low—
" To-night's carousing spirit do I know,
" That deems even now the morn is breaking slow,
" That shall consign to the award of fate
" Two burning nations' still divided hate.

" Her noblest Chiefs on Honour's gory bed,
" Granada's King in shameful bondage led,
" I tire of endless griefs; this wearied breast,
" Immortal Allah! pines for blissful rest.
" Not yet—all dark and fearfully mine eye
" Is glazed with visions of futurity;
" Truths unreveal'd break o'er my straining sight,
" And deeds and times conceal'd in deepest night:
" I cannot brook them—hideous forms, away!
" In vain—it comes with soul-o'ermastering sway,
" Ill-fated Islam's last terrific day!
" Destroying Issa crowds the unpeopled shore,
" And shakes the city drunk with civil gore:
" E'en at our gates the red-cross banners show,
" And yet, great God! we scorn the advancing foe!

" Long to our sons the infatuate tale be said—
" A prouder tone our parting wassail sped,
" A brighter beam, when hope's last glow was fled,
" Granada's sinking sun of glory shed:
" The mounting foe is on her master'd walls,
" The voice of mirth is in her latticed halls;
" On every rampart's hard-defended height,
" At morn more fierce, more desperate, grows the fight,
" And louder peals the revelry by night.
" 'Mid crashing towers and carnage-cover'd plain,
" While gasp the dying—tombless lie the slain,
" Alhambra never heard a blither strain.
" But lo! new terrors dawn! Almanzor dies,
" And slowly bursting on their startled eyes,
" Behold the city of the faithless rise!

" The revel sinks: they feel the doom is near,
" With alter'd mood, in stupid gaze of fear,
" By sudden sense of soul-absorbing woe
" Vanquish'd they stand; with wakening frenzy know
" Earth's best inheritance is given away,
" The hand of God is on them, and the day,

" The dreadful day has dawn'd: with lightning glance
" They burst astonish'd from their lengthen'd trance;
" In arms, a wild tumultuous group they go,
" And rush, with careless frenzy, on the foe.

" Hark! the loud cannon on the crumbling wall
" The fierce assault, the vain repulse—they fall
" In hopeless conquest: through the tainted air
" Reigns the unbroken stillness of despair;
" High now their aimless ire, with swelling sound
" Rages, as blast that sweeps the deep profound,
" And like the blast is gone; hush'd every breath,
" Again despairing silence dread as death;
" Save woman's shriek, or infant's moaning wail,
" Or life's last murmurs on the poison'd gale,
" That daily fans it o'er the unburied brave.
" Now fruitless tears, and desperate prayers to save
" Now frantic curses on the anointed line,
" And blasphemies on Mecca's sacred shrine;
" While boding prophets swell the wild dismay,
" The deep-toned horror of that closing day.

" Can sounds so direful pierce the Immortal ear?
" With soul unmoved, can Heaven's great Master hear
" That strangely ebbing tide of crime and woe?
" Is his heart sated, or his vengeance slow,
" That yet withholds o'er the devoted land
" The blasting terrors of his red right hand?
" They come! they come! and on our wasted shore
" The strife of eight long centuries is o'er,
" 'Mid all our domes the cross triumphant borne,
" From sacred mosque the silver crescent torn:
" Fill high the crowning cup of Ismael's shame,
" Thou Chief of proud Granada! King in name
" Alone! go!—prostrate, shivering at the gate,
" On suppliant knee thy brother despot wait;
" Resign the land Heaven to thy Fathers gave,
" And where they reign'd imperial, kneel a slave;
" Before thy Chiefs who would have died to save,
" Before the astonish'd crowd who call'd thee Lord,
" Lay down the royal robe and princely sword;
" Forget thy Fathers sway'd the warriors' brand,
" Such ill becomes a traitor's nerveless hand;

" The sacred crescent of thy faith lay down—
" The long-descended honours of thy crown;
" And basely couch'd at Tyrant's footstool, claim
" The abject boon of life's extended shame.

" And now, my country! thou art lowly laid;
" A long farewell thine exiled sons have made,
" And heavy wakes the last lamenting strain
" O'er fields thy sons shall never own again;
" Oh! in that harrowing hour of parting pain,
" The vanish'd glow of rapture's festal day
" Shall brighter seem, as pass those joys away,
" And every scene of earliest childhood rise
" With lovelier tints, to grief's despairing eyes;
" On Daro's towers the tear-dimm'd glance they cast—
" That mute adieu to all the happier past:
" Farewell! ye beauteous bowers, lamented shore,
" Still best beloved, till love can charm no more;
" And ye, who yet on Xenil's banks shall wait,
" And cling in heaviest hour to Ismael's fate,
" 'Mid glories hers no more, the ruthless band
" Shall rule your faithful hearts with iron hand;

" Your pleasant halls the stranger Chief shall own,
" A stranger Lord is on your Father's throne.
" I thrill with woe—Granada's soul is fled,
" More dreary than the cities of the dead ;
" There all is silence ! but thy paths along,
" Still sounds the harp and crowds the foreign throng ;
" But all the generous pride, the ties refined,
" That form'd to Honour's mould the aspiring mind—
" That stainless Honour link 'twixt Heaven and Earth—
" The high-toned thought, the courtesy of birth,
" Have vanish'd ; children of Earth's favourite land,
" Go heartless exiles to a barren strand !
" Of home and honour reft—of earlier fame
" Heaven leaves you nothing, save the Moslem name,
" And dooms you, scorn'd of other realms, to be
" Renown'd for wrong and best in perfidy ;
" Since thus for years thy sons have tamely borne
" A tyrant's crimes, and brook'd his impious scorn.

" Again the trance is in my tortured eye,
" A treeless desart and a blazing sky ;

" What hopeless form of woe comes o'er my sight ?
" Revenge, not years, has quench'd his orb of light ;
" Fear in his step, and on his brow despair,
" And dark distrust and hate of man is there ;
" With rage his strain'd and sightless eye-balls glare,
" And o'er his colourless and haggard face,
" Long want and guilt have stamp'd their ghastly trace ;
" Heavy around him sinks the deep'ning day,
" And near him howl the famish'd fiends of prey ;
" The wildest wanderer of the desart strand—
" The meanest Arab boasts some spot of land,
" Where kindling fire and spreading tent defy
" The gaunt hyæna and despotic sky ;
" But he, whose brows have borne Earth's proudest crown,
" Has not one sheltering shed to lay him down—
" One resting turf, where harass'd age may close
" Its grief-worn lids in confident repose :
" Lo ! from his couch of sand he starts to hear,
" 'Mid tangled thicket, terrible and near,
" The prowling lion thunder in his ear ;

" In vain he turns—around, before, behind,
" More dreadful yet, man's voice is on the wind;
" Lo, God-abandon'd on his dreary way,
" Without one hope to cheer with brighter ray
" The desolation of his earthly doom,
" Or gild the coming terrors of the tomb,
" He takes his desperate journey; on his path
" The Heaven-collected ministry of wrath
" Is gather'd: the appointed hour it knows;
" Now the full measure of thy guilt o'erflows!

" And now, great God! thy latest judgment shown—
" The final doom; now—now reclaim thine own;
" Spare these distracted orbs, nor let them see
" The parting pangs of slaughter'd royalty;
" For oh! that guilty blood-stain'd impious thing,
" Dethroned and outcast, was my Lord and King!
" He hears me, mighty Allah!—through my breast
" The God-given glow declines—I sink to rest—
" The power, the passion, and the prophet die:
" Celestial glories lighten in mine eye—

" Bright o'er my soul ecstatic visions rise—
" Dark-glancing Houris beckon to the skies.
" I mount—I mount ! to share your rapturous hours,
" Your shady grottos, never-fading bowers ;
" Of parting Earth I nothing hear or see :
" They call—I pant, I struggle to be free ;
" Full in my grasp the prophet's deathless crown,
" The chains that held the immortal spirit down
" Have wither'd at his word ; I rise to light
" And life undying—speed my glorious flight !"

'Tis o'er ! that dreadful eye is glazed ; his breath,
God's vengeance minist'ring, is hush'd in death :
But all the shining glories of that sky,
Late o'er him ranged immeasurably high,
As far beneath the unchain'd spirit lie.

CANTO VI.

THE BATTLE.

Hide, blushing Glory! hide Pultowa's day!

JOHNSON.

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
  Of fair occasions gone for ever by,
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,
  Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
For what, except the instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When "all the life of life" is fled?—
What but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realise the hell that priests and beldams feign.

Lines upon Memory,
Extracted from a note in the "Pleasures of Memory."

THE scene of the first part of the Canto is laid at Lucena, where an engagement took place, about twelve years before the fall of Granada, between the Spanish forces led on by the Marquis of Cadiz and by the Count of Cabra, and the Moorish troops commanded by their King Abdallah, assisted by Alatar, one of his most skilful officers. The Moorish army was principally composed of native tribes, commanded by their hereditary chiefs, and distinguished by particular colours and devices. Their cavalry formed the main strength of their army; and the brilliant evolutions by which they manœuvred from front to rear, charged the enemy, dispersed, rallied in a moment, and charged again, exhibit a species of warfare, irregular, but novel and characteristic. The Spaniards, on the contrary, moved slowly, were frequently severe sufferers from these rapid attacks, but generally secured the day by the constancy and solidity of their masses. In this disastrous engagement, the standard of the Empire was consigned to the Almoradis; the battle was obstinately contested, but terminated in the complete success of the Spanish arms. Abdallah was made prisoner, Alatar slain, and the flower of the Musulman army destroyed. From that day to the hour of its extinction, the decline of the Moorish empire was rapid and uniform.

The Author has endeavoured to convey some idea of the peculiar character of the African tribes, from his recollection of that uncivilized race, during an excursion he made into Barbary. He has slightly alluded, towards the close of the Canto, to some of those objects, which throw such an indefinable charm over the landscape in southern and Mahometan countries, but which have already become familiar to his readers, by the inimitable descriptions of Eastern scenery in Lalla Rookh.

CANTO VI.

THE BATTLE.

Far o'er Lucena's hills, with dubious light,
As life with death, so wrestles morn with night:
She slowly rolls the gather'd clouds away,
Streaks the faint East, and struggles into day;
Through their dun forms the piercing sunbeams break—
Morn wakes, and bids the slumbering hosts awake.

Then rose the warrior from his deathlike rest,
And passion strove in each reviving breast;
But lust of plunder, hope, and fame, and pride—
Even pride—before the ruling impulse died;
For holy hatred lived more fierce and strong,
And oath of vengeance vowed for mutual wrong.
The patient Spaniard turn'd to Heaven, and pray'd
The Lord of hosts to lend his warriors aid;

The generous Moor his fervid passion pour'd,
And bending low, the conscious God adored:
" Pent in the narrow limits of our state,
" We greatly wrestle with o'ermastering fate;
" Here hostile myriads press us, there the sea,
" Yet still, great God! we dare, and die for thee!"

Such burning passions thrill'd the adoring brave,
Such varied hopes that fated morning gave;
For oh! it wafted on its earliest breath,
To either, shame or honour—life or death;
Yet who could mark with fear's averted eyes,
Lord of his fate—yon orb of glory rise;
To fair creation give another birth,
Sole Lord of light and life, of Heaven and Earth?
What soul could mark those bursting glories beam,
Dance on the mountain, sparkle in the stream,
Bring hope to thousands, transport to the brave;
Yet clasp a conqueror's chain—and live a slave?

On highest ridge encamp'd, at breaking day,
In lengthening line the Moorish battle lay:

Far in the front Alatar's shield is known;
He calls the vanguard of the war his own,
Marshals the Alguazil, where on the right
His marching columns lead the vaward fight;
The casque of steel their turban'd brows around,
Light to their breast the burnish'd steel was bound,
The gillibee was o'er them, and the brand
Or lengthen'd lance, was in each fearless hand,
That often bade the sons of Issa know,
How nimbly fierce their onset on the foe.
In charge resistless, at their mountain post,
Light arm'd, they broke beneath the charging host;
Before the Spaniard's massive line gave way,
As Autumn leaves are swept in stormy day.
Apart the dusky sons of Afric rode,
Of garment strange, and aspect wild, they show'd:
Their coursers, of that dark high-mettled breed,
Of strength unequall'd, and unmatch'd in speed;
Round arching neck, and o'er each crested head,
The doom-destroying talisman was spread;
Of shape uncouth, high rose the saddle-bow,
And short the graceless stirrup hung below;

The rowell'd spur unpolish'd, stiff and long,
The curb with native metal rude and strong;
And never yet on marshall'd field of fight,
Had mingling nations lent a stranger sight:
The shrouded tribes that distant Tetuan knew,
The turban'd chiefs of bright mulatta hue,
And Ethiop's giant sons, whose sable dye
Bespeaks the fervours of their tropic sky,
Who nothing, save their white alhaïque, bear:
Like worms is wreath'd their black and tangled hair;
Their shaggy brows' unparting scowl beneath,
And in their eye the savage glare of death.
In that confused undisciplined array,
No stated signal, equal line, have they;
The leader, he who rides the foremost man—
Who lately form'd the rearward, march the van;
In dress, in step, in arms irregular,
Some bear the brand, and some the scimitar;
With frantic gesture and discordant yell,
Like demons rushing from their native hell,
With carabine, and sling, and bended bow,
They break in fierce disorder on the foe.

Alas! that honour lent no loftier tone
To chiefs so daring in the battle shown;
A powerless despot sway'd their barbarous land,
And lawless Chieftains grasp'd, with careless hand,
The secret knife or warrior's open brand:
So brave, with little that becomes the brave,
And free, with every crime that stains the slave,
They come, sworn kinsmen, to Granada's state —
Not link'd in friendship, but allied in hate.
'Twixt souls like these and heaven-born chivalry,
One link alone preserved the breaking tie,—
The burning sense of unrequited wrong,
Their vengeful purpose, steady, deep, and strong;
And hand and heart, devoted to the cause
Of him who gave an empire Allah's laws.

Far other sight Granada's sons might boast,
Where proud Abdallah led the central host;
A sea of crested honours, wave on wave,
The flower of all most beautiful and brave,
That morn devoted Ismael show'd, and gave

Like spirits of a nobler mould to view
The fairest chivalry her warriors knew.
How bright some few proud moments more, the clan
Of destined Sarracino leads the van:
With silver chain they bind the studded blade,
In silver sheath the scimitar is laid;
Their simple pennons like the undrifted snow,
As emblems of their spotless honour show;
White are their reins, their chargers snowy white,
Graceful they move like glorious sons of light;
Their courser's mane descending sweeps the way,
And glistens brighter than the bright sea-spray.
The fatal hue that Yemen's warriors bore,
To-day the princely chief of Muca wore;
The sapphire's beams from gorgeous trappings fly,
His plumed crest was of that azure dye,
His jazerine with border blue inlaid,
And blue the scarf his lady-love had made;
With azure field his pennon floated high—
An eagle soaring through the cloudless sky,
And on it graved "Of Heaven-born line am I."

Slow next with haughty hearts the Zegri came,
And glance that danger never learnt to tame;
Their plumes were sable and their coursers bay,
" Our dawning crescent shall be full to-day."

Bright all their banners wave—yet one is there,
Less lovely far, that claims their proudest care;
Defaced it seems, and scarr'd by foeman's rage,
Of tarnish'd hue, and worn by length of age;
Eight stormy centuries have o'er it flown,
And twice a thousand battles hath it known:
The same it is, that from their native shore
To Tarif's rocks their sires triumphant bore,
When free and foremost in each conquering fray,
From field to field it led the glorious way;
Their Fathers deem'd it sent of Heaven, to be
The guide and guardian of their destiny:
His country's hate, a traitor's timeless doom,
And Eblis-promised pangs beyond the tomb,
Were wildly heap'd on his devoted head,
Who trembling from the sacred streamer fled;

And still, where'er they mark'd its honours wave,
With more than mortal strength inspired, the brave,
Of foes out-numbering reckless, rush'd to save;
The God-given strength the astonish'd Spaniard knew,
And conquest followed where the standard flew.

To-day that idol of her hope is thine,
Thou long-descended Lord of Afric's line!
Oh! let it fire your hearts to dauntless deed,
Chiefs of the dark-green vest and raven steed!
Nor one of all who bear your ancient name,
With failing heart, in nerveless combat, shame
The stainless shield of Almoradi's fame!
What recks it, gallants! though ye die to save?
That feebler hearts could do. It will not wave
In captive hour o'er falling glory's grave—
O'er Issa's bands it will have mastery;
It must be rear'd 'mid shouts of victory,
'Mid chargers masterless and foes that die:
And well, brave spirits! as they moved along
With martial music and exulting song,

Around that standard of their better day,
They form'd the impenetrably close array;
Nor once in lost Lucena's hapless fray
Hemm'd in, out-master'd, in the grasp of death,
One heart forsook that banner of his faith.

High now, with trumpet tone and rolling drum,
From mountain post their marching columns come;
Their hundred tribes are breaking on my view,
Their colour'd plumes and vests of varied hue—
Their thoughts are to their bleeding country given,
Their steel is bared, their arm is raised for Heaven;
Nor blame, if in the wish'd-for glance of foes,
In youthful hearts some softer thoughts arose;
If, while the pennon of their pride they bore,
And rear'd it o'er heads, and sternly swore
To bathe it in the best of Issa's gore,
They heaved one sigh to her afar, who knew
To frame that pennon of their favourite hue—
Whose fate-foreboding heart and trembling hand
Had weaved the scarf that bound their battle brand.

Far in the plain, bright gilded by the ray
Of earliest morn, Lucena's turrets lay;
On every rampart, wall, and castled height,
The crowding burghers strain'd to see the fight.
The Moslem, rushing from his mountain way,
With scornful eye beheld the mix'd array:
" Fair city! thou art ours at closing day!"
High on the loftiest tower the warder stood,
With rapturous glance beheld the coming feud,
Where, far beneath, his country's mingled might
Form'd fast in line, and gather'd to the fight;
But when with keener and inquiring view
He mark'd each Chief and tribe's distinctive hue:
" It is a sight!" he said, " that dims mine eye,
" Yet makes my heart for very pride beat high,
" To see how fearlessly, on yonder plain,
" Rides forth to doom the chivalry of Spain:
" They come! the hardy lords of Leon's land;
" I see mine Andalusia's lighter band,
" Her chiefs see many colour'd Murcia bring,
" And gay Valentia man the glowing wing:

" La Mancha sends her muffled sons to war;
" They crowd, the bold Guerillas of Navarre,
" And many a sandall'd lord of Montserrat:
" Each Chieftain of the plaided Catalan,
" His tribe has marshall'd—number'd every man:
" And there of open brow and faith sincere,
" To Prince, to peasant, and to lady dear,
" How gallantly Lord Cabra leads them on,
" His belted sons of freeborn Aragon.
" Foremost, at honour's post, in danger's hour,
" Castille's proud Kedith heads the central power,
" And stately leads, beneath his high command,
" The haughty spirits of his native land;
" The blazon'd arms and pennons of their race,
" The shield and lance, they bear with manly grace;
" Spain's dark-red plume is on each youthful crest,
" Her sacred cross on each thrice-mailed breast;
" There lives no terror on the earliest brow,
" Or thought that knighthood's pride might disavow;
" The deep devotion of each heart—to Heaven,
" To Spain, their King, and lady-love is given;

" The first in honour, arms, and courtesy,
" They move—the flower of Europe's chivalry;
" The model and the theme of every clime,
" The master spirits of the heroic time;
" Their lances in the rest, their vizors low,
" With stately pace they bear upon the foe:
" And fast that gallant foe in full career
" With bended bow, and scimitar, and spear,
" And javelin pois'd, and thundering shout draws near;
" His lines extending like a mighty tide,
" And rushing like a lion in his pride."

Even so the Moslem burst with heart on flame:
In other mood the sons of Issa came;
Each step was true, each glance was fix'd and high,
Nor cheek was blanch'd, where none were loth to die;
But shout nor sound is heard, save rolling drum
Beats heavily as to the strife they come,
Or stifled murmur throbbing myriads sped,
Or earth return'd the music of their tread.

It were no easy task for bard to say
How frequent ebb'd the fortunes of that day;
How Spain resistless thinn'd the ranks of war,
With Guzman, Nugnez, and with Aguilar;
Or Ismael's sons in fiery charge bore down
The noblest champions of her castled crown;
How Tellez' fainting limbs and hand of age
Were match'd in equal strife with Zegri's rage;
What carnage gallant Calatrava made;
How young Fernando bared his early blade,
Whose riper years, on far Columbia's shore,
To realms unknown his country's glory bore.

The shades of eve were heavy on the plain,
When spoke the Lord of Aragon: "In vain
"We urge our mountain's never-daunted might,
"Where Ismael's horse maintain the unequal fight:
"Mark ye yon wavering troops in distance stand?
"They wield their Syrian blades with feeble hand!
"We'll show them, Lords! our good Toledo brand.

" Where'er your Chieftain's bugle blast ye hear,
" 'Mid death and danger, Aragon, be near!
" Where'er your kinsman's waving crest you see,
" Allies in peace and peril, follow me!
" This charge our fiercest and our last shall be,
" Shall break their ranks, and seal our victory."

They heard; and burst with such impetuous sway,
They bore to earth the best of that array,
Who, true to Islam, spurn'd the hope of flight,
Yet scarcely raised one nerveless arm in fight:
Firm at their post a glorious doom they found,
And strew'd in heaps the carnage-cover'd ground.
Alatar saw the flower of Ismael die,
And vengeful came with all his chivalry:
Now closely pent, his serried horse combine;
Now burst with fury on the Christian line;
Before the charging foe they wheeling flew,
No marshall'd rank the baffled Spaniard knew:
Now dim in distance seen—now hovering near—
Now singly—now united—front and rear

They menace—fling their sabres to the plain
In fleetest course, and gather them again;
Careering gallantly, as if to show
How light they held the terrors of the foe,
Aside they cast the gaily-colour'd rein;
Now hold they proudly by their coursers' mane:
The spur they need not; for the battle-cry
Can light the charger's, as the chieftain's eye,
Nor yet of rein or iron curb have need;
'Mid loudest din, in most resistless speed,
His master's voice can check the wildest steed.

Spain's Chieftain kindled at the Leopard crest,
And onward to the fiery conflict prest;
With vizor low, and swift descending sword,
And charging steed, he greets Alatar's lord.
How fearfully their mingling blades resound!
They stay their coursers—vaulting to the ground;
With hand and heart unyielding, either foe
Now reels beneath, and now averts the blow.
The Spaniard's shiver'd crest is on the plain,
Alatar's faithless steel has burst in twain,

His shield is rent, his mail of crimson hue,
And now the Christian's sword has pierced it through;
Stretch'd on the ground the boast of Ismael lies,
Life's last defiance in those glaring eyes,
Without one parting sign or murmur—dies.

Fierce on the victor mailed Hassan sprang,
And loud their clashing arms in conflict rang:
Yet brief the desperate struggle; well that blade
His slaughter'd comrade's timeless doom repaid.
As, full of vengeance, life's last pangs to scan,
He sternly bent him o'er the dying man,
And heard in every gasp convulsed and low,
The stifled anguish of the expiring foe,
Oh! scarcely recognized, yet not unknown,
Fell on his ear that faint imperfect tone;
Aside he flung the slaughter-streaming brand,
And raised the Spaniard with his blood-stain'd hand:
But when the vizor from his face he drew,
And in that glance the soul of Cabra knew,
"Oh God! I gladly would have given," he said,
"The brightest bays that wreathe the conqueror's head,

" Were this day's deed undone! Fate sped the blow
" That laid the bravest, noblest, kindest low;
" And thou, poor olive! on this faithless brow,
" Thy Lord has lightly paid his parting vow."
" Is it?" the fast-expiring Chief replies,
And feebly raised on high his glazing eyes;
" Is it the voice of other times I hear,
" Or sounds delusive cheat the deaden'd ear?
" Yet oh! if earlier known those accents be,
" Grieve not, my country's gallant foe! for me:
" 'Twere idle all; nor bend, nor seek to save;—
" The chilling damps of the relentless grave
" Are gather'd o'er me; the hard-labouring breath
" Breaks heavily, and the cold pang of death
" Is at my heart; but high within my breast
" Swells the proud thought, that will not be represt,
" For God and for my country: fast again
" Life's tide is ebbing; mortal aid in vain:—
" Farewell! young Knight!—farewell! beloved Spain!"

O'er the fall'n chief Lord Hassan bent: " Thus low,
" Slain by mine arm!" he cried, " my noblest foe!—

" My firmest friend, had happier times allow'd:
" Yes, I would give each hope, each trophy proud,
" To see thee bursting from the unheeded slain,
" And hear thy shout for Aragon again!
" And mark thy clansmen rushing o'er the plain,
" Although the spear of every mountain-man
" Was match'd in conflict with my native clan."
Unreck'd the conqueror spoke: that deafen'd ear
Can nothing more of joy or sorrow hear.

Brief pause was Hassan's: o'er her failing foes,
St. James for Spain! in thundering shout arose,
And heavier came the cannon's deepening roar;
The crimson crest of Gazul waves no more,
And Zegri's sable plumes are bathed in gore;
And, Sarracino's snowy pennon torn,
Granada's bravest sons to earth are borne.
Oh! then, great Allah! in that dreadful hour,
Their King a captive, and their marshall'd power
Beat down and trampled, while the long array
Of slaughter'd nobles cumber'd all the way;

Oh! then, ere yet the latest beacon died,
Awoke the hopeless heart's despairing pride!
Sullen they turn'd, like lion fix'd at bay,
Then sprang so fierce that e'en Castille gave way;
And Ismael's sons had yet retrieved the day,
But bold Asturia from her rugged height,
With eagle eye, beheld the changing fight,
And from her mountain-throne came rushing down,
And sternly waved her glory-gather'd crown:
Then Biscay's hardy chiefs with glance of flame,
And eager spirit, emulously came;
"These nobles of Castille, who boast to be
"The Lords and leading lights of chivalry,
"Oh! teach their haughty hearts, in failing fray,
"Our mountain spirit can redeem the day!"
So fierce they rush'd, with such a shout for Spain,
Lucena's startled mountains rang again.

As sink the beacon's loftiest fires in night,
So sank the blaze of Ismael's better fight;
They, by the stream and o'er the mountain side,
With fainting frames, but hearts unconquer'd, died.

Yet that proud banner, aged, soil'd, and torn,
Amid the sternest of the battle borne,
Long struggling Hassan rear'd; long o'er the plain,
Where Islam's Chiefs had striven and died in vain,
He strove; with failing sense and tight'ning hand
He still upheld the banner and the brand,
Till, on the field he fought so long and well,
Amid the bravest of his band he fell.

Ah! happy, from that fatal field of gore,
Had that red son of battle risen no more;
Alas! for him with joyless rest in vain
Exhausted nature steep'd his weary brain.
The shades of midnight shrouded plain and hill,
The dreadful clamours of the field were still,
The champions of that hard-debated day,
Peaceful the victor and the vanquish'd, lay.
Heaven's cold bright beams gleam'd o'er the crimson plain,
And lit a mighty mass of warriors slain;
The casque was stain'd and featherless—the brand
Lay shivered in its Lord's unyielding hand:

Here chief and menial slumber'd side by side,—
Youth's buoyant hopes and manhood's vigorous pride;
And clans, whose proud and beautiful array
With joyous myriads march'd at breaking day,
Had scarcely left at eve a serf to say—
All, save our deathless deeds, have pass'd away!
The cloven cuirass and the azure crest,
Here Heaven-born Muca's regal line confest;
Here Gazul's crimson pomp, there the black plume,
Gave the dark hue of death a deeper gloom:
Even the awed conqueror linger'd to retrace
The fiery spirit of that vanquish'd race,
The lineaments he never might forget,
And the bent brow that spake defiance yet.

Such the sad aspect of his slaughter'd clan,
The morning boast of Ismael's prostrate van,
As Almoradi raised him from the dead,
Where lay the lion's honours lowly spread!
Faint but revived he rose; the heath was bare,
Heaven's light was dim, and keen the midnight air.

Alone surviving of his race, he knew,
Oh God! what sight to meet a Chieftain's view!
Before him, resting in the moon's cold glow,
His Almoradis silently and low
Stretch'd on their bloody bier: "At honour's shrine,
"These, the last relics of my lofty line,
"My King, my clan, my brother chiefs!—in vain—
"Ye ne'er shall hear my kindred shout again:
"Their life was glory's, honour was their grave—
"How proud and peaceful sleep the parted brave!"

He turn'd him from the dreary sight away:
Before him, paler than the marble ray,
The graceful form of slaughter'd Albin lay;
Hope's brilliant beams were quench'd in endless night,
And his pale brow in that uncertain light
Seem'd yet more pale: "Beloved boy!" he cried,
"Art thou too gone? of all my vassal pride,
"Youngest and most lamented! might not youth
"Scarce risen to manhood, uncorrupted truth,
"Save thee one little hour? by Loja's height,
"When our far mountains rose in living light,

" And stretch'd so bold, and beautiful, and blue,
" Whilst thy young spirit bounded at the view,
" I little deem'd such fated eve could bring
" The setting shades of such a glorious spring!
" Not yours a Chieftain's rugged grief alone;
" She, whose deep love in calmer hour was shown
" But by the trembling brow and changing tone,
" When summer moons have sped their circling flight,
" And weeds are doffed, and kindred halls are bright,
" She long shall leave the festive dance by night,
" To wait thy coming step by Daro's tide,
" And doubt the tale that none can doubt beside.
" To me Fate track'd a wayward weary way;
" Thy dawn was cloudless, and thy parting day
" Was full of honour, low I leave thee now:
" Would—would I were as calm and cold as thou!
" Ye powerful orbs!"—he gazed where o'er his head
The silent firmament of Heaven was spread;
" Ye mighty Spirits of Creation! tell
" When hopes so bright and pride so boundless fell;
" When clan, and King, and kinsman perish'd, why
" Spared ye the only heart that wish'd to die?

" On that dread eve, beneath thy tranquil light,
" When bent my straining glance o'er Daro's height,
" From all on earth I cherish'd forced to part,
" One who had bound her to this rugged heart,
" To be the partner of its joy and pain—
" Who loved as none could ever love again!
" Proud lights! that shed your cold unvarying glow,
" Unmoved by wildest joy or fiercest woe—
" Who on your azure canopy reclined,
" In silence mark'd that mighty strife of mind,
" Had ye decreed, that I survived alone
" Of all yon giant strength of war o'erthrown,
" Beneath your guardian destinies, again
" Should slowly wend me to my native plain,
" Should yet uphold on lost Sultana's strand
" That breaking heart, and bathe her dying hand
" With tears of wild and vain remorse—that I,
" Beneath those very beams that mark'd me fly,
" Should catch the last glance of her glazing eye,
" And hear her last forgiveness ere I die?
" It must be so: this victor-ravaged strand
" Becomes not Hassan; can his single hand
" The fierce invader's rapid march withstand?

" It may not be: my clan and kinsmen slain,
" This tireless arm, this dauntless heart, are vain:
" I seek Granada's native bowers again;
" And ye who on your gory couch recline,
" The martyr'd champions of a Monarch's line,
" Long in my heart your dauntless deeds shall dwell:
" My faithful Almoradi, fare ye well!"

Three days had dawn'd, three nights were past of pain,
When stood that lonely Chief on Daro's plain
As evening fell; there, 'mid the train most gay
By courtly presence deem'd, in earlier day
Most courtly mix'd the Moor—his wakening mind
Here first ambition's daring deeds design'd.
The same they rose before his earnest eye:
The mountains, woods, and fields of infancy,
And that wild torrent, leaping to the lake,
Still made the music it was wont to make:
He knew the paths where Zaira's form had been,
And shed her soul o'er all the glowing scene;
Where once in summer's sultry noon they stray'd
Beneath the young acacia's favourite shade;

Where oft those violet-purpled banks along
She woke, at dying day, the plaintive song,
While Xenil's roar, and Daro's mingling tone,
The murmuring winds, the low and hollow groan
Of echoing forests, day's departing hour,
Breathed o'er her Heaven-wrapt soul delirious power;
And she on such an eve her influence knew,
And o'er his heart her own wild sadness threw.
Relentless fate has burst those silken chains,
And scarce one lingering link of love remains;
Yet Cora's virgins seek the joyous shore,
Though Zaira knows the enchanted strand no more,
Nor heeds the vintage murmur, nor shall hear
The evening's sacred call come calm and clear.

There, richly curtain'd by the twilight hour,
Rose the proud bulwarks of his country's power;
Those towers his happiest home in youthful day,
When arms and beauty lent their mingling ray:
Boast of his youth, they never shall impart
Glory or gladness to his alter'd heart—

Never again renew the rapturous dream
Of love's young joy or conquest's manlier theme;
Fix'd as their own Nevada's boundless range,
And changeless still while human passions change,
How calm through Heaven's unclouded vault they rose,
Drank the last light and tower'd in proud repose!
While like the mirror of a spotless mind
Stood the pale, pure, and peaceful sky behind.
As many a vanish'd scene and buried year
To memory's eye with softening tints appear;
The fairy lights still gild the enchanted shore,
The shade that dimm'd their lustre glooms no more.
So Hassan mark'd the imaged landscape rest
With mellow'd beauty in the lake's clear breast;
Each harsher line in softness melt away,
Light o'er each form the beams of beauty play,
And every tint that eve alone can give
Live in the wave and bid the waters live.

And now the Arab's sable tents he knew,
The minaret rose that bless'd his boyish view;

The vintage gatherer in his caftan gay,
The long-known strain that seem'd of yesterday;
The Muessin's call, the camel's tinkling bell,
The maiden bending to the antient well;
And the light-bounding train that oft of yore
Their noiseless step, with heart delighted, bore
Along the margin of that happy shore,
Again disported by the lovely light,
When day's last glories mingle with the night.

And Hassan paused those welcome sounds to hear;
The strain of fleeted joy was on his ear,
The scenes of other days were in his eye,
And o'er his heart the aching memory
Of hours for ever vanish'd, hopes long o'er,
Of themes long silent, pleasures now no more!
Oh! say, who teach with cold unchanging eye
The haughty maxims of philosophy—
Who boast you by one fix'd unvarying plan
To read that wondrous maze, the heart of man—
Why, when the exhausted mind some balm has found,
Or slumbers time-worn o'er its deadly wound,

Nor shrinks in keen but calm review to trace
Each step that led to ruin and disgrace,
Will some remember'd speech, in happier day,
That pass'd 'mid laughing scene unreck'd away,
Swell o'er the wakening heart, and bid it flow
With all the early energy of woe?
And say, oh! say, whose tear-dimm'd eyes have seen
Advancing shadows cloud the morning scene,
Where not a speck dimm'd your resplendent sun,
And love and glory seem'd already won;
When, with your changing fortunes, had declined
Those bold illusions of the master mind;
When time had taught you hope's gay tints decay,
The fair can flatter, and the friend betray;
When youth remain'd—but pleasure shed no ray;
If on some unforgotten shore ye stood,
Where glow'd your early heart with promised good,
While still unchanged the landscape smiled around,
And all that once ye deem'd Elysian ground,—
How swell'd your spirit, when they rose again,
Those scenes unvisited through years of pain,

And thoughts that once could light the enthusiast's eye,
How long represt; whose thrilling memory
Comes like the upbraiding ghost of joy gone by,
And seems in stern but mournful tone to say
How have ye flung my Heaven-sent gifts away!
When changed alone ye viewed the unchanging scene,
And felt how brilliant and how brief had been
The irrevocable past; then turn'd aside
The anguish of a breaking heart to hide,—
Oh! feebly then, even in that hour of woe,
Ye feel what Hassan's breast was doom'd to know!
His was not grief's reviving pang alone,
But wild remorse had lent a fiercer tone.

And now, where lone Sultana never more
Shall rest his wearied step, on Daro's shore
The native warrior stood; before him bright
With spangled domes and lattices of light,
Exulting in her beautiful repose,
That Empress of the western world arose.
The citron's fading bloom was round him spread,
Heaven's kindling canopy was o'er his head,

Granada group'd in many a joyous band,
The fair, the brave, were mingled on the strand;
And the loved mountains of his native land
Were resting in the purple light: that hour
Alike o'er youth and age had magic power.
" How fair thy scenes, my country! blithe to-day
" Your sports, my countrymen! yet on his way
" The muffled herald comes, whose speech of fear
" Shall pale each brow and startle every ear!"
He gazed:—" It never shall be mine!" he cried,
" To damp with terror's tale their hour of pride:
" How to their throbbing hearts could Hassan tell
" That sire and son in one wide ruin fell?
" Of all that follow'd, all he led to fame,
" Of Almoradi scarce survives the name?"

With sunken brow and spirit desolate,
He turn'd him to Sultana's lonely gate;
Where never more shall ready handmaid wait
To greet his coming; never—never more
Joy's gladsome beacon live along the shore,

Or hope sit watchful in her lonely tower,
And weary wait the love-appointed hour:
The tower where once her signal-beacon shone
Was still; the bower she loved to gaze upon
Was desolate: where on that fatal night
Yon ivied arch beheld his desperate flight,
Falt'ring he stands, that oft he bounded through,
Nor paused to hear, nor lover's sign to view.

Can Fancy's vision wake illusive strain,
Chase from our brow the weary pulse of pain,
Summon the careless days of youth again;
And in our ear, and o'er our tear-dimm'd eyes,
Bid long-lost sounds and happier scenes arise?
If such can be, seem'd now to Hassan's ear
The unforgotten voice of love to hear:
It rose a faint uncertain wandering moan,
And sank as suffering spirit's parting tone;
'Twas not the unhallow'd melody of earth—
So sad and soft, it seem'd of heavenly birth,
As kindred spirits at celestial call
Were low-lamenting o'er an Angel's fall.

As, fix'd at bay, the jungle's mighty King
Casts eager glance around ere yet he spring,
The Moslem stood: borne on the breeze again,
Till the long-lost but unforgotten strain
Of dying Lara rose; and Hassan heard,
And his wild spirit thrill'd at every word:
The strain it was, through life's eventful day,
Fated companion of his feverish way—
The same with Zaira learnt and loved of yore—
The same it was, on Ruti's stranger shore
By stranger beauty sung; and now it rose
To set for ever o'er his joys and woes.
Each sickening doubt of hope deferr'd was o'er;
But one strong impulse to the portal bore,
Where faint, as pencill'd form of early day,
Who once was loveliest of the Zambra lay;
Whose glance like Heaven-fire on his spirit fell;
Whose lightest word had been a magic spell
To rule his passion; she, the hope and pride
Of all his dawning prospects—she, the guide
To all his better actions, and allied

With powerful link to all his soul might know,
Of human honour or of earthly woe.

To me not Heaven assign'd the master-power
To trace the conflict of that blending hour:
It was not fear—it was not fierce despair—
Nor feverish hope nor frantic bliss were there—
Nor shame, nor pride; but o'er the vanquish'd brain
One o'erwhelming flood and years of pain
Were lost in that wild thought—we meet again!
There shot a troubled lightness from her eye,
And in her voice there lived an energy—
And energy was in her faded frame,
And o'er her brow the brilliant hectic came
Of long-departed pleasure: quick she sprung
From her low canopy, and madly clung
To that dark form that still and silently
Bent o'er her! bright'ning hope was in his eye—
But lo! her frame has glided from his grasp,
Her hand is loosen'd in his burning clasp;
Again—again before his straining eyes,
Exhausted on her lonely couch she lies.

But when at length her quivering accents rung,
Strange was the speech that falter'd on her tongue ;
From later griefs she wander'd wild away,
And mingled with the hopes of other day :
" Haste, Kora ! bid the beacon-blaze be bright,
" My Lord, my love, my Hassan comes to-night ;—
" Away ! his heart is faithless, and his hand
" Is lightly given to fair of foreign land."
Oh God ! it is a fearful sight to see,
In the last hour of parting agony,
The disuniting dust of this worn frame
Such high dominion o'er the undying claim ;
To see each power and pulse of life declined
With mortal weakness taint the immortal mind,
And to this perishing clay that spirit chain,
A few brief hours no limits shall contain.
Yet, past that trance, a moment to her frame
Life's rallying energies collected came ;
But in that still fix'd eye and deep'ning tone
Reason had yet but half resumed her throne :
On Hassan long a wild and wistful gaze
She bent, as though that form of happier days

She knew, but knew not to her couch of pain
How he had come, and when restored again.
At length it broke upon her with full sway—
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love's first day;
Their earlier meetings, all their partings past,
And this to be the keenest and the last!

" Oh, God! I now remember, many a year
" Since last we met has roll'd its dull career:
" Hence, wild illusions! cease your torturing strife;
" He stands! he lives! the Lord of love and life!
" Mine is no phantom of delirious woe:
" I feel his heart's quick throbbing, and I know
" His dusky aspect; life's expiring light
" Is shrouded by the shadows of the night
" That knows no morning; and the boundless sea
" Before me heaves of dread eternity.
" Speak! is thy course of faithless wandering o'er?
" Comest thou, that Man nor Fate should part us more?
" Years of contemned affection—years of pain—
" Long years of absence— thou hast burst the chain
" That bound me to thee: still it forms again;—

" Pride vow'd no prayers should slighted faith renew,
" But tears of passion proved that vow untrue;
" And now, to gaze upon thy form, thy face,
" Each well-remember'd feature to retrace,
" To listen to thy long-lost tones, and say
" These are the same that thrill'd my earliest day,
" Is pang too strong for this poor frame to bear.
" This was grief's silent wish, life's closing prayer;
" This, Heaven conceding, soothes the deep despair
" Of our eternal parting: by my bier,
" Let friends—let Hamet shed the short-lived tear
" O'er fallen Zaira; but, dear Hassan! thou
" Gaze on this wasted form—this death-dew'd brow—
" And long remember me!—remember me,
" Who found mine all of joy and grief in thee;
" That grief has worn this frame, has dimm'd this brow,
" And left me blighted as you see me now:
" How I have fallen, a scornful world shall own—
" How I have loved, Great Allah knows alone!

" If coldly left at stern ambition's call,
" All I forgive, so may that Judge of all

" Our wanderings pardon me! Great Prophet! say,
" While yet he roams earth's pilgrim, shall I stray
" From the far realm of shadows, guard his way,
" Immortal round his mortal course, unseen,
" Where'er he is, still haunt that best-loved scene?
" Vain hope!—and now it comes—that dreadful strife,
" To quit not life, but one most prized in life.
" The chill of death sinks heavy on my breast:
" Let me one moment on this cold earth rest,
" And cling to him I ever loved the best.
" Bend o'er me, clasp my dying hand again,
" And let me hear thy soothing voice: 'tis vain;
" Thou first—last-loved—art sunken from my sight,
" And now the stars are setting—all is night;
" The winds are raging, and the wild waves roar:
" I strain to see, but catch thy form no more.
" Hark! in the blast, unearthly voices say—
" Come, Zaira! destined Zaira! come away!"

The scene is soft and still, the stars are bright;
But where the spark of that eternal light,

Whose beams were yet an instant in my sight—
Whose fire, unquench'd by the fast-closing night,
Gazed on the glorious scene above, below,
With such intensity of thought, as though
She drank its beauties? yon still changeless brow
Shall never more such lofty themes avow;
Those wild dark locks her forehead floating o'er,
By love's light hand ne'er shall be gather'd more:
The long fair figure in its shroud reclined;
The glance where shone enthroned the immortal mind
Was quell'd; and quell'd her feelings' anxious strife;
The long, long fever of eventful life
For ever ceased! Where falls that silver light
O'er her cold brow so deadly calm and bright,
Low on her bier, with but one eye to weep,
One heart to break—she sleeps her last long sleep.

Fair dames! if such have listed to my tale,
Remember love is strong and beauty frail;
For lighter souls reserve your scornful blame,
And let her early doom your sorrows claim.

Of him who won her youthful love, yet all
That love renounced at clan's and country's call;
Of him, that sullen wanderer of my lay—
Heartless and cold I hear him deem'd—I say,
Not yours to judge his spirit stern, who find
Joy in the tranquil tenor of your mind;
Who, shrinking from ambition's fiery strife,
Turn from the harsh realities of life,
Beneath your fancy's never-clouded ray
In raptures speed your listless hours away:
But speak, whose temper'd fire has early known
How fleeting was that first romantic tone,
And later felt our passage to the tomb,
Is but a wayward, hard, and heavy doom
Of nobler aims by mastering passion crost—
Of happier hopes by pride's high spirit lost;
Speak who, perchance in that conflicting strife,
Retrace with silent pain your earlier life;
And own that reason's laws in youth defied,
Each sense exhausted, and each pleasure tried,
In manhood leaves us nothing but our pride.

Still, 'mid this gloomy, drear, unmingled tale,
Where sorrow's tears or passion's pangs prevail;
Through transient joy and deep o'er-shadowing woes,
Ye, who have track'd my wanderer to his close,
Glad shall ye learn her lot, whose kindlier ray
Sooth'd for one heavenly hour your warrior's way—
Whose softer spirit, whose retiring grace,
The heart may feel, the hand can feebly trace:
Legends have said on Ruti's foreign strand
She plighted troth to Lord of Leon's land;
The aged wept for joy, and the young vied
In prayers and blessings on the blissful bride.
That night Lord Kedith's halls with wassail rang,
And bards the Beauty of Beleguer sang;
And still, I've heard the wandering minstrel say,
Each circling year, on that revolving day,
The grateful serf will chaunt in plaintive air
The immortal praise of one so good and fair.

From hearts as fervent, differing far the strain
Lamenting rose, as the long funeral train,

Shrouded and sad, along Sultana's shore
What once was Zaira to the cold earth bore.
Sullen and slow it came—that joyless tread:
They bore the pale ash on each turban'd head,
The sign of death on every rended vest,
Folded their arms, and wildly beat their breast;
They lowly laid her in her shroud reclined,
'Mid her high lineage dust to dust consigned;
O'er her closed grave with hands united hung—
Alas! for Zaira! was the dirge they sung.

Day closed, and with it fell the deepest gloom
Of an autumnal night; seem'd as the tomb
Shrouded the living world, so still was all,
Save the unvaried melancholy fall
Of the fast raindrop, Daro's heavy sound,
And the low funeral winds that moan'd around
That lonely tower, and the red shiver'd spray
That wildly rustled o'er the desolate way.
That eve a stranger stretch'd him o'er her grave,
All life holds noblest, gladly given to save,

Hope here, hereafter, that the lifeless ear
Might one last word of late affection hear:
Impassion'd Moslem! deem'st thou that the dead
Can burst for prayers of thine their narrow bed?
They fall around thee like the leaves unheard;
She, who in life had sprung to one kind word,
Now hears thee—knows thee not! Sobs from that breast
Broke forth convulsively; his cold lips prest
The sculptured stone that bore her cherish'd name;
Then from the earth he rear'd his fever'd frame,
And o'er those buried hopes such glance he threw,
As few, I trust, who hear me, ever knew;
So fraught with frenzied, fierce, rebellious woe:
Those who in youth have felt such passion, know
The time that softens sorrow slumbers there,
And age recalls such moment with despair:
Then fiercely turning, grasp'd his courser's mane,
High and unfalt'ring shook his gather'd rein,
Broke forth a warrior in his arm'd array,
And pass'd like spectre from the scene away.

He pass'd: but when and where his closing doom,
A dark and distant age has wrapt in gloom—
Whether he sought his wanderer's life again,
Or lightly mingled in the mirth of men.
If such dread stranger was our hapless Chief,
'Tis written—his fall was desperate as his grief;
For sure no morrow cheer'd with brighter ray
The closing eve of such a stormy day.
His was no vulgar spirit; harass'd long,
That heart of passions deep, resentments strong,
Forgot not kindness and forgave not wrong;
If months of ceaseless anguish brooded o'er
Led him to curse the being that he bore;
Remorse that goaded, Pride that would not bend,
And sympathy abhorr'd even in a friend,
His was a heavy doom. Ye critics cold!
Tread not too light on one of loftier mould:
At times so gentle, the unthinking still
Believed him framed alike for good or ill,
Of doubtful energies and feeble will;

Nor knew that pride and passion's force represt
Will burst with vehemence within the breast,
And when they rage the smiling brow beneath,
Theirs is the fearful violence of death.

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.

Roll, Bidassoa, roll your ceaseless tide,
With peaceful wave two jarring realms divide.

My friend, and since my brother-in-law, Mr. Pusey, and myself, quitted Spain by the pass of Irun, in June 1822. The lazaret, in which we were compelled to perform quarantine, is situated in a pleasant village on the banks of the Bidassoa, which forms the boundary of the two kingdoms. At this period the French army was ranged along the shore; amicable relations had not yet been interrupted, but the course of events in Spain, the increasing uneasiness of the French government, and the continual march of troops to the frontier, gave little hopes that they would be permanently maintained.

Oh, in the fierce unpitying strife that now
With civil carnage stains thy beauteous brow.

When we left Spain, the civil war was raging in her northern provinces, and principally in Catalonia. I had now resided for some time in the country, and had become accustomed to the manners, and interested in the fate, of a people who possess every great and generous quality; as I left them at a moment when they were threatened with invasion by a foreign force, and distracted by a desperate contest at home, neither possessing the prudence to ward off the perils that were impending, nor the energy to give effect to their remaining resources, I could not repress the melancholy foreboding, that the day, in which the salvation of Spain might have been worked out, was nearly spent, and that the night was at hand, which would again extinguish the last ray of freedom in the returning gloom of despotism.

Where Cadiz, daughter of unclouded skies,
Bids sea-girt hall and snowy turret rise.

The houses at Cadiz are generally flat-roofed, and surmounted with light towers of a dazzling whiteness, that, rising over the sea, are seen at a considerable distance, and produce a singular and beautiful effect; nor does the interior of the city disappoint the expectation of the traveller, as it is uniformly graceful, and, in parts, richly adorned. Cadiz enjoys one of the finest climates in Europe; removed from the cold blasts of the mountains, it is open to the healthful breeze of the Atlantic, while the air is so tempered by the latitude, that during a residence of three winter months, I scarcely remember an evening when I could not walk with comfort on the Plaza San Antonio, the favourite resort of the inhabitants.

Secure the spirits that around me stood,
Had scorned to shed the trusting stranger's blood,
To win the brightest of that golden slave,
That prompts the base, and makes the coward brave.

There exists no race of men superior to the Spanish peasantry; their feelings are independent, their manners dignified, and in person they are frequently models of manly beauty: they are certainly proud, and their pride is so quickly roused, that until I became well acquainted with their habits and opinions, I sometimes, from ignorance of Spanish custom, gave unintentional offence; but under this apparent haughtiness of spirit, they conceal much real delicacy, and a rich mine of generosity. They converse with their superiors in birth or station, in language free from the slightest tinge of servility, and almost as equals; but although whilst travelling I have spent many days in their society, I never remember an instance where they failed in manly civility. In the south of Spain, the peasants, returning from their labour, collect toward the close of day round the great fire that is kindled in the Posada or inn of a Spanish village; in the more remote districts, where manners have undergone little change for

many years, their evening assemblages present wild and striking groups, while the flashes of light playing on their dress, and illuminating their expressive features, give a peculiar and picturesque character to the scene. Every evening, after the day's journey was finished, I sought the only fire-place to be found in the Posada; I was invariably welcomed with courtesy, and generally requested to take the warmest and most sheltered spot. From a full confidence in the native honour of the Spanish peasant, although an entire stranger, travelling in a most unsettled time, I have wrapt myself up in my plaid, and laid down to rest, among these wild groups, with feelings of complete security; nor do I believe, that so trusted, the treasures of the East would have induced them to violate the rights of hospitality.

And slow and thoughtful traced the silent scene,
Where recent murder's arm had ruthless been.

When we arrived at a Posada bordering upon Lorca in Andalusia, we heard that the town was in a state of high revolutionary excitement; a conflict of parties had taken place on the preceding evening, which had terminated in the ascendancy of the revolutionists; the Governor had been driven from the town, his house burnt, and himself with difficulty rescued from the fury of the people. Four or five of the leading royalists had been massacred in the public square, and several had been severely injured. Feeling anxious to know the real nature of the events that had occurred, I ventured into the town: in the whole length of the principal street I only met two individuals; they appeared to shun observation, and were passing quietly but rapidly to their destination. I delayed them, requesting to know the nearest way to the Plaza; and, under the pretext of enquiring whether I could proceed further with safety, introduced the subject upon which I was desirous to obtain information. The first man to whom I addressed myself appeared much annoyed at my questions, and replied in a tone of exultation, that I suspect, from the extreme discrepancy of his manners, was by no means in unison with his real feelings; however, he urged me to return to the Posada, saying it was a very unfit time for a stranger to ven-

ture in the town. The second only answered, "for God's sake ask no questions, speak to no man, but return home without delay." Both seemed alarmed at the interruption, looked anxiously round to ascertain whether the few words that had passed between us had been overheard, and then hurried on more rapidly than before. I perceived that the doors were closed and the windows barred, as I advanced into the heart of the town; and though I saw every where traces of the industry of man, I heard not a sound that recalled his existence to my mind. I confess, I felt awed by the unnatural contrast that existed between the magnitude and flourishing appearance of the town, and the horrible stillness and desolation that reigned around me, and was only disturbed by the echo of my own footsteps. At length I heard a heavier tread, and saw four or five men coming slowly and steadily down the street; they wore the black cap, and carried muskets under the black mantle, which is the distinctive dress of Lorca, but the points of their fire-arms projected beyond their capotes, and were clearly shown. Perhaps this gloomy costume, combined with the awful circumstances of the time, may have produced an exaggerated impression on my mind, but I still think that I have seldom seen an expression of villainy so sullen and dispassionate as was stamped upon the features of these men. They looked earnestly at me, but allowed me to pass without molestation. When I reached the Plaza, I saw some stalls shivered and overthrown, others had fallen uninjured, but had not yet been raised; some bars were lying on the ground, that appeared to have been violently wrenched from the wall, and other symptoms, equally unequivocal, of the recent outrage, presented themselves: a lad who had shown me part of the way, but from whom I had been unable to extract the slightest information, now became most fearful lest further observation should excite jealousy in the apprehensive state of the public mind, and urged me to lose no time in returning. I was also myself convinced that further delay would be useless and dangerous, and retraced my steps to the Posada. On leaving the town I perceived a group collected round a man who was haranguing them on the disturbance of the preceding day. I mingled with his hearers, and perceiving that I was a stranger and a gentleman, in spite of his republican anti-

pathies to the last mentioned species of animal, he soon addressed his observations to me, and gave me a detailed statement of the events which had occurred; that, strange to say, I had been unable to learn either at the Posada or in the town, although I had been for some hours almost in the scenes where they had taken place. I afterwards saw the same paralyzing effects produced by terror in Catalonia, where men would frequently withhold information necessary to the traveller, from the dread of compromising themselves by any allusion to the most notorious facts. As we left the Posada, the national guard were pouring into Lorca; they were dressed in the costume of the country, and appeared wild, undisciplined, and more likely to create fresh disturbances than to restore order.

And when I heard the cannon's crashing sound.

The events to which I allude in this passage are detailed in the notes to the fourth Canto.

Thou too, my friend, whose calm and constant mind
In grief was patient, and in pain resign'd.

These lines were written in the summer of 1823, soon after I received intelligence of the death of my friend the Conte Andreani. He was endowed with a vigorous understanding; his acquirements were extremely varied; he had mingled intimately in the circles of the French court before the revolution; had subsequently become acquainted with all classes of society, and possessed an extensive knowledge of mankind. There existed few individuals for whose opinions I entertained so much respect, whom I so much esteemed, or whose esteem I so much valued. He died at Nice in 1823, and I could not deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of inserting these lines to his memory.

The moon is bright on Estrelle's hills afar,
She sleeps upon the olive banks of Var,
And gilds my quiet home, Castelinar.

There are many scenes bolder, and possessing more romantic

interest, but none surpass in tranquil beauty the environs of Nice. Few who have enjoyed those scenes will forget the fragrance of her mountains, and the deep blue of her sea. I inhabited, for some months, a little cottage on the shore called the Pavillon Castelinar.

Then with your torrents rushing deep and clear,
Ye woods that love the hunter's horn to hear,
Ye heathery heights, the coverts of the deer,
My father's mountains welcome me!

Some apology is necessary for this allusion to the land and sports of my boyhood, particularly as I have again dwelt on the same subject in the fourth Canto;—the plain truth is, that both these passages were written on the spur of the moment, and have not been revised since the day they were composed.

NOTES TO THE FIRST CANTO.

Where lone Alhambra rears her mountain brow
And Daro rolls his rushing flood below,
His long farewell the northern stranger pays,
Yet, loth to leave, with ling'ring step delays. Page 1.

THE evening before we left Granada, we ascended the height upon which the Alhambra is situated, to take our last farewell of that interesting relic of a departed people. This ancient palace of the Moorish kings is still in high preservation, though for the two years preceding our visit, it had suffered in some degree from neglect, in consequence of the confiscation of the surrounding crown lands, by which it had been supported. In the notes to the fifth Canto, I have dwelt longer on the characteristic beauties of an edifice, that recalls, in its detailed and delicate carving and almost aerial grace, the fanciful creations of the fairy world, rather than the permanent constructions of man. The path to the Alhambra winds through a fine wood, principally composed of elms; as I observed to an old peasant the unusual size which these trees had attained, "Ah, Señor," he answered, "you should have seen this wood before the war of Independence, they were trees at that time," he added, shaking his hand significantly, "which we trembled to look upon, but they were destroyed by the French troops when they encamped at Granada." The day had been cloudy, but evening came on with all the beauty of a southern climate:—when we had emerged from the wood and reached the summit of the hill, the sun was setting in a bed of crimson clouds; Elvira, a bold and insulated mountain, was robed in purple, and a fine tint was thrown on the snows of the Nevada range, that rises immediately behind the Alhambra. From this

point we enjoyed an admirable view of the city; it lay in the valley and skirted the shores of the Daro, that, lined with poplars, rolled at a considerable distance below our feet; the bank, upon which the palace is situated, sloped to the water, covered with roses and wild flowers, and all the first bloom of spring. The Vega of Granada is still, perhaps, the most verdant in Spain, but the neighbouring hills are now almost uncultivated, that were formerly covered with groves of citron, orange and cedar, intermixed with gardens of rich exotics. Upon these plains, the most gallant exploits of arms, and the most generous contests of honour, took place; these halls, now desolate, had collected the beauty and the chivalry of a nation that had not its parallel, and had witnessed the luxury and refinement, the crimes and glories of a dynasty, whose names are scarcely remembered. As twilight deepened, the banks of the Daro, and the whole city, became spangled with lights, and presented a brilliant appearance. We lingered on this favoured spot till night had set in, and left with real regret a scene of great natural beauty, and almost unrivalled in historical interest; a scene that we felt in the probable calculation of human chances we should never revisit again.

And now and ever from that lonely shore
Comes Xenil's voice, and Daro's mingling roar. Page 5.

These two rivers unite immediately below the city.

His high-soul'd mother sternly bade him know,
It ill became him, with a woman's woe
To mourn o'er lost Granada's living grave—
The throne he knew not like a king to save. Page 6.

After the conquest of Granada, Abdallah, king of the Moors, in his retreat to Africa, paused for a moment upon Mount Palud, and shed tears of bitterness, as he looked for the last time on a capital the most splendid in Europe, an inheritance that his ancestors had preserved for eight hundred years, but which had fallen into the hands of his hereditary enemies under his reign, and in a great measure owing to his mismanagement. At this

burst of unavailing passion, his mother, the companion of his flight and sharer of his fortunes, indignantly said to him, "My Son, it ill becomes you to lament an empire that you had not the manhood to defend."

Yet o'er those fields in hard-debated strife,
Nor Moor nor Spaniard gave or heeded life.
There step by step on all that ravaged plain,
Thy sons, devoted Ismael, strove in vain. Page 6.

There is, perhaps, no portion of land in the world where the waste of human life has been so great, in proportion to its extent, as upon the plains of Granada. For some years before the capture of the city, the perpetual ravages of the enemy had rendered the cultivation of the soil almost impracticable.

Yet still the Moor on Afric's burning sand
With fiery glance surveys his father's land;
In each low murmur hears the call divine,
In every cloud beholds the appointed sign. Page 7.

The African Moors have not forgotten that brilliant æra of their history when they were masters of the fairest province of Spain. Their traditions are connected with Granada; and they still believe, on the faith of an ancient prophecy, that the day is at hand which will restore them to that land of their fathers.

Gay minarets rose her tinted domes among;
Her thousand palaces like gems were strung. Page 7.

A large range of palaces decorated with an endless variety of tints, intermingled with domes and minarets, crowded the city in the days of the Moors.

Why shines the leader's badge on brow so young? Page 8.

The badge of command seems to have varied at different times: the white feather, at one period, denoted authority.

Oh, by yon emblem graven on his breast,
And Sleeping Lion sparkling on his crest,
By Afric's sable mantle o'er him thrown,
Is Hassan, Lord of Almoradi, known. Page 8.

The leading families of Granada generally appropriated to themselves some particular motto or device that became a rallying word in the tourney and the field. The African mantle is of a dark colour, and was principally worn by men who claimed alliance with the royal blood of that country. The Almoradi formed one of the most influential tribes of Granada; they were descended from the kings of Morocco, and were kinsmen of Alfaima or Zoraide, the last unfortunate queen of Granada. They took an active part in the civil dissensions of that period; and, after the slaughter of the Abencerrages, became the most dangerous opponents of the Zegri. When the increasing power of the Spaniards, and the vices of the Moorish king, Abdallah, had completed the ruin of their country, they still refused to enter into any compromise with the Christians, and defended the honour of the Musulman empire to the last moment of its existence.

That scarf so fairly framed and richly wove,
Show'd it was fashion'd by the hand of love. Page 8.

The scarf worn by the warriors of that chivalrous age was generally wove by the hand, and frequently bore the initials of the favoured fair one. The dagger was carried in the scarf.

While in gay courtesy his turban knew
That pledge of constant faith the violet blue. Page 8.

The introduction of the violet colour, worn as a badge of attachment, might, at first sight, appear trifling and improbable; but the adoption and public display of particular colours, as symbols of the different passions of the mind, had become so prevalent among the Moors of Granada, that had the author forborne any allusion to a custom so universal, he would have deviated from a correct representation of the manners of that period. It is also worthy of observation, as illustrating the genius of a people, who retained, amid the refinement of an advanced stage of civili-

zation, much of the simplicity and romantic feeling of an early state of society.

Gleamed all the dome with gold and azure bright. Page 9.

The Moors possessed a peculiar art of incrusting gold on an azure ground, so as to create the most glittering effect. This mode of decoration still exists in a retired part of the Mosque at Cordova, and retains much of its original lustre.

Though sapphire's beams with emerald's blaze combin'd. Page 9.

Their canopies were lined with sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones.

So the light veil descending to the knee. Page 10.

The veil worn by the ladies of Granada was extremely graceful, and descended as low as the knee.

in sport unbound
In reckless tides her ringlets streamed around. Page 10.

Their hair was unconfined, and fell over their shoulders in freedom.

Say, does that strain, yon fountain's ceaseless song,
Or Ind's perfumes, the pleasing trance prolong? Page 11.

In the apartments of their women, the Moors united all that could charm the eye or delight the sense. Their lattices, from which they looked upon some of the most adorned scenery in the world, were filled with fragrant plants: exotics were brought from the Levant, and perfumes from Asia, to contribute to their luxury; while a fountain, playing in the centre of the apartment, shed a delightful coolness in the burning days of summer.

For thee I gave—nor grieve me to have given—
Man's fair opinion and my hopes of heaven. Page 18.

The admission of the fair sex into Paradise may seem to mili-

tate against the opinions generally received among Mahometans; but at Granada, where the high spirit of chivalry never permitted that system of female seclusion which prevailed over other parts of the Mahometan world, the ladies who had established their authority in this world, were by no means satisfied with the gloomy creed by which they were excluded from the next, and founded their expectations of an equal participation of heavenly pleasures on passages in the Koran. These claims were provisionally admitted by the gallantry of the Moorish divines; and the gates of Paradise were opened to the fair intruders, if they could produce a certificate of good morals.

No god but God, the faithful bands reply. Page 18.

No god but God, in contradistinction to the doctrine of the Trinity, is the daily exclamation of the Muessin, when he assembles the people to prayer; and such was the habitual war-cry of the Moorish troops.

Pinar shall hold thee safe from fierce alarms. Page 19.

Pinar is a small town a few leagues distant from Granada.

Here on the volume that with saving might
Came full of glory on that wondrous night. Page 21.

On the night of El Kadr, or the Night of Power, as it is called by the Mahometans, the Koran was sent down from God's table, entire and in one volume, to the lowest heaven, from whence Gabriel revealed it to the Prophet. Upon the annual recurrence of this night, the Faithful believe that the divine decrees for the ensuing year are finally determined, and the angels entrusted with their execution. I subjoin the 97th chapter of the Koran, entitled at Kadr, from Sale's translation of that work.

"In the name of the most merciful God, verily we sent down the Koran in the night of El Kadr. And what shall make thee understand how excellent the night of El Kadr is? The night of El Kadr is better than a thousand months; therein do the angels descend, and the spirit Gabriel also, by the permission of

their Lord, with his decrees concerning every matter. It is peace until the rising of the morn."

The umelween's complaining note is still. Page 22.

The nightingale is so called by the Moors.

kissed the wave
That loves Sultana's marble fount to lave. Page 22.

The fountain of Sultana still exists, though in a dilapidated state, in the garden of the Generalif.

And paler tint the graceful citron knew;
Her fairy fruit like globes of crystal bright,
Half bath'd in darkness, half revealed in light. Page 22.

This description may appear exaggerated to persons who have never observed the brilliant effect produced by vivid moonlight on the fruit of the citron. When I arrived at Seville, towards the close of 1821, the country was convulsed by the struggles that had arisen between the constitutional government and the party that was desirous of carrying still further the principle of reform. Gallicia was in open revolt; Cordova and Seville had followed its example, and refused to admit the governors appointed by the ministry of that day. When we passed through La Carolina, we saw some regiments preparing to march upon Seville to enforce obedience; but their operations were slow, partly because they were Spaniards; and, in some degree, because their officers were fearful of proceeding to extremities, in the insubordinate state of the army. So threatened, the leading revolutionists of Seville sent to their most influential partizans at Cadiz, who had there adopted a similar policy, imploring them to make common cause in the contest with which they were menaced. On the night to which I allude, an express had arrived from Cadiz, announcing its full approbation of the measures taken by the prevailing party at Seville, and expressing its determination to grant them the most effectual support. This intelligence produced an effervescence of popular feeling, and the des-

patch was read in the Plaza. When I heard of these events, I hastened to the square; the news had been proclaimed, and the concourse of persons was in a great measure dispersed; but the town was illuminated, and the feverish state of the public mind betrayed itself in the numerous groups that were collected together and engaged in earnest discussion. As I left this scene of political agitation, I was struck with the tranquil beauty of the garden near the cloister of the cathedral, through which I passed on my return to the Posada. The moon shone with a splendour unknown in our northern latitudes; and its beams, falling on the fruit of the citron, gave them literally the appearance of globes of transparent crystal. I have seldom beheld any optical illusion so beautiful, or so perfectly deceptive.

O'er trellis bower the red geranium creeps. Page 22.

The Moors were passionately fond of the trellis work, which they introduced in all their gardens. This species of geranium bears a flower of a rich crimson colour, and grows luxuriantly in the southern provinces of Spain. I have seen it, in the neighbourhood of Cadiz, line the hedges and attain a considerable height: the deep green of its leaf is there a sensible relief to the eye, that becomes fatigued with the constant glare of the sun.

With silver locks the lone retama weeps. Page 22.

If my recollection is correct, the retama is a species of silver broom; its blossom is of a snowy colour, and its branches bend gracefully to the ground, like those of the weeping willow; but their texture is more delicate.

In rich festoons the gay dolico clings. Page 22.

The dolico, or dolico, will flourish in Spain; but in Barbary I have seen it clustering over the trellis work, and hanging down in the most luxuriant festoons. The mixture of colours gives it a lively appearance.

From tree to tree the scented ivy springs. Page 22.

The plant to which I allude is delightfully fragrant, and I

believe is a species of geranium; it resembles the ivy in the configuration of its leaf, and in the manner of entwining itself round the branches of trees.

Wrecked in our ruder climes by the bleak strife
Of jarring winds, to faint and stinted life
The myrtle wakes; here with luxuriance rife
It flowers a wilderness of sparkling bloom,
And loads the summer gale with rich perfume. Page 23.

The myrtle hedges, in the south of Spain, present a lively appearance during the first glow of spring. I have walked in the gardens of the Alcazar, or Moorish palace at Seville, when the air was scented with their perfume, and the hedges literally sparkling with white blossom.

My voice 'mid jarring clansmen scarcely known. Page 23.

The tribes of Granada resembled, in many respects, the Scottish clans. The kinsmen, who formed each separate tribe, considered themselves, in too many instances, independent of law, and almost equal in authority to the crown; they were influenced by the same jealous feeling for the honour of their clan, in which every individual bore the same name, and was connected by blood; like the Highlanders, they were also distinguished by the same long descended attachments and hereditary thirst of vengeance.

NOTES TO THE SECOND CANTO.

O'er boundless Benamex and Cabra's plain
Stern Desolation holds its iron reign. Page 31.

We left Malaga in April 1822, and in the evening of our first day's journey reached Casabermeja, where we were destined to enjoy the climax of bad inns. We had been on horseback during a long day, and arrived fatigued and half famished. Rest we might enjoy in abundance, as there seemed no lack of apartments, but all hopes of quelling the importunate cravings of hunger were infinitely diminished, when our landlord assured us, that he would prepare for the table, without delay, such provisions as we had brought with us; but that his larder was happily free from any commodities of that nature, good, bad, or indifferent. We then retired to our room, that certainly spoke well for our landlord's consistency of character, and manifested his glorious disdain for luxury in every department of life; it consisted of four white walls, without bed, table, or chair; a stone floor, window frames without glass or shutters; a door that had never been intended to close, in its most prosperous days; and that, now, from the effects of some dire mishap, had lost one of its pannels. Through door and window, if these apertures deserve such honourable appellation, a steady breeze was kept up which we could have dispensed with, as the night was cold, and the situation of Casabermeja rather exposed. We mounted our mules and resumed our road to Benamex or Benamegi, early on the following day. The plains of Cabra lay on our right. For several miles the country was extremely desolate; we saw no vestiges of man, and fragments of old Moorish towers alone indicated that this neglected plain had been once inhabited. From one of these heights we

enjoyed a glorious, though distant, view of Malaga and the Mediterranean, while the Ronda mountains formed a bold horizon in the west. As we descended the heights, we met a muleteer, who told us that a band of fifty robbers, mounted after the fashion of the Andalusian highwaymen, had taken up their abode in a venta, or solitary house, that bordered the road in a forest which we expected to traverse that evening. Towards the middle of the day we entered Antequera, a town of some beauty, and famous in Moorish story. Beyond, the country assumed an appearance very unusual in Spain; inclosures became frequent; the hedges were lined with poplars, sometimes with elms, and groups of trees met the eye in every direction: for an instant it recalled to my recollection the smiling scenes of the west of England; but the comparison, that was momentarily suggested by this improved cultivation, was quickly dispelled by the unprotected state of persons and property, and the lawless habits of the population; evils, that soon afterwards pressed themselves upon my observation, in signs too manifest to be doubted: nor did the animation of nature extend far beyond the environs of Antequera, after which we again relapsed into the same monotonous country. Overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, we endeavoured to gain admittance into a lonely house by the road side, but the door was firmly secured, and its inmates were for a long time deaf to our repeated vociferations. At length it was unbarred after many questions, and with evident symptoms of uneasiness, which seemed by no means diminished as we rode into the yard, and asked for bread and wine; nor did their alarm subside, till we had assured them that we should punctually discharge any expenses that we might incur. Unaccustomed to travellers, and sometimes visited by the mounted highwaymen when foraging for provisions, they were unable at first to determine the character of their visitors, or the nature of our visit. The scene was curious, as it illustrated forcibly the unsettled state of these districts, and reminded me of the old feudal times when every mansion was secured against the assaults of an enemy. As we rode along the path that led to the forest of Benamegi, we were joined by some muleteers, who warned us of approaching danger in very expressive language. One, as he left us, intimated a hope that

the hour in which we traversed the wood might be fortunate. It was then customary for persons travelling through this part of the country to unite in caravans sufficiently numerous and well armed to resist any attacks; and as they were principally composed of peasants carrying their goods to market, travellers were enabled, in most days, to avail themselves of such efficient protection. Hearing that a caravan was but a mile in advance, we galloped forward and joined it as it entered the forest. We soon afterwards heard a cry of robbers, and were shown three men in the wood, leaning on their guns, whom our companions recognized as forming members of the great banditti, whose numbers, I suspect, had been much exaggerated. Protected by the caravan, I felt some curiosity to see the highwayman of Andalusia; who, like the *legitimate* smuggler was distinguished by a particular dress, was mounted on the high-necked horse of the country, and had some redeeming points in his character; he was seldom known to commit murder, or inflict any personal outrage, except in cases of continued resistance; and affected, in the full exercise of his vocation, a lofty courtesy of manner, and a contempt for sordid details: but these men were not mounted, and were not remarkable for any peculiarity of appearance. We crossed the Xenil, and arrived with the caravan, as night set in, at the Posada of Benamegi, where we collected, as usual, round the great fire. As we retired to our apartment, we offered our companions some wine, which they received with haughty reluctance, and were not satisfied till we had pledged them in their cup, and broken their bread; but they afterwards came to our room, shook hands warmly with us, and entreated us to join their party on the next morning. On the following day, Pusey and myself left Benamegi at an early hour. The mountains of Ruti and Priego rose magnificently before us, and rested in the bright beams of the morning: we passed along some very craggy paths, and arrived about the middle of the day at Lucena. We found the inn crowded with smugglers, who conversed freely with us, and sold their goods without any affectation of concealment: their dress was handsome, and their manner civil, which was not invariably the case at that period. Before the revolution, the Spanish smugglers formed a distinct class, that retained,

with much originality of character, certain defined principles, and an established code of honour, upon which they professed to act. By this code, all robbery except the plunder of the revenue, was highly censured, unless it took place under very peculiar circumstances. In traversing the country, they discharged their daily reckonings with exactness, and often with generosity; and, in spite of their illicit occupations, showed the most incorruptible fidelity towards persons who placed themselves under their protection or relied on their honour. Such principles were recognized, if not acted upon, by every individual who became a member of the fraternity; and continued, more or less, in force, while the number remained limited; but when the change that was operated in the commercial policy of Spain had given a violent stimulus to the illicit trade, a new class of smugglers suddenly arose, unformed by previous habits, and solely created by the demand for foreign merchandise; which, in consequence of the new regulations, could no longer be supplied by the regular channels. This new class had no restraining points of pride, and becoming alternately smuggler and robber, they plundered the revenue, and oppressed the people; but a marked distinction existed in the public mind, and a bitter feud prevailed between the old and the new race.

Lucena is prettily situated, in a country covered with olive groves; but the olive in this neighbourhood, and in many of the southern provinces of Spain, is much less graceful than the olive of Provence or Italy; its branches are lopped, and it is pollarded, from the belief, that under this mode of training, the fruit will acquire a stronger flavour; and effectively the oil produced in Spain is stronger and more rancid than that which is exported from France and Italy. There is little worthy of observation in the town, except an old tower, and some walls apparently of great antiquity. A few opulent individuals reside here, but all classes are said to be barbarous and uninformed: the authorities were supposed to connive at the outrages committed by the neighbouring banditti, and even to share in their plunder; indeed to such an extent was this system of corruption said to be carried, that it was a proverb in the country, that whoever drank from the clear

spring of Lucena, became from that day endowed with all the necessary qualifications for a good highwayman.

Taking a guide from Lucena, we rode to Ruti, through a country wild and beautiful, but according to the statement of our guide, the most perilous that we had yet passed. When I questioned him as to the number and character of the marauders, he only pointed to some crosses, and answered in a voice scarcely audible. As we proceeded, the country became undulated; the plains were covered with cistus, and the hills with olive cork and old ilex. We reached Ruti in the evening, which is boldly situated in the midst of romantic scenery; having traversed a district full of historical interest, where every tower has its tale, where every pass has been the scene of some chivalrous exploit, but which is now the least known, and perhaps, the most neglected, in Spain. We here found our servants, from whom we had been separated for two days, and proceeded through a much safer country to Granada.

Has dull Palmetto sedgy covering made. Page 31.

I have seen in Spain large tracts entirely covered with the palmetto.

These are Spain's borders dread and desolate. Page 32.

By the word Spain, the old Christians were frequently in the habit of designating that part of the peninsula, which was under the dominion of the Spaniards, to the exclusion of the Moorish provinces.

Delightful scenes! and I have ranged those woods.
Page 33.

There are few trees so picturesque as the cork, when it is permitted to attain an advanced age, in a climate favourable to its growth; no language can do justice to the beauty of the cork forests near Ruti, or to those between Cadiz and Gibraltar. Between Vejer de la Frontera and Algeziras, they grow so dense

on particular spots, that we were not able to ride abreast. The coronella grows luxuriantly, fills every vacant space, and covers the ground with a golden bloom.

I've seen like diadem of crowned king,
Light from the earth the gay sentilla spring. Page 33.

This flower is of a bright yellow colour. I was told by a peasant, that it bore the name of sentilla, but I do not feel certain that the orthography is correct, as his pronunciation was not distinct, and the notes, in which I marked down the information he gave me, were afterwards destroyed.

The woodland's sorrow, saddest flower of Spain. Page 34.

This flower is called the "Sospiro del Campo."

And the tall milta purple all the plain. Page 34.

The milta is a tall flower; it covers the plains between Cadiz, and Gibraltar, and gives a fine purple tinge to the landscape. I believe it is a species of squill.

With Gothic turrets, massive, round, and tall. Page 43.

The Moorish tower is of a square shape; the Gothic turret is circular.

Gay through the tents the lamps of evening beam. Page 43.

The softened effect produced by light breaking through the white canvas at night is extremely beautiful. One evening, during our excursion into Barbary, after we had pitched our tents and retired to rest, I heard a chant sung in a low but audible tone, resembling, in some degree, the dirge pronounced in Italy over the bier of the departed, as it is borne to the church. Wishing to know from what quarter it proceeded, I stept out to ascertain the cause. We had three tents besides our own; one was occupied by our servants, the second by our Moorish mule-

teers, and the third was devoted to our Moorish guard, which consisted of four armed horsemen. From this tent the sound evidently proceeded; and from that part which commands an eastern aspect, a strong gleam of light broke through the canvas. As I passed before the opening of the tent, I perceived the leader of our guard chanting some religious canticle, or more probably some passage from the Koran, and repeatedly prostrating himself to the East. His oriental dress, the waving of his scarlet turban, his prostrations towards the shrine of the Prophet, and the light breaking through the canvas, vividly recalled to my recollection the scenes described in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

And boasted high, that throbb'd in every vein
The blue unsullied blood of ancient Spain. Page 44.

I believe there exist three distinctions of blood among the nobles of Spain; the red, the yellow, and the blue or purple blood. The claim to the sangre azul, by far the most generous and highly esteemed, is only admitted when persons can prove their descent from the early Spaniards, uncontaminated by any intermixture of Jewish or Moorish blood.

From Calpe's heights to Biscay's storm-swept shore.
Page 44.

Gibraltar is certainly very inferior in beauty to the Spanish towns, still the surrounding scenery is fine, and it is interesting to an Englishman, leaving a country where some of the most fertile districts are left uncultivated, to see a rock possessing few natural capabilities, converted into a garden by the good taste and industry of its possessors, and to exchange the insubordination of the Spanish army for the discipline and respectful, yet manly manners of the British soldiers. To many gentlemen I feel much indebted for the hospitality they showed me. Sir George Don, Major Campbell, Col. Chapman, and Mr. Sweetland I must particularly name. Lord Chatham, Governor of Gibraltar, was universally respected and beloved by the garrison. I

shall ever retain a grateful sense of his Lordship's kindness to me during the time that I remained at Gibraltar, which has rendered the recollection of this part of my Spanish tour particularly pleasing.

They read his father's powers and titles high. Page 44.

The pompous enumeration of titles formed one of the high points of ceremonial, rigidly observed by the Spanish nobles of that day.

Shields proudly ranged in lieu of battlement. Page 46.

On some of the old Spanish castles, shields that had been captured in war were substituted for battlements.

High o'er his head the arms of Aragon
And old Castille in blended grandeur shone. Page 47.

The arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Below, Spain's grateful Sovereign parting gave
The imperial chain, in gloomy grace to wave,
That sternly told by factious force opprest
These towers had held a Monarch for their guest. Page 47.

In Spain a chain was hung over the door of every subject, in whose house the King had been entertained, or had taken refuge in times of peril.

And, dear to Spain, Pelayo's armour hung. Page 47.

Pelayo's armour was a relic claimed by half the illustrious families of Spain, at a period when it was probably in no man's possession.

With patriot fire reviving Bernard glows. Page 49.

When Charlemagne undertook his expedition against Spain, Bernardo del Caspio, so celebrated in the romantic history of

those times, raised the standard of resistance, and excited the greatest enthusiasm among the people of Leon; he is said to have slain Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, in the famous battle of Roncesvalles, and the defeat of the French forces in that engagement is chiefly attributed to his courage and indefatigable exertions.

Manriquez, maddening 'mid the routed press,
Kneels on his foe, and, stern and merciless,
Stains with life's oozing tide his better brand,
And tears the prize from Lorna's dying hand. Page 49.

Manriquez is said to have slain a chief of the family of Lorna, who had been successfully opposed to him both in love and war.

Then turn'd his flashing eye to yonder shrine,
And felt that fever of his heart decline. Page 49.

I have seen in the private apartments of Spaniards, the picture of the Virgin lighted by waxen tapers, that were never suffered to expire. The introduction of these objects in a Gothic hall may seem anomalous, but such was the custom of those times, when religion was inseparably blended with the daily habits of the people.

Array'd in garb might suit the softer hour
Of banquet-scene, or lady's peaceful bower. Page 51.

In this passage I have intended to convey some idea of the dress worn by the Spanish nobles of that day.

The grave Castillian saw his temper free
Oft pass the bounds of formal courtesy;
Yet sure was Cabra never to offend,
Ne'er made a foe, and never lost a friend. Page 53.

The Aragonese of those times were distinguished by a disregard of form and a fearlessness of manner, that probably resulted, in a great degree, from the liberal character of their institutions.

And strove in good King Hossein's tourney bold. Page 54.

King Hossein was father to Boabdil, or Abdallah, last King of Granada.

And rode the ring, and sued in Moorish bower. Page 54.

The riding of the ring was a favourite diversion of the Moors.

In sable robe she stood, as best became
Her country's fashion and her lofty name. Page 57.

The ladies of Castille are attired in deep black when they appear in society; I believe this custom was formerly restricted to women of high rank.

Pure as the star that rose o'er Judah's night. Page 57.

The star that was seen in the East by the wise men, and guided them to our Saviour.

Who hold Heaven's royal delegates in awe,
And preach to Kings of liberty and law. Page 59.

The oath of allegiance taken by the Aragonese nobles to their King, is strongly characteristic of that rude but determined spirit of independence that rendered the barren soil of Aragon preferable to the favoured districts of the South. We, said the Justira to the King, in the name of his high-spirited Barons, who are each of us as good, and altogether more powerful than you, choose you for our King, if you maintain our rights; if not, no. "Hosque valencos tanto como vos, y que podemos mas que vos, os hazemos nuestro rei, con tal que guardeis nuestros fueros; sino, no."

The dungeon was deep in Navarre's distant land. Page 60.

Mr. Lockhart in his ancient Spanish ballads, a work in which he has happily preserved the simplicity and spirit of the original, has translated one of the Cancioneros, detailing the romantic

escape of Fernan Gonsalez, the "Great Count of Castille," with the Infanta of Navarre. The circumstances of their flight are certainly founded in truth, and I have followed with little variation the course of events as they are there related.

Count Lara has clad him in battle array. Page 64.

The "Fall of Lara" was suggested by the words of a French song, once extremely popular in England: they are simple and touching.

His steed, he is shrouded—his step it is slow. Page 65.

The Spaniards sometimes shrouded their horses in token of deep distress.

The choicest pride of Lebanon might claim
The awful honours of the cedar frame. Page 71.

The idea of the cedar frame was suggested by the wood-work that surrounds the altar in the cathedral of Seville; its massive carving and dark colour, assisted by the gloom of Gothic architecture, and by the dim light of the tapers, produce an awful effect.

By every boding sign the Eternal gave. Page 72.

Every casual event that could possibly bear the construction of a favourable sign from Heaven, was, at that time, supposed by the Spaniards to indicate the approaching fall of the Musulman Empire.

Valentia's brightly-coloured warriors stand
Near Andalusia's rich embroider'd band,
And turban'd chief of Murcia's rival land. Page 73.

The plaid worn by the mountaineers of Valentia is distinguished by the brightness and variety of its colours, indeed their entire dress is singularly beautiful. The dress of the Andalusians is rich and adorned with much embroidery. In Murcia and parts of Valentia the costume of the peasant is almost oriental; his

garb is loose, and instead of a hat or bonnet, he wraps a blue handkerchief round his head, somewhat in the shape of a turban. In these parts of Spain many traces of a Moorish population are still perceptible in their agriculture, their mode of gardening, and the construction of their houses. This dress is also evidently of Eastern origin. I have seen in the kingdom of Murcia the peasantry so attired, dancing under their favourite fig-tree to the sound of the castanet. The remoteness of these districts has, probably, preserved these relics of former times; indeed so little communication exists between Murcia and other parts of Spain, that when I requested my banker, at Granada, to procure for me a bill of exchange on that city, he assured me that it was quite impossible, saying they had as little connexion with Murcia as with Morocco; nor could he give or procure for me a bill upon Valencia, one of the most thriving towns in the kingdom. This extraordinary instance of the languid state of trade, was very inconvenient, as it compelled us to carry in hard money a sum equal to the expenses that we expected to incur on the road from Granada to Barcelona, and had we been visited on our journey by some of those mounted gentlemen, who are fond of borrowing, but not exact in repaying, we might have been stopped at some delightful venta, without resources, and in rather an absurd predicament.

And Aragon suppress'd her gaze of fear
To see the rugged Catalan so near. Page 73.

Some jealousy has existed at times between the mountaineers of these provinces, but the stern character of the Catalan has generally prevailed, whenever a dispute has arisen.

And messenger on Monarch's urgent hest,
With rudely-figured belt and fur-skin breast,
Bare neck and habit soil'd by dust, that show'd
All night in breathless haste the courier rode. Page 74.

As I was travelling along the road from Valentia to Barcelona, I saw, one evening, a horseman advancing towards me, and

though during my journey through Spain I had seen many strange figures, I was unusually attracted by the wildness and singularity of his appearance: his breast was covered with fur-skin, he wore a cap composed of the same material, his neck was bare, his habit soiled with dust, and his waist encircled by a belt that was crowded with patterns and devices rudely figured. I was told that he was a royal courier.

And shell-deck'd pilgrim in his wild attire. Page 74.

I have seen pilgrims in Spain attired in a dress that is adorned with shells.

So soft that light, so pure and peaceful glow'd,
From the departed Spirit's blest abode;
But vain to Hassan's hopeless glance was given
That emanation of his country's Heaven. Page 76.

The Moors of Granada believed that the Moon was the Paradise of their departed faithful; an idea pleasing in all scenes, but most fascinating in a climate where the reign of moonlight is the period of enjoyment, and where all nature gains increased beauty from her tempered rays.

NOTES TO THE THIRD CANTO.

As if the desart of their fast career,
As if the clansmen of their hate were near,
As if they heard the trumpet's thrilling call,
Proclaim from far the feudal foeman's fall. Page 86.

THE steeds of Arabia are supposed to share in the feudal animosities of their masters, to partake the exultation of triumph, and to possess the instinctive faculty of recognizing an hereditary foeman.

Nor lived alone in minstrel's fabled lay
The long-lost courtesy of early day;
Our border youth, beneath the same bright skies,
Ranged the same woods and join'd in kindred ties. Page 87.

During the first centuries of the Moorish domination in Spain, marriages were by no means unfrequent between the Christians and Mahometans.

Their fields laid waste, their sons in slavery led,
God! is the tameless soul of Akbé dead? Page 87.

The Saracens effected the conquest of Mauritania, in the 27th year of the Hegira, 647 A. D. The enervated Greeks were unable to resist this torrent of fanatic crusaders; but the Bereberes, descended from the original tribes of the country, and who still preserve a barbarous independence in the fastnesses of Mount Atlas, offered a vigorous resistance to the invaders, but were at length subdued by Akbé, commander of the Mahometan forces, who subjected them to the laws and religion of the Prophet. In-

flamed by conquest, and burning with religious zeal, he advanced on horseback to the verge of the Atlantic, waved his sabre, and plunged into the waves, exclaiming, "Immortal Mahomet, if this "restraining element did not present a barrier to my progress, I "would seek nations yet undiscovered, and teach them to adore "your name."

As in those days when young Teresa came,
The flower of Leon, Moorish love to claim. Page 88.

Alphonso, king of Leon, gave his sister Teresa in marriage to Abdallah the Moorish sovereign of Toledo, A. D. 1010.

When kindred treason held Alphonso's throne,
The Moslem made that monarch's cause his own. Page 88.

When young Alphonso, king of Leon, was dethroned by his brother Sancho of Castille, he was hospitably received by Almamon, king of Toledo, who treated him, during his exile, with the affection of a son, and with all the honours of royalty. When the death of his brother recalled Alphonso to the throne, the generous Moor accompanied him to the frontier, loaded him with presents, and placed the troops and revenue of Toledo at his disposal.

No twisted mail, no glittering arms to-day
Shall grace the warrior of that savage fray;
Gay silken vest, light lance, and gallant steed,
Of these alone the belted brave have need. Page 90.

In this description of the dress worn, and the weapons used by the combatants of that period, I have followed the account given by Florian, who appears to have investigated the subject.

He gave us that nobility of birth,
That raised us o'er the common sons of earth.—Page 90.

The Christians who took refuge, after the fatal battle of Xeres, in the mountains of Biscay and the Asturias, were ennobled by Pelayo, and, as their lineal descendants, the inhabitants of these

provinces, from the highest to the lowest class, are still considered noble in the eye of the law, and are entitled to the privileges of nobility. The poorest Asturian is proud of these distinctions. When he emigrates from his native province, he carries with him the necessary documents to establish his claim: if compelled to serve in a menial capacity, he retains a haughty sense of superior birth, and the anxiety to escape from employments which he considers derogatory to his rank, frequently operates as an useful stimulus to increased exertion.

Let Veger's forests show their fiercest steer. Page 92.

Some of the finest bulls selected for the amphitheatre are taken from the forests near Vejer de la Frontera. They graze over the plains in considerable numbers, and their shaggy appearance suits that wild and deserted scenery. Till the close of our second day's journey, I remember seeing but one house, viz. the venta at which we slept.

Of fiery mood he paused not for the stroke,
But burst, as bursts the wild wave on the rock. Page 94.

Bull-fights were formerly much more sanguinary than they are at present. Madame D'Aunoy, who wrote in the seventeenth century, describing an entertainment of this kind at which she was present, mentions the death of a young cavallero of Toledo, who was tossed by a bull and immediately expired. She says, that two others were mortally wounded; yet observes, that little blood was spilt upon this occasion. The bull-fight of Ganzul, one of the old Moorish ballads, which appears, from its minute allusions to persons and circumstances, to have been intended as an account of events that actually took place, describes the slaughter of eight Moorish lords, in one combat, by these infuriated animals. Ballad poetry is generally historical, and where it is not strictly so, seldom deviates from the general character of the scenes that it delineates. Good birth was considered an indispensable qualification for any candidate for the *duelo*, to which the nobles of Spain were much attached. In this species of encounter, the cavallero assaulted the bull, and fought him in single

combat. Florian tells a lively story of young Cortes, who narrowly escaped destruction from the unexpected attack of a bull, while he was gathering a flower that had fallen from the bosom of his mistress. He attributes his preservation to an act of singular dexterity. I have applied the story, in an altered form, to a member of the same family, but as I had reserved no future place for the young hero in my tale, I would not interfere with the bull and rescue him by the recital of any extraordinary ingenuity on his part.

Through Sarabanda's stately maze they go. Page 96.

The Sarabanda was a favourite dance of the Spaniards; it was slow, stately, and well adapted to the gravity of the national character.

How oft was heard from moonlight bower afar
Some young enthusiast's eloquent guitar. Page 98.

The serenade still breathes in Spain the language of affection, and reveals the hopes of the young lover to his mistress in sounds more eloquent than words: it prevails to a great extent in Murcia, and parts of Valentia. I heard at Orihuela, and afterwards at Albatera, the guitar beautifully played, under the windows of some favourite fair one, during many hours of the night.

O'er the soil'd housings of his panting side
Are seen the castles of a kingdom's pride. Page 103.

The castles are the arms of Castille.

Oh, speak! who witness'd from the imperious North,
The trembling slaves of Tyranny come forth,
And prate of coward crouching to the foe,
Say, was the spirit of our fathers low? Page 106.

When the ambassadors demanded tribute from Muley Hossein, father of king Abdallah, by whom Hassan, the hero of my tale, is supposed to have been sent as envoy to the Spanish court, that high-spirited Prince replied, "I know that some of my ancestors

"have redeemed their possessions by gold; in my reign no money "is coined; take then the only metal that I can offer your sove- "reign." With these words, he presented the point of his lance to the Spanish messengers.

Now widely scatter'd o'er the tented ground
Spain's warriors cross them at the vesper's sound;
With brow unveil'd, its praise a nation hears,
And, full of faith, the living God adores. Page 113.

In Spain, about sunset, at the sound of the bell, every individual uncovers his head, and the hum of crowds is hushed for a moment in silent adoration.

He has told us that God whom we trust
His care is for all men below;
To pray for the just and unjust,
The fere and the foe. Page 115.

Although fere has been sometimes used synonymously with lover, the original and correct signification of the word simply conveys the idea of companionship or friendly relations, in which sense it is here applied.

NOTES TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

O Pixton! seen even now in landscape bright. Page 119.

THE estate and house of Pixton belong to my father, Lord Caernarvon. They are situated near the borders of Exmoor, in a country proverbial for its romantic scenery: the neighbouring hills, covered with heath, with ash, but principally with oak copse, intermingled with the forest tree, fringing the banks of numerous torrents, recall, under a softened aspect, the beauties of Alpine scenery. The origin of the word Pixton is ancient, and not known with certainty; it is supposed to have been once written Pixie town, or, the Town of the Fairies,—a race that exists in popular belief, and is designated by the mountaineers of the district by the name of Pixies. A wood still retains the name of Pixie wood: in this instance, the word has been preserved entire; a circumstance which leaves little ground to doubt that Pixton had a similar origin.

By Haddeo's foaming flood and Danebrook's tide,
That parted once a rival people's pride,
And Ella's native woods. Page 119.

The Haddeo, a mountain-stream scarcely perceptible in very dry summers, is frequently, in autumn, an unpassable torrent. The waters of the Danebrook are said to have once divided the Danish and Saxon States.

And thou, dark moor! beneath whose lowering sky
The cheerless mists of Autumn ever lie,
Who roams thy vast and desolated round,
Sees scarce one hut, nor hears one social sound. Page 120.

This immense extent of moor divides us like an ocean from the world beyond. Before the inclosure, which took place five or six years ago, it presented a most desolate appearance; in parts neither man, nor the industry of man, enlivened the unvarying solitude of these wastes, but, as far as the eye could reach, a monotonous extent of moor bounded the horizon: parts, indeed, of the forest are gracefully undulated and covered with fern; but even here the hillocks so nearly resemble each other, and the general uniformity of aspect is so great, that, riding in a straight forward direction, I have with difficulty persuaded myself that I had not again returned to a part of the moor which I had left some time before. There are few of the oldest natives who are thoroughly acquainted with it; and persons who have resided for years on its borders, have lost their way in venturing too far: instances have indeed occurred, where strangers, crossing it without guide, and with little or no local knowledge, have been benighted and lost in the bogs, which are in reality dangerous to an incautious traveller, but whose reputation for depth and extent has armed the moor with greater terrors than it really possesses. This character of seclusion is slowly wearing away. The moor was a few years ago sold by the Crown: the work of inclosure has already commenced; stone fences have been erected in every direction, and some portions of land have been reclaimed. Many persons are of opinion that this measure will ultimately prove of great public utility. I have no sanguine expectation that the country will experience any real benefit from the sale of this territory: the large flocks of sheep who grazed over the plain will probably decrease; it supported a race of wild ponies, hardy and admirably adapted to the rugged nature of the surrounding country, which has already disappeared; while the inclemency of the climate, and the poverty of the soil, may render the cultivation of the land, to any considerable extent, vexatious and unprofitable.

Sole tenant of that stern uncultured space,
I've seen the startled monarch of the chase,
Roused by fierce foemen from his lonely lair,
With mien majestic, slow and stately bear
His step to earth—his antlers in the air. Page 120.

The red deer, once so common over England, has been long restricted to these districts: till this year, the last of the old stag-hunting establishments was still an honourable provincial distinction, and was once regarded with pride and affection by the aristocracy of the surrounding country. The hind-hunting commenced on the 10th of April, and ended on the 20th of May: stag-hunting commenced on the 20th of August, and terminated with September; when autumn hind-hunting recommenced, and continued till the rains set in, and the waters forbade further operations. The harbourers, or persons appointed to go round the coverts, and mark the slot or tread of the deer, arrived early in the morning, and communicated the result of their investigations. If they had been successful in tracking a deer to the covert, and had not sloted him out of it, it was then customary to beat such coverts with a couple of old hounds, called tufters, and so rouse the monarch from his lair. This moment was, perhaps, the proudest of the chase. Few sights that the sporting world can exhibit, could equal the scene that presented itself when the stag broke covert, bearing his antlers high in the air, and proceeding across the moor with a stately step, amid the shout of the field and the crash of the hounds. The thoroughbred stag-hound is a larger animal, and in every respect superior to the fox-hound; his note is deeper, more melodious, I may say almost thrilling, and the effect produced by the opening roar of the pack must be heard, but cannot be described. Sometimes, it is true, the deer pursued a beaten track, and the spirit of the chase degenerated; but he frequently led through wood, through torrent, and every wild variety of mountain scenery, clothed at that period of the year in the rich garb of summer. Sometimes, leaving the forest country entirely, he led across the moor, when the bursts were always bold, the sport animated, and the runs sometimes tremendous. There, where the stag is at a little dis-

tance confounded with the plain from the similarity of colouring, I have distinguished his broad antlers resting against the sky as he stretched across the country: when hard pressed, he sometimes plunged into the sea, and swam a considerable distance; but his fate was generally destined to the bed of some mountain-torrent, where he stood at bay, and defended himself against the hounds with much gallantry. Some of the old customs, such as presenting the hanger, blooding the novice, &c. were still kept up. One of my earliest recollections, was the introduction of the stag's head at Pixton in the evening, which was carried round the table as a memorial and trophy of the day's exploits. But public spirit had scarcely declined at that time.

So well protected were the coverts, that I remember it was said that eighty deer were killed in one season, about that period, when Lord Graves directed the hunt, which was afterwards supported by Lord Fortescue, at his sole expense. During the last few years, Mr. Lucas has been master of the pack; and great praise is due to his meritorious exertions in behalf of an establishment, whose existence he has prolonged, though he could not avert its fate. Mr. Knight has endeared himself to all who have the preservation of the red deer at heart, by the spirit and liberal feeling he has shown in the cause.

I hear the deep death-note—the bugle-call—
Proclaim from far the antler'd monarch's fall. Page 121.

At the close of the chase, the note of the hounds deepens, becomes more lengthened, and sometimes almost mournful. To an accustomed ear, the change of tone is extremely marked.

O'er Hadden's mountain when my Grandsire past,
A thousand gallants rallied at his blast;
To Hawkridge hills, at Acland's glad acclaim,
The crowding chivalry of Devon came. Page 121.

The hounds were maintained for more than sixty years by my grandfather, and great grandfather Sir Thomas Acland. At that period, when the aristocracy were devoted to the sport, gentlemen crowded from all parts of Devonshire to participate in this noble diversion. This was the most brilliant æra of an

establishment, which he supported at his sole expense: during the day, the field was numerously and gallantly attended; the pack was excellent, and a spirit of magnificence was carried into all the details of the chase. He retained performers on the French horns, who always attended and played the double or treble mort and the whole recheat in concert, while all the old ceremonies of the field were formally observed. In the evening, his brother sportsmen were entertained in his house with all the feudal hospitality of that time: the stag's head was produced with a silver cup in his mouth, out of which the favourite toast was drunk; and

> "He was deem'd a laggard soul
> "Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl."

In his time, herds of deer were seen collected together. His property was extensive, and in the heart of the stag-hunting country; he exercised the forest rights which prevailed over Exmoor, but have been lately extinguished; but his own devotion to the cause, and the attachment which then existed among all classes to the sport, was the main cause of its prosperity. It is painful to revert from this fortunate period to the closing days of the establishment. Its fall must be attributed to the combined effect of several causes:—Firstly, to the disafforestment of Exmoor, and the extinction of the forest rights, and to the enclosure of large tracts of land over which these animals were accustomed to range undisturbed and unobserved by any eye: Secondly, to the decline of public spirit, and a growing indifference to this manly sport: Thirdly, to the heat of party, and to a very mistaken opinion, that, because such an establishment was aristocratic in its origin, it is therefore injurious to the interests of the community, and oppressive to the people: but the last and most decisive cause of its decline, is to be found in the supineness of some of the landed proprietors, who had formerly protected the deer; and in the undisguised hostility of others, who, if report speak true, have not scrupled to sanction their destruction, and offer an unnecessary insult to every gentleman who yet adhered to the ancient sport of the country.

And if they listed melody, might hear
Our rushing Barle make music for their ear. Page 122.

The Barle, a fine mountain-torrent, flows among the woods below the hill on which Pixton is situated. When the floods are high, during the Autumn, the roar of the water is very loud.

For twice two hundred years, their gallant train
Exulting swept the Crown-protected plain;
These eyes, that loved that field of sylvan war,
Its rights borne down, its shrinking limits saw,
And mourn'd the last of Devon's forest law.

While Exmoor belonged to the Crown, the deer were guarded by forest law. Hawkridge, a barren extent of plain, with some of the surrounding woods, were purlieus of the royal chase, and as such were protected by the same law.

As we crossed the Ebro in a ferry-boat, we heard from a goat-herd, for the first time, of the insurrection in Catalonia, that afterwards became so famous, and for seventeen months continued to desolate the country. Our accounts during the next day were very imperfect, but before we reached Barcelona we had entered the revolted districts. Vendrell, where we paused for a few hours, had been occupied, and again evacuated by the Royalists, three days previous to our arrival. Tarragona was menaced by armed parties, and the authorities had in consequence left the town. We were required to produce our passports at every village through which we passed, and on my arrival at Barcelona I was placed under arrest, on account of some informality in the signatures, occasioned by the absence of the Governor of Tarragona. I was detained in the Hôtel de Ville, till the arrival of the political chief, who, if I remember rightly, was Rotten, whose name became so generally known at a later period of the revolution. He listened attentively to my explanation, perceived how the mistake had originated, and, in spite

of the remonstrances of his secretary, suffered me to depart without delay. At Barcelona, where we were compelled to remain some days, as the roads were on all sides occupied by the Royalists, we received more correct information respecting the state of the country. For the last two months large bodies of the Insurgents had shown themselves, and harassed the soldiers; but during the fortnight that preceded our arrival, in many parts the entire peasantry had taken up arms against Government, and the insurrection had assumed an alarming character. The Royalists, commanded by Misas and the famous Trappist, had established their head-quarters at Cervera, a large town on the high road between Barcelona and Madrid, and intercepted all official communications. While we delayed at Barcelona until some change in the state of affairs should again permit us to renew our journey, despatches arrived from the Commander of the Constitutional forces, announcing the defeat of the Royalists and the fall of Cervera, but adding, that victory had been accompanied by a dreadful carnage, (horrososa clade). In this encounter, the Royalists sustained one of the severest reverses which they experienced during the whole course of the civil war: they fought for fourteen hours with undaunted courage, but were completely routed at the close of the day.* As the road was again open into

* We arrived at Cervera a few days after its recapture. I found the same difficulty in procuring information which I every where experienced on the scenes where such events had recently taken place; indeed, I was tempted to believe that much exaggeration had prevailed in the statement of the killed and wounded, till I saw the official returns, and afterwards heard a detailed account of the assault from an officer connected with the regiments engaged. The following relation of the fall of Cervera, extracted from the Annuaire Français, a work generally free from political bias, may not be uninteresting to my readers, as it was one of the most important events of the civil war; it dispersed a large undisciplined force, and inundated eastern Catalonia with the broken and retreating bands of the Royalists, who spread the flame of insurrection over the remotest parts of the country.

"A la nouvelle des succès de Misas, qui avait pris Campredon, (17 Avril), et levait des hommes et des contributions dans tout le pays, le Général Lloberas, commandant à Barcelone, s'etait mis à la tête de quelques troupes regulières et de milices, pour arrêter ses progrès, et il en

Aragon, we left Barcelona on the 22d of May, and arrived in the evening at Esparraguerra, where we had been preceded by a regiment of the Constitutional troops, who were singing the Tragala in the streets. Before I retired to rest, I left the Posada. Montserrat rose gloomily before me; the streets were deserted, and beyond the town I perceived that there were no lights in any of the neighbouring hamlets. These were dreary signs of the times. I returned to the inn, threw myself on my bed, and slept till morning. I then understood that an order had been issued, forbidding any individual to leave his house after dark, and requiring every peasant who dwelt beyond the walls of Esparraguerra, to quit his hamlet, and enter the town before dusk. This mea-

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joignit quelques bandes qui furent battues et dispersés. En même tems, le Général Don Joseph Bellido, commandant à Lérida avait été détaché contre le Trapistè, cette colonne sortie de Lérida le 17 Mai, se composait de trois bataillons d'infanterie, régiment de Ferdinand VII. des Asturies et de Tarragone, et de cinquante chevaux du régiment d'Espagne. Dès le lendemain 18, elle trouva un corps d'insurgés retranchés sur une hauteur qui domine Tarrega; elles les culbuta dans la ville, où Bellido entra avec eux, et les poursuivit jusqu'à Cervera, où était le Quartier-général des insurgés, et une espèce de junte Apostolique. Tous les habitans avaient pris parti pour la cause de la foi, ils se misent en êtat de défense: répousés dans la ville, ils se retrancherent dans les maisons crenélées d'où ils faisaient un feu meurtrier; le Général Bellido ne vit pas d'autre moyen de les réduire, que de faire mettre le feu aux quatre coins de la ville; et au milieu du désordre occasioné par cette mésure il ordonna une attaque générale à la baïonette; elle fut quelque tems incertaine, car les insurgés renfermés dans les maisons, malgré le progrés de l'incendie, faisoient pleuvoir sur les soldats une grêle de balles, de tuiles, de morceaux de bois et de pierre. Enfin, après une vigoureuse résistance, la ville fut rendue à dix heures et demie du soir, et subit toute la nuit les suitas horribles d'une prise d'assaut. Elle était presque detruite et ses habitans en partie exterminés, mais elle avait coûté cher aux vainqueurs—ils avaient perdu le commandant des Asturies, et au moins deux cent cinquante hommes. Suivant le rapport du général Constitutionnel, la perte totale des insurgés dans ces deux affaires avait été de plus de douze cents hommes, entre lesquels cent cinquante à cent soixante tonsures avaient été trouvés sur le champ de bataille ou dans la ville; ceux qui purent échapper à ce désastre se dispersèrent dans les montagnes, où le Trapiste les rallia."

sure was intended to prevent any communication between the Royalist Guerillas, and the peasantry who were rapidly enlisting in their bands. It was known that parties of the Insurgents descended the mountains at night, foraged the country for provisions, and were well received by the inhabitants, who were in those districts universally favourable to the royal cause.

Early on the following day we left Esparraguerra, and passing a fine regiment that was marching upon Vila or Vilia, arrived in less than two hours at Colbato, a small village at the foot of the mountain of Montserrat, whose singular assemblage of cones rising one above another, on a high range of crags, had long formed the most prominent object in the landscape. We determined to visit the convent; and giving instructions to our servants to join us with the carriage at a particular spot on the opposite side of the mountain, we commenced the ascent, accompanied by a young Catalan who led the way. Shortly afterwards I remembered that we had left our passports in the carriage,—an omission which, at that period of vigilance, might have been productive of serious inconvenience. The boy, who was only accustomed to the *patois* spoken by the peasantry of Catalonia, did not comprehend my meaning when I requested him to return and fetch it, nor when I asked him some questions relative to the day's expedition. He fixed his eyes on the ground with such an expression of phlegmatic indifference, that for a moment I thought it would be advisable to procure a more hopeful guide; but when he at length comprehended me, he volunteered his services with the most good-humoured readiness. Our companion improved upon acquaintance: he possessed a quick perception of the ludicrous; and though young, his remarks upon persons, and events that fell under his immediate observation, were shrewd and caustic. We had toiled up the hill to a considerable height by a narrow and regular zigzag, when we suddenly heard the roar of the cannon from the valley below; it was twice repeated, and all was again silent. I shall never forget the change that was visible in his countenance, as he turned round and said to me, pale rather with awe than with apprehension, "El cañon." I had been informed that a large body of the Royalists were stationed at Vila, had resolved to defend it to the last extremity, and that an engagement was expected to take place about this very time in the valley

below. We did not, however, hear the sound repeated for some hours; and I afterwards learnt that these two discharges were unconnected with the great attack that followed. A small party of the Royalists, who had been separated from the main force to which they belonged and were surrounded by the Constitutional troops, had found their last refuge in a house which they had fortified. Here these unfortunate men defended themselves with a gallantry that deserved a better fate; when the two discharges of cannon, which we heard on the mountain, had effected a breach in the wall, they still refused to surrender, set fire to the house, and died on the bayonets of the enemy shouting "Viva el Rey!" Three alone survived the assault, were made prisoners, and shot, a few hours afterwards, by martial law.

We reached the convent of Montserrat early in the day, and were glad to escape for a short time from the intolerable glare of the sun. This pile of building, irregular, and apparently constructed at different periods, is still venerable and imposing, and retains evident traces of former magnificence: here formerly existed one of the most splendid establishments of the Catholic world—its fortunes had undergone a melancholy change. The pile was falling into decay; the chapel, a perfect specimen of architectural beauty before it experienced the ravages of war, was then a ruin. Three Monks and their old Abbot alone remained, stripped of those domains which had given wealth and consideration to a numerous fraternity. The Abbot came to receive us with much grace and dignity; his welcome was friendly, his manners calm and distinguished, and in his countenance was an expression of melancholy mingled with resignation. He had been reduced to extreme poverty by the revolution; during the French invasion he had raised the peasantry, and armed a Guerilla; he had shared the perils and hardships of that species of warfare with the rudest peasant, for the independence of Spain. The memory of past services should have ensured to him better treatment in his declining years. He led us to the terrace, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the country; fine masses of wood lay around us, and beneath our feet, while tall grey pinnacles of rock overhung the monastery. From this eminence, which is estimated at nearly three thousand feet above the sea, the country beneath rather resem-

bled a plain varied by slight inequalities of surface, than what it really was—a district intersected by ranges of high hills. Here they pointed out to us Vila, or the houses in its vicinity, where the Royalists were encamped; they informed us that the people of Vila and the neighbouring districts had taken up arms in their cause, that bodies of the Constitutionalists had been marching in that direction during the morning and the whole of the preceding day, that the attack would take place immediately, and be opposed with the utmost determination. Their anticipations were just; those walls, then glittering in the bright beams of the morning, were a heap of ashes before the sun went down: the resistance was desperate beyond what had been expected; the priests carried the cross before the troops, and exhorted them rather to die than submit to the oppressors of Catalonia, the enemies of their God and their King; men, women, and even children, rose at the sound of the tocsin, and fought in the ranks of the Royalists; the town was almost destroyed before the troops could effect an entrance, and when it was taken, no quarter was given, and a scene of indiscriminate massacre ensued.

As we took leave of the Abbot and the Monks, they pressed us to dine and spend the day at the Convent, with so much earnestness, that we afterwards suspected they were not unacquainted with the dangers that we should probably incur by pursuing our journey. I have never heard any certain account of the fate of this interesting old man, and the Monks who were with him. More than a year afterwards, when the French had entered Spain, I saw in one of the Journals, at Paris, that the Monks of the convent of Montserrat had become implicated with the Royalist Guerillas, had been detected, conveyed to prison, and would undergo the sentence of the law.

As we proceeded, the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter

of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eye steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, they came rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented, in a course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages, than the charge of an organized Guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trowsers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, "You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!" They required us to give up our money; and in the first transport of rage dashed it upon the ground, saying, it was the gold of traitors! but when we assured them that we were strangers totally unconnected with the troubles of the times, that we belonged to that distant country whose sons had fought side by side with them for the rights of King Ferdinand and for Spain, against the people who dwelt beyond those Pyrenees that were then in sight, and to which we pointed as we spoke, they shook hands with us enthusiastically, and gave an unconditional promise that our lives should be respected. By this time the captain, and a man who was apparently second in authority, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of lieutenant, had arrived. They were superior in language, manners, and education, to the surrounding group; they were not subject to the same fluctuations of opinion—they were less convinced of our innocence at one moment, of our guilt at another. They possessed more judgment, more reflection, and that moderation which generally arises from matured knowledge of mankind; they examined us with method and minuteness, seemed anxious to ascertain the exact number of the Constitutional troops that we had left in the valley, and what

direction they had taken: we answered their questions with fidelity. At times, and particularly when we alluded to Vila, they seemed startled at our replies. As they now appeared to regard our conduct with less suspicion, we trusted that they would not detain us, when we had frankly communicated the little information that we possessed respecting the views and the movements of the enemy; but an incident occurred that entirely changed their feeling towards us, and would have proved fatal to us had not the Captain and the Lieutenant interfered in our favour. When they had sufficiently examined us, they desired to see all that we had brought with us to the mountain. In consequence of this request, Pusey was obliged to produce three pistol balls that by chance were in his pocket at the moment. These balls effected an instantaneous and surprising transition of feeling; they were looked upon as proofs conclusive of our connexion with the army, and of the hostile motives that had led us to the mountain; they became as violent as before, some cocked their guns and were only prevented by the Captain and the Lieutenant from carrying their threats into execution. We explained with some difficulty, amid the tumult that prevailed, that these balls belonged to pistols which we carried for safety on the high roads. They appeared in some degree reassured by this probable statement, but not convinced. The impression produced upon their minds by our visit was clearly that we had come to the mountain for the purpose of reconnoitering, and were acting in concert with the Constitutionalists in the plain, nor could we give any satisfactory answer respecting the reasons that had induced us to deviate from the road and visit the mountain, at a moment when, to adopt their emphatic language, every man from Levida to Montserrat stood with his musket at his breast:—*To do da Lerida a Montserrat sta con es ropeta al pecho.* We said, however, that we had been informed that the mountain was for the moment in a tranquil state, and that our visit was solely occasioned by motives of curiosity. Unaccustomed to travellers, they had probably never heard such reasons assigned before, and received them with justifiable suspicion. After some discussion, the Captain turned to us and said that we had informed him that our servants had instructions

to join us with the carriage at a particular spot, on the opposite side of the mountain; that he would procure information upon that subject, that we should be judged by our own words: if our story proved consistent and the result of his enquiries satisfactory, we should depart in peace; but that if the first proved inconsistent, and the latter unsatisfactory, he had no alternative left in the critical state of their affairs, as no quarter was given to prisoners by either party.

These words were spoken frankly, but not uncourteously, nor was there any appearance of insult in his manner. This species of dictation was not agreeable from any individual; still I felt, at that time, what my poor Catalan expressed in simple language, some hours afterwards, when we stood on the moor, "Senor, your lot has been unfortunate to-day, but such are the chances of men who range over the world." We now continued our journey, guarded by the band. A wild original, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Shocky, from his shoct head of hair, attached himself to me, and kept near my horse's head; though such precaution was unnecessary, as any attempt to escape would have been impracticable. He was on terms of familiarity with the Captain, though he seemed to have little authority in the troop; and was certainly more calculated to further an enterprize by his courage and exertions, than to plan and direct its execution. He differed totally in manners and character from the rest of the Guerilla, and was the only individual who uttered any offensive expressions; and these, I have little doubt, originated more in a thoughtlessness and natural vehemence of temper, than in any malignant feeling. For some time we proceeded tranquilly along the road; the Guerilla looked upon us with less displeasure, and Shocky's repeated assurances that we should die began to abate. Although little regularity was observed in their march, they paid implicit obedience to their chief, who omitted no point of necessary caution: before we turned any of the projecting rocks, that concealed the view of the road beyond, he regularly sent forward a vidette, consisting of three or four men, who, advancing carefully, reconnoitered the pass; and when they were satisfied that no danger was at hand, made signals to their companions. By these means

they effectually guarded against sudden surprise. This calm, however, did not endure; and indeed their temper was destined to undergo a severe trial. After we had travelled with them for a short distance, we heard a rolling discharge of musketry from the valley below; the Guerilla turned, and listened attentively; it was again and again repeated. They knew by those sounds, and I knew also, that the long-expected engagement had commenced. I was aware that these discharges would probably continue, and could not fail to exercise a most unfavourable influence on our destiny—an anticipation that was quickly realized in their increasing irritation and change of conduct: their countenances became sullen and almost ferocious; many scowling glances were bent upon us, many threats were uttered, and they spoke of our guilt as certain. At length we heard the tremendous roar of the cannon; it was awfully reverberated among the rocks, and produced a strong sensation upon the mind of every man. For some minutes I had closely observed the Captain, who was walking near me, with the young Catalan, along the edge of the precipice. He neither paused nor turned his head towards the quarter from whence those blasts proceeded: in spite of the exasperation of his men, and the indignant observations that were indirectly addressed to him, he fixed his eyes on the ground and made no reply; his consciousness of those sounds was alone manifested by the determined slowness of his step, and the increasing gloom of his countenance. This peculiarity of manner was not the effect of indifference or inattention, but arose from a feeling of deep-rooted pride: hemmed in these fastnesses by the Constitutional troops who surrounded the mountain on all sides, separated from his companions in arms, unable to lend them any assistance in the hour that it was most required; compelled to hear inactively the sound of that musketry which was levelling their ranks, and would soon be directed against his own, he would not express an impotent desire of vengeance before two strangers, whom he regarded as secret enemies of his cause; though in default of better evidence, he had not yielded to the clamour of his band, and signed our death-warrant. That such were his reflections, I have little doubt, from his manner, his subsequent conduct, and from casual expressions. At all events, he pre-

served silence while the musketry continued; but when the loud roar of the cannon suddenly broke upon us, his countenance changed, and the passion, that had long been gathering in his breast, seemed at once to master his better judgment, as he turned to the young Catalan, and said that the Constitutionalists were at that moment exterminating his companions; that no mercy had been shown to the Royalists who were taken in arms near Tarragona; that the circumstances, under which we were captured, justified the retaliation which he would no longer delay. In answer to his last speech, I turned and said to him, that we could feel no apprehension, that he had pledged his word—the word of a Catalan—that our lives should be respected, that such a pledge so given could not be disregarded in my country, nor, in his, would be violated by any man of honour. In spite of the irritation under which he was labouring, he listened to me with attention, but made no reply; and, I think, was embarrassed by the recollection of a promise that he no longer intended to preserve, and which he now conceived had been obtained by falsehood, and given under a false impression. At this crisis, when our situation seemed desperate, we were saved by an honourable feeling of fidelity in our guide. During the first part of the day's expedition, I had been annoyed by the indifference which the young Catalan had shown on occasions that in some degree required activity. I was afterwards amused by the caustic humour of his remarks; but was totally unprepared for the vigour of mind which he now displayed in defence of men who, till that morning, had been entire strangers to him and his. He said, in a firm tone, that he would pledge his existence that we were foreigners unconnected with party; we had visited the mountain, relying on the hospitable feelings of the people, and under his peculiar guidance; he called upon the Captain to pause for further proof, nor commit an act that would cast an indelible stain on their honour. The Captain replied with warmth; but these remonstrances had certainly the effect of preventing hasty measures. I was surprised at the intimacy that seemed to exist between the Chief and the young Catalan;—but I afterwards learnt from our muleteer, that the Captain was a native of Monistrol, a town not far from Colbato; that they had been previously acquainted, and that a brother of our guide had fought

with the Royalists. This account explained the influence which he possessed over the Captain's mind.

About this time the Guerilla paused near a fountain, formed by a mountain-torrent that came down a ravine in the rock. It is not easy to describe the sublimity of the scene that presented itself;—it was a scene that Salvator Rosa should have sketched, and Walter Scott described. We stood amid one of the grandest landscapes of savage nature: above our heads the mountain was clothed to a considerable height with pine forests, that were surmounted by a range of tall grey crags; beneath our feet, stretching as far as the Pyrenees that bounded the distance, lay Catalonia, the theatre of the civil war: the fountain was overhung by a rock, covered with wood that overshadowed the road with its branches; beneath this cliff the Guerilla had collected to enjoy a moment's rest in the shade; still the beams of the sun broke at intervals through the foliage, and flashed upon their arms, their dark-red plaid, and scarlet bonnet. The individuals who composed the Guerilla seemed chosen men, in the vigour of youth, and possessed all the characteristic dignity of Spanish manners. Their dress was picturesque and suited to the scene; their figures were stately; their countenances, for the most part handsome, were now lighted up by the various feelings of anxiety, deep thought, and gloomy resentment. These passions prevailed, but were differently expressed, as they were more or less felt, according to the temper of each man; but on every countenance I read the same character of high determination. Some were kneeling by the fountain and drinking with avidity; others reclined along the ground, and a few were leaning on their muskets: one man advanced to the edge of the precipice, and when he heard the heavy sound of the cannon, he clenched his fist and shook it, looking with an expression of determined hatred towards the position that he conceived to be occupied by the Constitutional troops.

Perhaps there was no single point of manner so striking as the courtesy with which we were treated, at a moment when their passions were exasperated, and our doom almost decided. While the Guerilla were reposing under the rock, the Captain asked me whether I was not fatigued, and would not like also to rest; and

Shocky, who was my guard, when he paused to drink from the numerous streams that intersected the road, always invited me to follow his example. While the Captain and myself interchanged a few words, the young Catalan, who omitted no opportunity of interceding in our favour, again renewed his advice against intemperate measures; but the Captain turned aside, adding, "no hay remedio." The stubborn decision conveyed in these words, combined with the calm determination of his manner, convinced me that his courtesy arose more from the delicacy natural to a high-minded man, than from any favourable change in his intentions; and in this light it was evidently regarded by his followers, who said, then and afterwards, in the Catalan patois "estan perdut, estan perdut," they *are lost men*, they *are lost men*. After we had left the fountain, some private conversation, passed between the Captain and his lieutenant:—when this was concluded, the latter selected two men from the band, and led the way to a narrow path that wound through the wood to the crags above. He ascended the hill a step, turned, drew himself up with dignity, waved his hand, and addressing the Guerilla, said, that he should mount the heights, to learn if the Spaniards were approaching; for by this appellation they invariably designated the revolutionary forces in opposition to the native Catalans: he added, that if he perceived them, he should fire as a signal, and, then *dos tiros a los Senores*, "two volleys upon the Signors." This injunction was not particularly enlivening, as the mountain was on all sides surrounded by the adverse forces. Soon afterwards I heard a musket fired, which I thought for a moment was the appointed signal; but was quickly undeceived by the manners of the Guerilla, who paid no attention to the discharge, and probably knew by the sound that it was unconnected with their companions. As we continued our journey slowly, the Captain seemed engaged in deep and more amicable conversation with the young Catalan; it seemed desponding, by the low tones of his voice, and by a few broken sentences which I heard from time to time: the indignant feelings, that had flushed his cheek, were gone, and the fever of his eye was replaced by an expression of subdued melancholy. He said that the mountain was encompassed on all sides by an overwhelming force; he was aware that

his companions in the fortified house must have already perished; "I know," he added, "that, so surrounded, we too must die, (*se bien que hemos de morir*), but we will shed our dearest blood for the King and the Holy Faith." His former animation returned for a moment, when he alluded to a proclamation that had been issued on the preceding day, offering mercy to all who would lay down their arms within four-and-twenty hours. He kindled with indignation as he mentioned some Royalists of a different Guerilla, who, he said, had compromised their principles and sued for pardon, (*que han pedido pardon.*) "The time limited by act," he added, "is expiring; our situation is hopeless, but not a man will submit." I say, it was impossible to hear such sentiments expressed at such a time, without a strong feeling of respect for the individual—and of regret, that any measures should have enlisted such a spirit against the cause of freedom. There was no period of the civil war more disastrous to the Royalists than these days that immediately followed the fall of Cervera. The Provisional Government of Urgel was not yet in existence. There was no rallying point—there was no union among the chiefs of the insurrection—there was no safety left for the royalists, except in the sympathy of the people. Chieftains every where sprung up, acted independently of each other, and increased the general confusion. Little Guerillas, formed from the wreck of their army, renewed a desperate war in the mountains, and were taken or cut to pieces in detail. During these successive reverses, acts of devoted heroism were performed, such as were never surpassed in La Vendée; but they occurred in a remote corner of Europe,—they had no historian, and are unknown.

The cannon had ceased for some time before we reached a solitary house, that had probably flourished a bad venta in its best days, but was now in a ruinous condition. Here, the Captain said, that he expected to receive the requisite information respecting ourselves; and addressing a lad who came to assure him that no immediate danger was at hand, he entered the house. We were led into the court, to await the result of their conference: the outer walls had experienced the ravages of war, and were falling into decay. A woman, bearing a child in her arms, was seated on a plank that lay at the extremity of the court; she was

evidently accustomed to the Guerilla, as she scarcely seemed to observe their arrival, and paid no attention to the scene that was passing around her. In a few minutes the Captain reappeared; and, quitting the road that wound along the defile, he led across an open moor. In answer to a question that Pusey asked him, he answered—"if you are men of honour you are betrayed; but, if so, you have nothing to fear." *Si stan hombres de bien stan vendidos.* Here a scene of a ludicrous nature occured: we met a young peasant, whom some of the Guerilla seized; and, suspecting that he intended to join the militia, compelled him to follow in their train. As I was mounted on horseback and rode in advance, the lad imagined that I was captain of the band, and implored my interference with a most ungainly mixture of sobs and supplications. In spite of my assurances to the contrary, he continued these piteous vociferations for mercy, till he was informed by the Captain that my predicament was not more hopeful, or my authority more extensive, than his own. He then bewailed his fate in a strain of unmanly lamentation, that first provoked the contempt and finally the anger of these high-spirited mountaineers. For the honour of Spain, I must add that I never saw a similar character among her peasantry; and, indeed, from his subsequent manner, I believe the poor lad was half-witted.

The scenery had now materially changed: we saw some peasants ranged upon low hills, that rose on each side crowned with pinaster. The lieutenant and his two followers, who had quitted us near the fountain, stood on a neighbouring height, their wild and martial figures resting against the sky. As we drew near, they came rushing down to meet us, their dress and arms beautifully gilded by the setting sun.

At length the Captain desired the band to halt; and I perceived that we had reached one of the heights that overlooks the main road from Barcelona to Madrid. We had toiled for many hours under a burning sun; and, completely fatigued, threw ourselves on the moor. With that courtesy which had distinguished his conduct during the day, the Captain offered me part of his plaid, as we lay on the ground; but Shocky was still indefatigable in his suspicions: he renewed his scrutiny, and particularly examined my glass, which he certainly thought of highly anti-

Royalist construction, and solely framed for the purpose of reconnoitering their positions. Ten minutes had not elapsed before we saw two of the band, who had been posted on the heights, descending the hill with muskets presented. We all started from the ground, and I saw with pleasure our carriage in the road below, as we should have been effectually compromised, had our servants omitted to join us at the appointed spot. At this sight the Guerilla could no longer restrain their impatience, but rushed down the steep, and for the first time I was delivered from my persecutor Shocky. The Captain delayed an instant; then, hastily leaving us in the charge of one of his men, joined his party, as they had begun to plunder the carriage. We stood alone on the moor with our Catalan guide, and the guard, who could scarcely have attained the age of seventeen. Our situation was still precarious: we had a copy of the Spanish Constitution in the carriage, that, if found, would have been a grievous offence. I remembered also that I had deposited in a drawer of my desk, a tricolor, which had been presented to me during the first days of the revolution that agitated Piedmont in the preceding year, on which the words Liberty and Constitution were worked in large characters. Such would have been naturally applied to Spanish politics; nor indeed could a stronger point of circumstantial evidence have been adduced in confirmation of their suspicions. This danger was, however, imaginary, as my sister had removed it from my desk, without my knowledge, before I left England. Lastly, they suspected that I was an officer in the Constitutional militias; and the discovery of my regimental uniform would have confirmed that belief. Our best policy was to join the band and direct the search that we could not prevent. Escaping from our guard, we reached the carriage, as Shocky, who had probably never beheld a vehicle of this kind before, was climbing like a wild cat over its sides and effecting an entrance. The work of plunder and investigation proceeded gloriously under such congenial auspices: some gold seals, &c. were quickly disposed of: he seized a gold and platina chain, placed it round his neck, and expressed his intention to wear it always, saying it would be a fine distinctive decoration. I now experienced a severe loss in the destruction of the notes which I had made on

the state of Spain, since the moment of our entrance to the day that we left Barcelona. As Shocky explored my desk,—as he removed each paper that nothing might escape his observation, I expected every moment that the fatal tricolor would appear; nor could I account for its non-appearance till my return to England. Still the discovery of my uniform seemed almost inevitable; the desk was disposed of, and Shocky had invaded the trunk that contained it, and seizing part of my wearing apparel, appropriated it to himself, saying it would be in excellent hands: at this critical moment, farther search was prevented by the natural pride of the Spanish character. The Captain, for the first time, expressed his conviction that we were men of honour and good faith, "*hombres de bien y de palabra,*" and perceiving the extent of Shocky's depredations, said that not an article of our dress should be taken by men, who were not robbers but defenders of the Faith. The Captain now consented to release us, and gave us part of his cockade in token of friendship: we shook hands with him, and in return requested his acceptance of some presents of slight value, that had escaped my friend Shocky's rapacity. During the spring of the preceding year, a revolutionist who was dancing round the tricolor standard, on the day that the constitution was proclaimed at Nice, gave me his tricolor cockade, desiring me to keep it as a memorial of liberty; and now, by a singular chance, I was given the badge of royalist principles by a Chief in arms for the royal cause. A few of the Guerilla came up and shook hands with us as we departed. The sun was now actually sinking below the horizon, and the scene around us was bathed in a rich flood of crimson; by this light we saw them, till they were concealed from our view by the turning of the road, glittering on the height and waving their bonnets to us.

So terminated an adventure fraught with peril, which gave me a deeper insight into the feelings and opinions of the peasantry, than could have been obtained by years of investigation in calmer times. On the whole, we had no ground for complaint; they would have proceeded against us somewhat hastily, but at a period when the Royalists confessedly took no prisoners, and the Constitutional troops had orders to give no quarter, it cannot be

expected that evidence would be weighed with the dispassionate judgment that is brought into a court of justice: we had immediately left Barcelona, the focus of Constitutional principles, and misled by false information had invaded their hold at a moment when the mountain was surrounded by an overwhelming force; the want of good intelligence seemed improbable; that our visit should be occasioned by motives of mere curiosity, appeared still more extraordinary. There existed grounds for suspicion; policy might have justified the adoption of extreme measures, and few men would have conducted themselves with greater moderation under the aggravated circumstances in which they were placed. They considered the sums of which they deprived us, as a tax fairly levied in the King's service on men who had incurred a much severer penalty, by coming to their fastnesses, from the very camp of their enemies and provided with Constitutional passports. Upon this idea the Captain authorized the detention of our pistols, but would not allow the seizure of a single article of our wearing apparel; and after we had quitted the band, a Guerilla-man, influenced by the same irregular principle of honesty, hastened to restore our drinking bota, which was handsome, and would have been esteemed a prize by any Spaniard of his class. Shocky, it must be admitted, made no refined distinctions, and by no means thought the restitution of goods a necessary ceremonial to be observed on our liberation. The Guerilla were joined, at the close of the day, by two labourers, who drew their muskets from some bushes, where they were concealed; including these men, their numbers, I believe, amounted to twenty-five: they were only armed with carabines;—a few, I think, had short knives, which could seldom be available in the field. Their manners were frank, manly, and above their station; they were sincere in the opinions which they had embraced, and at that time uninfluenced by foreign agency: it was melancholy to see the attachment which they devoted to a cause, whose failure would inevitably involve their own destruction, whose success might entail the greater evil of absolute power; still it was impossible to refuse a tribute of admiration to principle unshaken by the extremity of danger, and energies so generously though ineffectually exerted.

The few opinions which they casually expressed respecting their church were certainly bigoted, and exaggerated by the heat of party; still I believe that such originated rather in a generous sympathy with the priesthood, and in an attachment to their old institutions, which they associated with the cause of God, than to any genuine intolerance. In this opinion I was confirmed by a few words that passed between two Guerilla-men, whose moderation, as applied to ourselves, formed a striking contrast to the religious horror with which they regarded the Constitutionalists. "Some maintain," said the first to his companion, "that they resemble the Moors, others deny it; I am ignorant how the matter stands, but we are all brothers." "*Unos dicen que son como los Moros, otros no, io no se, pero somos todos hermanos.*" This native generosity breaking through the cloud of prejudice and party—these sentiments uttered by an uneducated soldier of the Faith, might teach a salutary lesson to part of his Majesty's Protestant population on this and on the other side of the water. I must notice one peculiarity, unusual to the Spaniards, and that, in this instance, I can only attribute to the religious character which the war had assumed: in their utmost exasperation, I never heard a single man give vent to his anger in an oath or any irreligious expression. With respect to ourselves, a courtesy and a delicacy pervaded their conduct, astonishing, when we considered that with the exception of the Captain and the lieutenant, the men who composed the Guerilla were only peasants: they observed my dress with attention, but not with rudeness; they examined a severe blow which I had received over my eye many years before, which they thought a sabre cut, and an additional proof of my connexion with the army; but although they questioned me freely on other points, they forbore a remark which they conceived might be personally offensive. In answer to some plan which the eternal Shocky had proposed, that had for its object the discovery of our intention in visiting the mountain, though we never understood its nature, his companion answered "Seria muy poco delicado." *It would be little delicate.* And in this, as in many other instances, a delicacy of feeling was shown, that would have reflected honour on refined society. When we were taken, after the first discussion the lieutenant called us

aside, and regretting that the King's service compelled him to make such a demand, desired us to deliver our gold, unconscious that Shocky's zeal had disembarrassed us of all that we possessed. The subject was never mentioned by the Captain, but, after our carriage was taken, the lieutenant renewed the request with the same guarded delicacy of manner, saying that the defence of the mountain required every assistance. When we assured them, in the earlier part of the day, that we had given up all that we had brought to the mountain, although they regarded our conduct with deep suspicion, even Shocky, who was the least satisfied and by far the least considerate of the band, did not attempt to ascertain the fact. I might have carried in my pocket half the gold of which we were dispossessed, had I conceived such conduct either honourable or prudent.

In Spain a beggar will invite the passenger to share with him his last crust of bread: with the same characteristic generosity, although they never scrupled to express before us their belief in our guilt, and their desire of vengeance, whenever they paused to drink from the stream they pressed us to do so likewise; and while they took some refreshment at the venta, a Guerilla-man came out, and offering us brandy, pressed us to drink it with good-humoured earnestness.

The alliance that existed between Shocky and myself was certainly of a curious and undefinable character: this man was totally unlike the rest of his companions, and in all respects a perfect original. He possessed neither the pride, the stateliness, nor the delicacy of the Spanish character, but was good-humoured and not ungenerous; he was cunning, and had much of that dry wit peculiar to the Catalans, which at times he exercised upon his prisoners with more talent than judgment: in the first attack he was most violent; when their suspicions had abated, he shook hands with us most warmly; and when they revived, his voice was most decidedly against us. During our march he principally attached himself to me, asking many indifferent, some very insidious questions, and mingling amicable conversation with repeated assurances of our destruction. The ardour with which he gave his voice for our death whenever the question was agitated; and when he was overruled, the *naïveté* with which he resumed his

place by the side of my horse, and renewed the conversation without any appearance of ill-will, or the slightest suspicion that I could entertain feelings of ill-humour with him for the part he had taken in the discussion, were infinitely absurd. He was short, his countenance unprepossessing and at times ferocious,—but in his good-humoured moments there was a lively and reckless expression of eye, that, combined with the general animation of his manner, disguised the natural plainness of his features. I do not believe he was malignant: he supposed us to be enemies, and possibly, like the fox-hunter, who thinks the sport is incomplete if he lose his fox, so Shocky thought that the day's business would be unsatisfactory, if two strangers of doubtful character were permitted to escape. In the evening, when he saw us exchanging presents with the Captain, he came up to me actually arrayed in my spoils, and asked, in the most artless tone, whether no present was reserved for him, "*Nada para mi?*" He evidently thought that his connexion with me during the march had fully entitled him to this parting act of friendship, and was in nowise cancelled by the summary proceedings that he had so constantly advised, or the rapidity with which every article of value had vanished under his inspection. I laughed at his request, and with some difficulty found an old knife, which I presented to him, and which, he may since have possibly applied to the disadvantage of some Constitutional throat. He took it good-humouredly, and as we lost sight of the band, we saw him waving his bonnet higher and longer than the rest of his companions.

I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on details of this nature; but I wished to make my reader in some degree acquainted with the interior, if I may use the expression, of a Catalan Guerilla, particularly as I have devoted the greatest part of a Canto to the delineation of manners as they were exhibited on that day. The Captain was distinguished only by a hat which he wore instead of the bonnet. He had fought among those mountains in the war of Independence; he appeared to be from thirty to thirty-five years of age; he was middle-sized, but his features were handsome and expressive. He seemed a man of deep reflection, of strong but controlled passions, and in all respects a character susceptible of poetical interest; but, with all his originalities, it would not have

been easy to have interwoven the Shock into verse, and this omission has induced me to dwell longer on his peculiarities than I should otherwise have done.

The only changes I have made are these.—A specific object induced Hassan to visit the convent; our expedition was occasioned by the desire of seeing the famous monastery of Montserrat, and its extraordinary scenery. The plea urged by the young Catalan in defence of the Moor, was the sacred character of herald, with which he was invested; the principle was nearly the same in our case, though circumstances varied: our guide maintained in our behalf that we were foreigners, and had visited the mountain, relying on the hospitality and good feeling of his countrymen. In the poem, the young Catalan rejects the gift that was offered to him by the Moslem: Shocky had taken especial care that our guide should have no opportunity of refusing the stranger's gold. However, he would not have declined such an offer, as, in our case, no reasons for such conduct existed.

In my notes I have dwelt but slightly on the mode of warfare peculiar to the Guerillas, as it has been so often described by officers engaged in the Peninsular war: in this service the regular troops, compelled to attack the insurgents in their own fastnesses, and frequently in situations where cavalry is useless, suffered almost equally by victory as by defeat. Small parties were totally destroyed, convoys cut off, and every straggler from his regiment doomed to destruction: sometimes, at the call of a popular leader, like the Trappist, the royalist Guerillas, came down from the mountains, formed at once a powerful army that supplied the want of good discipline by fanatic courage, and even obtained possession of the open country and fortified towns. The Trappist, supposed to be invulnerable, went to battle, mounted on a black charger, bearing the sabre in one hand and the cross in the other, and habited in his monastic garb, that was perforated with musket-balls: before the combat, he knelt upon the ground, prayed fervently for success, then burst upon the enemy with a valour that was thought supernatural. Such was his influence, that at his approach the tocsin rang, and the peasantry rose to arms. He was connected with the great military operations of that time, and his fame has survived; but

others, whose names are scarcely remembered, appeared for a moment on this scene of confusion, emulated his actions within the narrow limits of their native district, acquired a great though bounded influence, and stamped the war with an extraordinary character of chivalry and devotion.

I am not acquainted with the fate of our Captain and his band. Few of the petty chieftains, who played a prominent part in this early period of the civil war, survived the disastrous days that followed the fall of Cervera. The principal leaders had more resources at their disposal, for the most part succeeded in effecting their escape into France, and reappeared with greater force.

O'er all this western frontier, far and near,
They cry a foray 'gainst the cavalier. Page 127.

A considerable corps of horsemen were maintained by the Moors in peace and war, along the frontiers most exposed to the incursions of the Spaniards. A house and a certain extent of ground was assigned to each cavalier by the King; still, removed from the pleasures of Granada, and placed in a situation that required constant vigilance, but gave few opportunities for brilliant distinction, they were more esteemed than envied by their countrymen.

Even the young walnut shed its tender shade,
Choked was the fountain that beneath it play'd. Page 137.

At Montserrat, there is a fine walnut-tree in the court of the convent; the fountain was almost choked from neglect at the time I was there.

Go forth!—and God be with thee on thy way. Page 146.

Baya usted con Dios; May you go your way under the protection of God! is a sentiment of good will almost invariably expressed by the Spaniards at parting: in the remote provinces, it is the ordinary salutation with which the peasant greets the traveller.

When bold retreat to leaguering troop seem'd vain,
Each dauntless heart his separate path had ta'en;
At morn we were the same proud band again. Page 159.

We left Pampeluna in the commencement of June, and passing through some bold and beautiful scenery, followed the road to Tolosa. The main pass of the Pyrenees was at that time occupied by a Royalist Guerilla. On leaving the Posada at the entrance of the defile, we were preceded by a man, whom I afterwards discovered to be the Chief of the band, and one of the guardians of the mountain appointed by the Royalists for the purpose of examining suspicious persons and protecting travellers from outrage. He joined me, as I was walking before the carriage, and almost immediately led the conversation to public events, as if desirous of ascertaining my opinions: I replied freely, and followed him without hesitation as he entered a wood and led the way by a shorter path to the main road; he was flattered at the want of suspicion implied in my manner, and continued to discuss the political grievances of his party with much earnestness. The treatment of the King and the Clergy, and the abolition of the provincial distinctions, formed the principal causes of complaint; but his language was free from the bitterness so prevalent in the districts that we had lately quitted; it was generally considerate, and more than once he corrected himself when he had made use of an expression which he thought intemperate. Not only the insurrection was recent in Navarre, and mutual injuries had not yet, as in Catalonia, brought every deadly passion into play, but its population is naturally less intractable, and either party would have been slow to adopt the system of extermination that characterized the struggle in Catalonia. In that province the most ferocious acts were perpetrated by the native militias, and the Catalan partizans were distinguished as the "terrible Guerillas," from their unrelenting retaliation. In allusion to the massacres engendered by this system of war, the Cortes, in an address presented to the King on the 25th or 26th of May, conclude their review on the state of Catalonia in the following expressive language: "Sire, the statement which we have laid before you, is unhappily proved by the different factions that have simulta-

neously appeared in Catalonia, where events have occurred that are too horrible to recall to your recollection, and that the pen trembles to record." But a milder spirit prevailed in Navarre. He told me that, a few days before, his band had captured a small party of the Constitutional troops, but had only disarmed them, and desired them to make the best of their way to Pampeluna, under the protection of the Deity. He seems to have partly relied on a promise that he had exacted, as the price of their liberation, that they would no longer bear arms against the soldiers of the Faith,—an engagement that superseded the severe measures adopted in Catalonia, where the difficulty of maintaining prisoners in the mountain-fastnesses, rendered their execution not only an act of reprisal, but almost of necessary policy. He spoke confidently of the approaching invasion by the French troops, and dwelt enthusiastically on the praises of the Baron Eroles, under whom he had served, and who would again place himself at the head of his ancient followers,—a prediction that was afterwards verified. This valley, he said, was rendered famous by the annihilation of a French regiment, during the war of independence; and he trusted the Constitutionalists would not provoke a similar fate by venturing to attack them in their fastnesses. He then gave me a detailed account of the manner in which his party had baffled a large body of the French troops, who had completely surrounded the mountain, where they had retreated: it was resolved that the Guerilla should disperse, that each man should choose a separate path, but that all should assemble at a given hour and an appointed spot. They dispersed, and every man left to his own resources effected his escape, nor was an individual absent when the Captain called over their names at the stated time and place.

When we reached the middle of the pass, he showed me a rock on the opposite side, hanging over the stream that flowed beneath, covered with chestnut and underwood. There, he said, his Guerilla were concealed: a few minutes later, he fired his musket as a signal that they should not descend at the sound of the carriage, and soon afterwards shook hands with me and departed. During this conversation, in which he frankly but temperately expressed his opinions, his language was always elevated, and

sometimes scriptural. I give one specimen of his native eloquence: while he was speaking of the sufferings of the priesthood, he saw some little children playing on the road, and, turning to me, said with vehemence, "*Nosotros sabemos bien la ley de antès y la ley de Dios; pero ecos chicos—que ley conoceran?*" We are well acquainted with the law of the old time and the aw of God; but these little ones—what law will they know?—and his voice faltered with emotion.

Across the court an oaken plank was laid:
There one sad form rude resting-place had made. Page 164.

I am aware that the introduction of a person unconnected with the general or immediate plot, may be justly considered ill-placed in a Canto already too long; but this individual formed a part of the real scene, and I was anxious to preserve, even in its details, the unity of the portrait.

Thy lullaby the tocsin's mad alarms. Page 165.

The tocsin was so universally used in Catalonia as the signal for insurrection, that the Royalists were commonly designated by the appellation of Somatenes from somate, the tocsin.

And my best poniard in the stream I lost. Page 170.

The loss of the poniard in running water was regarded an unfortunate omen by the Moors.

Undaunted by the slaughtering Moor's success,
Of passions deep and purpose merciless,
Devoted Vilia's vengeful band is nigh;
High-wrought collected hate is in each eye,
Yet reason o'er revenge holds mastery,
As still with cautious step the gloomy throng
Comes pouring slow and silently along. Page 173.

As we advanced into the heart of Catalonia, the peasantry were rising on all sides. The insurrection had a peculiar and im-

pressive character, that reminded me of Scott's description of the Porteous mob. The peasants no longer addressed us with the friendly greeting customary in Spain; they seemed to hold little conversation with each other, and came with an expression of sullen resentment, slowly pouring along the road to join the relics of the Royalist army. This silence resulted from no deficiency of zeal; they rose with such determination, that the Constitutional authorities were not only unable to oppose their departure, but in some instances were actually swept along by the torrent.

Far o'er the Moslem's path, on craggy height,
More wildly shown by evening's dubious light,
The enthusiast stood. Page 173.

In a village situated on the confines of Catalonia, or in Aragon, I perceived a man standing in the centre of a group, that was listening to his words, and appeared much affected by their import. His dress was composed of tattered shreds of various colours;—he was tall, gaunt, and had a film over his eye that seemed to impair his vision: the first words that I could distinctly hear were, "*que no son ladrones, pero enemigos de la Constitucion;*" "men who are not robbers, but enemies to the Constitution." As he proceeded, he raised his voice and called upon the people, by the Royalists who had died for the Faith, by the martyrs who were slaughtered of old, by the Saviour's Cross, in the name of God, to rise in support of the King, his delegate upon earth. He was still addressing the people when I departed, and had succeeded in kindling their enthusiasm, which was manifested in their agitated manners, and by their broken exclamations. He was one of the enthusiasts regarded as holy men, who travelled at this time from village to village, preaching the Crusade, and exciting the passions of the multitude.

Behold! athwart the tempest-troubled sky,
From hill to hill the white alhaïque fly,
As gazer's glance in stormy day may see
The white foam breaking o'er a gloomy sea;

And still, as deeper sink the shades of night,
The beacon's blaze from every glowing height
Summons the sons of Islam to the fight. Page 175.

The alhaïque is a long white robe, that forms an essential part of the Moorish dress. When the borders were menaced with invasion, it was hoisted in the day-time by the frontier knights, on elevated situations, as a signal of alarm: during the hours of darkness such intelligence was conveyed by the blaze of the beacons that were kindled on every height. At Tangiers, where we were entertained for some days with much hospitality, by Mr. Douglas, the British Consul, the houses inhabited by the Moors are low; their apartments long, narrow, and open to the streets. Miss Douglas observed to me that, as the Moors reclined in these cabins, robed in their alhaïques, they resembled the dead lying in their coffins, with the lid removed; a simile that conveyed a just idea of the effect produced on a stranger's mind by the first sight of a Moorish street.

Hadge El Medi, the Chief of our African Guard, requested me, at parting, to accept his alhaïque as a memorial of the Moor.

NOTES TO THE FIFTH CANTO.

And Tafilt's chieftain on his raven steed. Page 179.

Tafilet, or Tafilt, a town situate among the Atlas mountains.

Chief after chief, from Oran's desart shore,
The glittering garb of distant Tunis bore. Page 179.

The dress manufactured at Tunis was much esteemed by the African tribes for its brilliancy of colouring, and was sometimes worn by the Princes of Granada.

And they whose path is track'd in blood and flame,
From Atlas' desolated region came;
Land of the dauntless heart and sheathless sword,
By foe unconquer'd, scarce by friend explored. Page 179.

The inhabitants of the Atlas mountains are the most bigotted and ferocious of the Musulman tribes. In some parts they wear no turbans, and ride to battle clad only in their loose alhaïque. A lowlander, who gave me some curious particulars of African manners, and had suffered by their depredations, represented them as the scourge of the Moorish caravans, and drew a terrific picture of their barbarities.

Oh! given to song and revelry and light,
Alhambra's halls were beautiful that night. Page 181.

I have described the Alhambra from my recollection of the original: this sketch is very imperfect, but Florian's detailed

and eloquent account will make my readers better acquainted with this singular edifice.*

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* "L'Alhambra, comme je l'ai dit, était une vaste forteresse construite sur une des deux collines renfermées dans Grenade. La colline, embrassée de tous côtés par les eaux du Xénil et du Darro, était encore défendue par une double enceinte de murs. C'est au sommet de cette montagne, qui domine toute la ville, et d'où l'on découvre au loin la plus belle vue de l'univers; c'est au milieu d'une esplanade couverte d'arbres et de fontaines, que Mahomet choisit la place de son palais.

"Rien de ce que nous connaissons en architecture ne peut nous représenter celle des Maures. Ils entassaient les bâtimens sans ordre, sans symétrie, sans faire aucune attention à l'aspect qu'ils offraient au-dehors: tous leurs soins étaient pour l'intérieur. Là, ils épuisaient les ressources du goût, de la magnificence, pour unir dans leurs appartemens les commodités du luxe aux charmes de la nature champêtre; là, dans des salons revêtus de marbre, pavés d'une faïence brillante, auprès des lits de repos couverts d'étoffes d'or et d'argent, des jets d'eau s'élançaient vers la voûte, des vases précieux exhalaient des parfums; et des myrtes, des orangers, des fleurs, embaumaient les appartemens.

"Le beau palais de l'Alhambra, que l'on voit encore à Grenade, ne présente point de façade. On y parvient par une promenade charmante, coupée sans cesse par des ruisseaux qui serpentent dans des bouquets de bois. L'entrée est une grande tour carrée, qui s'appelait autrefois la Porte du Jugement. Une inscription religieuse annonce que c'était là que le Roi rendait la justice, selon l'antique usage des Hebreux et des peuples de l'Orient. Plusieurs bâtimens qui venaient ensuite ont été détruits pour élever à Charles-Quint un magnifique palais, dont la description n'est pas de mon sujet. On pénètre, du côté du Nord, dans l'ancien palais des rois Maures, et l'on se croit transporté dans le palais des féeries. La première cour est un carré long, environné d'une galerie en arcades, dont les murs et le plafond sont couverts de mosaïque, de festons, d'arabesques peints, dorés, ciselés en stuc, d'un travail admirable. Tous les cartouches sont remplies de passages de l'Alcoran, ou d'inscriptions telles que celle-ci, qui suffira pour donner une idée du style figuré des Maures:—

"'O Nazar, tu naquis sur le trône, et semblable à l'étoile qui nous annonce le jour, tu ne brilles que de ton propre éclat. Ton bras est notre rampart, ta justice notre lumière. Tu sais dompter par ta valeur ceux qui donnent à Dieu des compagnons. Tu rends heureux par ta bonté les nombreux enfans de ton peuple. Les astres du firmament t'éclairent avec respect, le soleil avec amour; et le cèdre, roi des

that the stream of day
A thousand faint interstices its way
Broke through. Page 181.

In the Glorieta, and other parts of the Alhambra, where the tracery is peculiarly rich and deep, the stucco is so completely

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forêts, qui baisse devant toi sa tête orgueilleuse, est relevé par ta main puissante.'

"Au milieu de cette cour, pavée de marbre blanc, est un long bassin rempli d'eau courante, assez profond pour qu'on puisse y nager. Il est bordé de chaque côté par des plate-bandes de fleurs et des allées d'orangers. Ce lieu s'appelait le Messuar, et servait de bains communs aux personnes attachées au service du palais.

"COUR DES LIONS.

"On passe de-là dans la cour célèbre appelée des Lions. Elle a cent pieds de long sur cinquante de large. Une colonnade de marbre blanc soutient la galerie qui règne alentour. Les colonnes, placées deux à deux, et quelquefois trois à trois, sont minces, d'un goût bizarre; mais leur légèreté, leur grace, plaisent à l'œil étonné. Les murs, et surtout le plafond de la galerie tournante, sont revêtus d'or, d'azur, et de stuc, travaillés en arabesque avec un soin, une délicatesse, que nos plus habiles ouvriers modernes seraient embarrassés d'imiter. Au milieu des fleurons, des ornemens toujours variés, on lit ces passages de l'Alcoran, que tout bon Musulman doit répéter sans cesse:—'Dieu est grand!—Dieu seul est vainqueur!—Il n'y est de Dieu que Dieu—Gaieté céleste, épanchemens du cœur, délices de l'âme, à ceux qui croient.'

"Au deux extrémités du carré long, deux charmantes coupoles de quinze à seize pieds en tous sens s'avancent en saillie dans l'intérieur, soutenues comme tout le reste par des colonnes de marbre. Sous ces coupoles sont des jets d'eau. Enfin, dans le centre de l'édifice s'élève du milieu d'un vaste bassin une superbe coupe d'albâtre de six pieds de diamètre, portée par douze lions de marbre blanc. Cette coupe, que l'on croit avoir été faite sur le modèle de la mer de bronze de Salomon, est encore surmontée d'une coupe plus petite, d'où s'élançait une grande gerbe, qui, retombant d'une cuve dans l'autre, et des cuves dans le grand bassin, formait une cascade continuelle, grossie par les flots d'eau limpide que jetaient les mufles de chaque lion.

"Cette fontaine, comme tout le reste, est ornée d'inscriptions, car les Arabes se plaisaient à mêler la poésie et la sculpture. Leurs idées

perforated, that I have seen the light break through the interstices, as the bright eye of an Andalusian flashes through her veil.

And glittering stalactites in marble hung. Page 182.

The stalactites are really formed of stucco, which has acquired a rich tint from the lapse of years, and is more grateful to the eye than the glare and chilly aspect of white marble.

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nous semblent recherchées, leurs expressions gigantesques; mais nous sommes si loin de leurs mœurs, nous connaissons si peu le génie de leur langue, que nous n'avons peut-être pas le droit de les juger sévèrement. D'ailleurs, les vers que l'on faisait en Espagne et en France, dans les treizième et quatorzième siècles, ne valaient guère mieux que ceux-ci:

" Toi qui promènes tes regards
Sur ces lions, ces eaux, ces prodiges des arts,
Du grand roi Mahomet tu vois ici l'ouvrage.
La paix qui règne dans ces lieux,
De la paix de son cœur est le fidèle image:
Semblable à ces lions dans les champs du carnage,
Il punit les audacieux;
Et comme cette eau transparente,
Qui, s'élevant dans l'air, retombe à gros bouillons,
De même sa main bienfaisante
Sur son peuple repand ses dons.

" Je ne décrirai point avec autant de détail les autres pièces qui subsistent encore dans l'Alhambra. Les unes servaient de salle d'audience ou de justice; les autres renfermaient les bains du roi, de la reine, de leurs enfans. On y voit encore leur coucher, où les lits, près d'une fontaine, étaient placés dans des alcoves, sur une estrade de faïence. Dans le salon de musique, quatre tribunes exhaussées étaient remplies par les musiciens, tandis que toute la cour était assise sur des tapis au bord d'un bassin d'albâtre. Dans le cabinet où la reine faisait sa toilette ou ses prières, et dont la vue est enchantée, on trouve une dalle de marbre, percée d'une infinité d'ouvertures pour laisser exhaler les parfums qui brûlaient sans cesse sous la voûte. Partout les fenêtres, les portes, les jours, sont ménagés de manière que les aspects les plus rians, les effets de la lumière les plus doux, reposent toujours les yeux satisfaits; et les courans d'air qu'on à dirigés viennent renouveller à chaque instant la délicieuse fraicheur qu'on respire dans cet édifice."

Mid clustering fretwork carved with matchless care,
Of diamond form, or circling light and fair,
As bees had built their summer grotto there. Page 182.

The fretwork of the Alhambra is carved with the most minute delicacy; it is sometimes circular, sometimes worked into the diamond shape, and in one part is clustered so as to represent honey-comb.

Sultan! at thy hour of birth
There was wonder upon earth;
The moon was in her crescent glow,
Earth was tranquil, and the wave
Awe-struck not a ripple gave. Page 184.

This repose of Heaven and earth was supposed to usher in the nativity of an extraordinary person. King John I. when he addresses the Moor Abenhamar, compliments him on these fortunate circumstances that accompanied his birth.

By such sign 'twas ours to know
That a child of Ismael's race
Should his father's steps retrace;
Should restore our falling sway,
Should revive the Caliph's day,
And give to fame the royal line. Page 184.

As the empire of the Moors progressively declined, that ardent people believed that a deliverer would yet arise and restore the lost glories of the Caliphat.

But, oh! more fair than all,
That bower that hung o'er Daro's poplar shore,
And heard dark Xenil's stream in ceaseless roar. Page 186.

The bower of the last unfortunate Queen of Granada, the most interesting relic of a scene where all is full of interest, still remains; it overhangs the Daro, and is surrounded by roses and wild flowers. An iron grating that encircles the apartment in

which that beautiful Princess is said to have been confined by the order of her husband Abdallah, is still entire.

And royal Muca, lead the dance along. Page 188.

Muca, or Muza, was brother of King Abdallah.

Youth's smiling bands the native Zambra trace. Page 188.

The Moors were passionately attached to the Zambra their national dance.

I said that dome of gold and azure knew
Than Heaven's most glorious tints a brighter hue;
Gleam'd all the imaged firmament of night:
The sacred text in characters of light,
As cloud in summer sky, &c. Page 189.

The Heaven, with all its host of worlds, was represented on the ceiling of the banqueting-room, or saloon of the Ambassadors. Texts selected from the Koran were graved on golden tablets and placed over the entrance of the hall. The roof, if I remember correctly, was made of cedar, and partially inlaid with pearl.

around the glittering throne
The warriors of the Zegri blood were known. Page 189.

The Zegri were descended from the Kings of Fez, and retained the characteristic qualities of their African ancestors: brave, uncivilized and ferocious, hereditary foemen of the Abencerrages, they convulsed Granada with their feuds, and procured the assassination of those gallant warriors by an act of perfidy that is scarcely redeemed by the patriotism which they displayed in the last days of the Moorish empire.

I hear the boasting sons of Issa say. Page 197.

The Christians.

The same impassion'd fire had Muca felt,
And at one shrine the royal brothers knelt. Page 204.

The King and his brother Muca were enamoured at the same time of Zelima, a lady of the Moorish Court.

Be the crescent of Zegri resistless in war! Page 206.

The Zegri affected the crescent as their device.

The Houris await in their gem-studded hall. Page 206.

According to Mahometan belief, the Houris, or ravishing girls of Paradise, reserved for the Faithful, are created not of clay, but of pure musk, and are secluded from public observation in pavilions of hollow pearls.

his speech was of that feud,
When half the noblest chiefs of Ismael's blood
In arms against their king Abdallah stood. Page 208.

Abenhamin, a Moor of Granada, has drawn a lively picture of society as it existed in that city previous to the conquest, and has described in glowing colours the massacre of the Abencerrages. The Zegris, anxious to effect their ruin, persuaded the King that an illicit intercourse subsisted between Alfaima, or Zoraide, his queen, and Albin Hamet, chief of that tribe. The credulous monarch giving implicit faith to their accusations, resolved to destroy his rival and exterminate his race, with the assistance of the Zegri. The historian proceeds to state the method in which this bloody project was carried into execution, and the reaction it produced in the city. I extract the following account from Rodd's translation:—

"Early in the morning the King rose, and found many of the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas in waiting: calling the Zegri apart, he commanded him to provide thirty cavaliers well armed, and an executioner for the business they had agreed on, and to await him in the Court of the Lions.

"The treacherous Zegri, leaving the palace, soon put the King's command into execution, and sent his Majesty word that all was prepared: the King immediately withdrew and went to the Court of the Lions, where he found the Zegri, and thirty other Zegries and Gomeles, assembled, with the executioner.

"A page was now dispatched for an Abencerrage, the Alguazil Major of the city, who being informed that the King desired to

see him, hastened to the palace. The moment he entered the saloon he was seized, before he could make the least resistance, and his head was immediately struck off. The next Abencerrage who was sent for was Albin Hamet, whom they accused of being the lover of the Queen, and he was beheaded in the same way as the Alguazil Major. In this secret manner, six and thirty of the principal Abencerrages of the city were also destroyed, without its having come to the knowledge of any of their friends or partisans; and the whole race had certainly perished, if the hand of Providence had not interfered in their innocent cause, and defeated the wicked projects of their enemies.

"The great Ruler of the universe was at length pleased so to order it, to preserve this virtuous race from entire destruction, that a page of one of the Abencerrages should follow his master into the Court; where, seeing him beheaded immediately on his entry, and observing the rest of the gentlemen who were slaughtered before lying dead on the floor, every one of whom were known to him, he could with difficulty restrain his sorrow, and in silent terror gently crept to the door, and the moment it was opened to admit another Abencerrage, trembling he fled the Court. Weeping for his master's fate, he sallied from the Alhambra; and near the fountain which jets its water in the front of the fortress, he met Malique Alabez, Abenamar, and Sarracino, who were on their way to attend the summons of the King. When he beheld them, trembling and weeping, with broken accents he exclaimed, 'Ah! Signors, for the love of Alla pass not that way, unless you desire to die a cruel death!' 'How?' cried Alabez. 'Ah! Sirs, in the Court of the Lions a great many cavaliers lie beheaded, all Abencerrages, and my poor slaughtered master is of the number; I saw his head struck off with my own eyes, having followed him into the apartment. Would to Heaven we had never gone there! I saw every thing they did, remaining myself unperceived, for so Alla permitted it; and the instant they opened the private door I stole out, leaving my poor dead master behind, and almost myself stupefied with horror at the dreadful spectacle I had witnessed. For the love of Mahomet, gentlemen, put a stop to these wicked doings!'

"The three knights looked with amazement at each other, not

knowing how to credit the story of the page. 'If this be true,' said Abenamar, 'there is great treason indeed now perpetrating; but how shall we be able to ascertain the truth of what he says?' 'I will tell you,' replied Alabez: 'remain you here, and if you observe an Abencerrage, or any other gentleman, going to the Alhambra, stop him; while I will go to the palace and discover what is passing therein, and speedily return to you.' 'Alla guard you!' cried Abenamar; 'we will remain here as you desire.' Malique then went to the Alhambra, and at the gate he saw a page who was going in haste from the King, and enquired of him whither he was going. The page replied, 'In search of an Abencerrage.' 'And who,' cried Alabez, 'commands you to seek him?' 'The King,' answered the page; 'and if you would perform a good office, descend to the city, and persuade all the Abencerrages instantly to quit Granada, unless they desire to be the principal victims of the dreadful tragedy now performing in the Court of the Lions. May Heaven preserve you in peace!'

"Certified of the truth of what the first page had related, Alabez returned to the place where he had left Abenamar and Sarracino. 'Friends,' cried he, 'what the page has declared is the truth; there is dreadful treason acting, and a great slaughter among the Abencerrages: one of the King's pages has confirmed the statement, and requested I would warn the Abencerrages to leave the city.'

"'As Alla lives,' exclaimed Sarracino, 'the Zegries must be the authors of this horrid plot! Let us hasten to the city, and seek immediate redress for our wrongs.' 'Away then,' said Abenamar, 'there is no time to lose.' Making all possible dispatch, they soon reached the street of the Gomeles, where they found Muza and more than twenty of the Abencerrages, who had returned from the sally against the Christians on the Vega, and were going to the King to give him an account of their success. To these Alabez exclaimed:—'Cavaliers! to your defence! if you wish not to die by treachery: the King has already slain more than thirty of your race.'

"The astonished Abencerrages made no answer; but Muza replied:—'By the faith of knighthood, if there is treachery, the Zegries and Gomeles are the authors of it! not one of them sal-

lied out on the alarm, nor is there one to be seen throughout the city; they are, doubtless, with the King in the Alhambra, and are guilty of the death of these innocent and noble gentlemen. Follow me, friends! I will put a speedy termination to their crimes!'

"They followed Muza to the New Square, where, as Captain-general, he ordered a trumpet to sound an alarm. A multitude of people, both horse and foot, immediately assembled and joined them; but not one of the Zegries, Gomeles, or Mazas appeared among the many families of the first distinction who were present, which plainly proved to the party who were the authors of the mischief. When Alabez saw so many citizens assembled, he thought it a fit opportunity to acquaint them with the horrid cruelty that was practised against the guiltless Abencerrages; and, taking his station in the centre, he thus addressed them:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens, and all who hear me, learn that there is a dreadful treason now perpetrating. King Abdallah has caused many of the Abencerrages to be beheaded, and, had it not been discovered by the will of Heaven, the whole race would have perished in the same manner.' Scarce had Alabez made an end of speaking, when the multitude gave a loud shout, calling, 'To arms! to arms!' and crying 'Treason! perish the King that has slain the Abencerrages! We will have no traitor for our King!' Ungovernable fury now possessed them: seizing the first weapons that came to hand, the multitude began to ascend to the Alhambra; in a short time more than forty thousand men had assembled, and above two hundred Abencerrages who still remained, with numbers of Gazules, Vanegas, Almoradies, Almohadies, Azarques, and others of Granadine nobility, crying, 'If this is suffered with impunity, another day will end another race.'

"The shouts of the men, and the shrieks of the women and children, were so great, and there was such a tumult in the city, that it seemed desolated by war and drowned in tears. The clamour soon reached the Alhambra; when the King, apprehending the cause of the tumult, ordered the gates to be barred, dreading he had been too hasty in following evil counsels, and not conceiving how the matter could have so soon gone abroad. At

length the people reached the summit of the hill, shouting, 'Perish the King and let him die!' Finding the gates secured within, they called for fire to consume them; and fire was immediately applied in many places at the same time, and which had already begun to burn with great fury.

"King Muley Hascem, father of Boabdil, hearing this dreadful tumult, and being made acquainted with the cause of it, was highly enraged at the wickedness of his son; and, desiring he should be punished for his crimes, ordered a postern gate of the Alhambra to be opened, pretending he meant only to pacify the people. No sooner was the gate opened, than a thousand men were ready to rush in; and when they saw the old King, they lifted him on their shoulders, exclaiming 'This is our King, we will have no other. Long live King Muley Hascem!' And leaving a strong guard to protect his person, many of the Abencerrages, Alabeces, and Gazules, and more than a hundred foot soldiers, pressed forward. Muley Hascem now gave orders for the postern to be shut, that no damage might be done to the Alhambra; but it was too late, as sufficient numbers were already within it to destroy a hundred Alhambras: flying through the streets and avenues they shouted, 'Perish the King, and the traitors!' At length they came to the royal palace, where they found the Queen and the ladies of the Court half dead with fear, not knowing the occasion of so strange a tumult. Enquiring for the King, they were informed he was in the Court of the Lions. Thither they flew without delay, and found the doors fastened with strong bars; but this afforded no security to those within, for they were in an instant burst open, in spite of the defence made by the Zegries. The Abencerrages, Alabeces, and Gazules, on entering it, saw the heaps of their friends in that accursed charnel house, slaughtered by the King's command; and such was their frantic fury at the sight, that, had they been able to find him and his wicked advisers, they would have deceived the justness of the law of retaliation; and, considering beheading too mild a punishment, they would have inflicted a thousand tortures in putting them to death, as some small consolation in their heavy affliction. Breathing vengeance, they attacked with their swords and poniards more than five hundred Zegries, Gomeles, and

Mazas who were present, crying, 'Kill the villains who have given the King these wicked counsels!' The Zegries defended themselves resolutely; but, notwithstanding they were armed for the event, they were soon hewed to pieces, and in less than an hour more than two hundred of those races were slain. They still, however, continued to fight; and the Abencerrages and their friends made such a dreadful slaughter among them, that not one of those who were in the Court escaped with life.

"The unhappy King secreted himself, and was no where to be found. The bodies of the dead Abencerrages were now laid in black cloth, and carried to the New Square, that all the citizens might behold them, and, moved at the sight of so dreadful a spectacle, compassionate their wrongs. The people hurried up and down the Alhambra, enquiring for the King; and so great was the confusion, that the towers and house resounded with the noise, which was re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains. The city, like the Alhambra, was also involved in the general distress, and the slaughtered Abencerrages were publicly mourned by all the citizens; while the friends of the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, and the others of their partizans who fell in the conflict, dared only to lament their deaths in private."

Perchance they deem'd it that dull glare of death
By Eblis kindled in his realms beneath,
And sent on earth—a dread unnatural light,
That but to gaze upon, has power to blight
Man's fairest visions, seal his earthly doom,
And drive his steps in horror to the tomb. Page 209.

The belief in the evil eye prevailed to an incredible extent among the Spanish Moors. They believed that the unfortunate victim of its malignity had no means of escape: it sapped the sources of enjoyment, corroded the mind, and finally dried the stream of life. This superstition seems to have been general at one time; it still prevails in the East, among the African tribes, and, in some degree, among the Spaniards of the present day. Traces of this superstition exist in Devonshire.

Cold as his kindred earth where Hamet lies,
With grief's dishevell'd locks and streaming eyes
Thy royal sister stands. Page 211.

I have extracted, from the translation which I have before quoted, the following account of Morayma's death. She was wife of Albin Hamet, and sister to King Abdallah, by whom she was slain.

"King Boabdil, or Abdallah, had a sister, named Morayma, who was married to Albin Hamet; and who, enraged and in the greatest distress at the cruel manner in which her husband had been put to death, felt an encreasing anxiety, on hearing the proclamation, for the safety of her two sons, who were left fatherless and unprotected by the death of Albin Hamet; the elder at the slender age of five years old, and the younger no more than three. Morayma, oppressed with grief and the fond anxiety of maternal care, dressed herself in the deepest black, and, leading her children by the hand, went to the Alhambra, attended by four Vanegas, to declare her apprehensions to the King, in the hope he might afford her some mitigation from the severity of the proclamation. Morayma, being known to the guards, was suffered to pass and enter the royal apartment, where the King had retired and was sitting alone; and, approaching him with great respect, thus addressed him: 'How is it, O King? By the royal style of King, I prefer to address you, rather than the endearing and affectionate name of brother, that you may be assured I have not united with those who conspired to deprive you of your throne. What bloody destiny impends over this devoted city? What star malignant reigns to cause such deep distress? What blazing comet, in its fiery course, destroys the illustrious race of the Abencerrages? How have they offended, that thus relentless you pursue them to destruction? Is it not enough that you have beheaded one half the lineage, but you continue by banishment to destroy the rest? Can it be just that the guiltless sons of parents, equally innocent of doing wrong to you, should be exiled, and bred without the city, and their daughters married in another kingdom? Harsh and insulting proclamation! Bitter and cruel sentence! What can have induced the exercise of such hateful

tyranny? For me, alas! widowed and disconsolate, with the added misfortune to be your sister, what shall I do with these two orphan boys, the endearing image of their murdered father, beheaded by their uncle's order?—does not the death of the father satiate your vengeance, without the banishment of his unprotected children? Whither shall I send them? To whose friendly hand shall I entrust them? If they are driven from the city, I must also be exiled, and accompany them, for I am their mother. It is your own blood you are persecuting. For Allah's sake, repent! abandon these evil counsels, and let your cruelty subside: mercy is the glorious attribute of a King, even where there is a crime; but where there is no fault, cruelty makes him infamous.' Morayma ceased, unable to utter more; when tears burst from her eyes, and the most piercing sighs from the inmost recesses of her soul, capable of softening a heart of stone; but the King remained obdurate and relentless. Burning with fury and fierce anger, he exclaimed: 'Wretched Morayma, are you without a sense of honor for the blood from whence you sprung? Have you no shame? Is it possible you desire me to forget the stain your disloyal husband has cast upon my bed? If but a drop of the royal blood flowed within your veins, you would resent my wrongs; and that drop, instead of affording the mother's nourishment, would have become your children's mortal poison. Had it produced this effect, then indeed you would have been my sister; but as it is, I deny your kindred, for you have not my feelings. Better you had cast the infamous branches, sprung from so vile a trunk, into the consuming fire! this would have been a sister's office. But since you have not done it, I will myself discharge the duty.' With this the King seized the eldest of the boys, and lifting him under his left arm, drew his poniard, and plunged it to his heart. The affrighted mother, struck motionless with horror, was unable to prevent his deadly purpose. Casting the lifeless body on the ground, he caught up the other boy, and vainly did the mother, now grown frantic with despair, endeavour to rescue him; for, notwithstanding all her efforts, he nearly severed the child's head from his body, and severely wounded the mother's hands in her attempt to save him. 'Now,' cried the King, 'both root and branch are fallen!'

Like a wounded lioness despoiled of her whelps, the injured mother attacked the King, struggling to seize the poniard, that she might revenge her murdered children; when King Boabdil, perceiving her intention, at the moment she was bewailing her loss, with diabolical fury gave her two dreadful wounds that in an instant laid her dead at his feet. 'Now go,' cried he, 'attend thy husband, since thou so well didst love him!' Then calling his attendants, he ordered them to deposit the bodies in the royal sepulchre, which was accordingly done.'"

Thy falchion raised against an aged Sire,
Thy young Sultana led in beauty's bloom
And early innocence to shameful doom! Page 213.

The execrable act that I have just recorded produced another insurrection in the city, when Abdallah consummated his crimes by an attempt on the life of his aged father. In consequence of the accusation of the Zegris, the Sultana was borne upon a litter to the great square of Granada. There, amid the lamentations of the people, she was compelled to ascend a scaffold lined with black cloth; when, to use the language of the historian, "the cries of the men, women, and children, grew so loud, that not even when Rome or Troy was burnt was the like lamentation heard. The windows, balconies, and terraces, were thronged with people, and multitudes assembled in the square, who ceased not to weep when they beheld the Queen in tears. On one side of the building the judges took their seats; and shortly after the trumpets sounded, and the four accusers entered the square, armed and equipped for the battle, and mounted on very powerful horses. Over their armour they wore green and purple dresses, with plumes of the same colours; and the device they bore on their shields was bloody scimitars, with the motto, 'Shed for the Truth.' Thus the four accusers, escorted by the Zegries and their partizans, entered the large and spacious area inclosed for the lists. A door was then opened, and Mahomet Zegri, the author of the treason, Ali Hamet Zegri, Mahandin Gomel, and Mahandon, entered to the sound of martial instruments, their abettors ranging themselves on the left without the enclosure. On the right, stood the Queen's relations and their friends." After a

pause of some hours, four Christian knights, disguised in a Turkish dress, appeared, and entered the lists as champions of the Queen. A long and desperate engagement ensued, in which the Zegri were slain: Mahomet, their leader, recanted his former words, and with his last breath asserted the innocence of the Sultana, amid the joyful acclamations of the people.

No! in yon fount, the dark and harrowing stain,
Where murder was, eternal shall remain,
From age to age, till man's last summons tell,
Here fell the brave!—devoted Yemen fell. Page 213.

The hall of the Abencerrages opens to the Court of Lions. Tradition says, that their severed heads were thrown into a fountain that stands in the centre of this apartment; a dark red stain is perceptible on the marble, and is shown as the trace of their blood.

When Earth is riven, and crashing Heaven gives way.
Page 213.

The day of Judgment.

"And when one blast shall sound the trumpet, and the earth shall be moved from its place, and the mountains also, and shall be dashed in pieces at one stroke; on that day the inevitable hour of judgment shall suddenly come, and the Heavens shall cleave in sunder and shall fall in pieces."

Sale's Translation of the Koran.

Seeking the perilous paths of heavenly bliss
O'er that unfathomably deep abyss,
With faltering step on Sirat's dreadful height. Page 214.

Alsirat is a bridge of not more than a hair's breadth, that leads over hell itself into Paradise. The Faithful, by the assistance of the Prophet, somehow contrive to pass; but the guilty are infallibly precipitated into the abyss.

There vainly rave on God's insulted name,
While burning gales shall agonize thy frame;

'Mid fiends in pangs intolerable lie,
The infernal cloud for ever blast thine eye,
And in thy heart the fire that cannot die! Page 214.

The Mahometans maintain, that in a future existence the habitation of the guilty will be fixed amid burning winds, under the shade of a black smoke neither cool nor agreeable.

it comes with soul o'ermastering sway,
Ill-fated Islam's last terrific day! Page 216.

An infatuated confidence in their unconquerable strength, prevailed to such an extent among the Moors, that, while the Spaniards had actually invested the city, public entertainments were continued with undiminished splendour. A fire, kindled in the tent of Isabella, Queen of Castile, communicated with the camp, and entirely consumed it. Upon its ashes the Spaniards erected a town, to convince the Moors that the ground upon which they fought was no longer theirs, nor would the siege be raised till Granada had surrendered to the Christian arms. At this sight, the film was removed from their eyes; their hopeless condition rose before them in its real colours, public entertainments closed, and the headlong confidence that had sustained their courage was succeeded by the deepest despondency. During the days that immediately preceded its capitulation, Granada exhibited an awful scene of fluctuating passions. Saints and Imans mixed with the people, and excited them to insurrection. At one moment they rushed with desperate courage to the ramparts; then fell back on the Alhambra, with horrid imprecations on the monarch who had betrayed his trust; threatened to involve the palace and the city in one wide conflagration, and bury themselves beneath its ruins. This tempest was succeeded by the deadly stillness of despair, which was again broken by lamentations; while fervent prayers addressed to the Prophet, that he would interfere for the children of his creed, came mingled with blasphemies on his name. The Spaniards entered Granada the 2d January, 1492. Abdallah repaired to the gates of the city, and delivered the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. When he had thus closed his political existence by an act worthy of his former career, he took refuge in Africa, where he was slain by one of his former associates.

And, slowly bursting on their startled eyes,
Behold the city of the Faithless rise. Page 217.

The erection of Santa Fé, by the Spaniards, to which I have already called my reader's attention.

Hark! the loud cannon on the crumbling wall. Page 218.

I cannot state with certainty that Granada was defended by artillery; but have little doubt that such was the case, as it was employed by the Mahometans at the siege of Algesiras, which took place nearly a hundred and fifty years before. The invention of cannon is attributed to the Moors.

NOTES TO THE SIXTH CANTO.

*She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost.** Page 225.

These are lines of great poetical promise. Mr. Rogers, to whom we are indebted for having preserved them, and for having inserted them where they cannot fail of being read, informed me that they were written by a young man who is since dead.

Far in the front Alatar's shield is known. Page 229.

Alatar or Aliatar, Alcaide of Loxa.

The gillibee was o'er them, and the brand,
Or lengthen'd lance, was in each fearless hand. Page 229.

The gillibee is a kind of frock, still worn by the lower orders in Barbary. The Moorish infantry were only armed with a sword or lance; they were successful in attack, but were seldom capable of resisting the weight of the Spanish cavalry.

Round arching neck, and o'er each crested head,
The doom-destroying talisman was spread. Page 229.

Before the battle, the African suspended a preserving talisman to his horse's neck, or placed it on his crest.

Of shape uncouth, high rose the saddle-bow,
And short the graceless stirrup hung below;
The rowell'd spur, unpolish'd, stiff, and long;
The curb, with native metal rude and strong. Page 229.

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* Lines extracted from a note in the Pleasures of Memory.

I have attempted to describe the accoutrements of a Moorish cavalier, as they may be seen in Barbary at the present day. The curb is so powerful, that, incautiously exerted, it might break the horse's jaw.

Like worms is wreathed their black and tangled hair;
Their shaggy brows, unparting, scowl beneath,
And in their eye the savage glare of death. Page 230.

At Larache, the site of the fabled Garden of the Hesperides, I saw an African, who, in the language of the Moors, came from a country far beyond the Atlas Mountains. He was only a few shades lighter than the negro; his hair was deep black, and platted so as to resemble worms; his brows met, and in his eye there was a glare expressive of the utmost ferocity. He saluted me by the title of Christian dog—an appellation with which I was frequently honoured during that excursion. Larache, and other places of resort on the sea-coast, present every gradation of colour, from the Negro to the Moor. I saw, at the same town, a person, probably the issue of a Negro and a White: in him Nature seemed to have varied from her usual habit of rendering the child a shade lighter than the parent, but had combined the two colours in a manner at once striking and revolting. This man was pyebald, or, to describe him more accurately, he had the skin of a negro, but spotted with white, which, encircled by the black, had a most ghastly appearance.

The fatal hue that Yemen's warriors bore. Page 232.

Blue, the colour affected by the Abencerrages, was considered inauspicious after their massacre.

His jazerine with border blue inlaid. Page 232.

The jazerine was a coat of mail worn by the leading cavaliers.

Our dawning crescent shall be full to-day. Page 233.

The crescent was, as I have before stated, the device of the Zegris.

Bright all their banners wave; yet one is there,
Less lovely far, that claims their proudest care. Page 233.

The standard brought from Africa by Tarick was at this period in existence: it was regarded with a feeling of adoration by the Moors, who connected it with the glorious days of the Caliphat, and still considered it the safeguard of their empire.

Before the expedition against Lucena, an Alfaqui harangued his countrymen in the Plaça Nueva, and implored them to unite and rally round this standard of national honour.

His belted sons of freeborn Aragon. Page 237.

The belt is a distinguishing part of the Aragonese dress.

They wield their Syrian blades with feeble hand!
We 'll show them, Lords! our good Toledo brand. Page 239.

The Syrian or Damascus blades were much esteemed by the Moors; the Spaniards preferred the Toledo sword, as less fragile and equally piercing.

Now closely pent, his serried horse combine;
Now burst with fury on the Christian line;
Before the charging foe they wheeling flew,
No marshall'd rank the baffled Spaniard knew:
Now dim in distance seen, now hovering near,
Now single, now united, front and rear
They menace. Page 240.

I have endeavoured, in this passage, to convey to my readers some idea of the peculiar tactics of Moorish cavalry.

fling their sabres to the plain
In fleetest course, and gather them again. Page 241.

This art of dexterity was frequently performed by the Moorish cavaliers, to prove at once their excellent horsemanship and their contempt of the enemy.

'Mid loudest din, in most resistless speed,
His master's voice can check the wildest steed. Page 241.

The horse was an animal esteemed and treated with affection by the Moors; he was taught to halt, advance, and regulate his pace, by the tone of his master's voice.

But bold Asturia from her rugged height,
With eagle eye, beheld the changing fight,
And from her mountain throne came rushing down,
And sternly waved her glory-gather'd crown. Page 245.

There are many instances upon record, where a doubtful engagement has been decided by the emulation of the rival provinces. The only diadem Pelayo would accept was an iron crown, formed by the lances of the Moorish chiefs whom he had slain with his own hand. It was long preserved in the cathedral of Oviedo, and regarded with affection by the Asturians.

"Ye powerful orbs!"—he gazed where o'er his head
The silent firmament of heaven was spread;
"Ye mighty spirits of creation! tell
When hopes so bright and pride so boundless fell;
When clan and king and kinsman perish'd, why
Spared ye the only heart that wish'd to die? Page 249.

The science of astrology was in high repute among the Moors, who believed that the planets exercised a powerful influence on human destiny. This belief was certainly derived from the East.

The evening's sacred call come calm and clear. Page 252.

Lord Byron justly observes that the effect of the Muessin's call is more solemn and beautiful than all the bells in Christendom. At Arsilla we pitched our tents in a ruined garden below the mosque. During the night, which was remarkably still and clear, I heard the Muessin recite a chapter from the Koran. I am unacquainted with the Arabic tongue; but the deep sonorous sound of his voice produced a most impressive effect.

Alas, for Zaira! was the dirge they sung. Page 268.

Such was the chorus of Moorish lamentation. When we were at Cadiz, I heard some gypsies chant what seemed rather a dirge than a regular song, raising their voices and beating their hands as they continued. The air was monotonous, but the effect was wild and peculiar. Mr. Mathews, who has become acquainted with the customs of almost every country in Europe, during some years of active military service, to whose friendship I was indebted for that curious scene, informed me (if I remember correctly) that he had heard the same species of irregular music in Russia.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 32,	line	8,	*after*	'forfeit,'	dele comma.	
—	—	11,	—	'low,'	dele comma.	
35,	—	6,	—	'steed,'	dele comma.	
36,	—	1,	*for*	'now,'	*read* 'they.'	
38,	—	13,	—	'let,'	— 'still.'	
73,	—	9,	*after*	'a little space,'	dele stop.	
76,	—	15,	*for*	'passions,'	*read* 'passion.'	
93,	—	10,	—	'to stain,'	— 'and stain.'	
98,	—	5,	—	'how oft,'	— 'how soft.'	
104,	—	17,	—	'redress shall come,'	*read* 'redress be his.'	
148,	—	13,	*after*	'stood,'	dele colon.	
—	—	14,	—	'speed,'	dele comma.	
275,	—	6,	*for*	'village,'	*read* 'valley.'	
281,	—	19,	—	'they were,'	— 'there were.'	
299,	—	20,	—	'Justira,'	— 'Justiza.'	
—	—	23,	—	'Hosque valencos,'	— 'Nos que valemos.'	
307,	—	7,	—	'hears,'	— 'pours.'	
308,	—	20,	—	'unpassable,'	— 'impassable.'	
320,	—	32,	—	'es ropeta,'	— 'escopeta.'	
321,	—	17,	—	'shoct,'	— 'shock.'	
331,	—	6,	—	'to any,'	— 'in any.'	

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